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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

OF

F. W. P. GREENWOOD, D. D.

BOSTON:

CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

MDCCCXLVI.

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PREFACE.

In accordance with the wish of some of the friends of my late father, I have prepared for the press the following hitherto scattered pieces of his composition. They were originally published, during his lifetime, in the various periodicals of the day; and are deemed worthy of a more accessible form than that in which they have been, in effect, buried. The present volume is offered to our friends in the idea that it may prove an acceptable addition to those they already possess from the same author, and with the hope that it will be received in the kind spirit they have been wont to exercise towards his writings. The articles are placed, for the most part, in the order in which they first appeared.

The Journal, at the commencement of the book, written during a residence in England, when ill health first compelled my father to leave home, will probably be read with most interest by those who knew him

intimately, and who still are disposed to take an affectionate concern in all that relates to him. Although, there may be much that is new to us, in the parts of the country in which he travelled, and the objects which he best loved to describe, still its prevailing characteristic is the same simplicity and pleasant observation which distinguished him in his intercourse with his friends. They may possibly find something in the journal to refresh their memory of this intercourse. Even to less interested readers, however, I hope it may not prove unacceptable.

F. W. G.

August 15th, 1846.

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JOURNAL KEPT IN ENGLAND

IN 1820-21.

MISCELLANIES.

JOURNAL.

AT SEA.

On the first of May, A. D. 1820, I left Boston for Liverpool in the packet ship Falcon, Captain Lewis. I visit Europe for the benefit of my health, and while abroad I shall keep a record of such objects and occurrences as appear to me worthy of notice and remembrance. I may, at some future period, should my life be prolonged, delight in retracing the steps of my pilgrimage, and re-visiting, in imagination, the countries from which my own is separated by a rolling ocean. As my journal is intended but for a few eyes beside my own, I shall not hesitate to mention anything because it has been mentioned before, and would be trite and uninteresting to many. I shall speak my impression exactly — everything will be new

to me, and will be interesting to those who I am sure are interested in all which concerns or befalls me.

May 20. This is the twentieth day since our departure, and we have not yet completed a half of our voyage. With the exception of two days, we have had head winds all the time, and have been driven several degrees to the south of our proper course. The weather has been unusually rough and cold, the motion of the ship is very disagreeable to me, and my time has passed but heavily. When the wind is not too piercing, and I feel sufficiently alive, I keep upon deck and amuse myself there as well as I can. I love to see the fearless little nautilus spread his blue ribbed sail to the wind and ride unhurt over the waves and foam, and I feel quite grateful when a company of porpoises will come and gambol for an hour or two round the vessel. But even these are sights which I see but seldom, and after I have exhausted all my stock of questions about the management of the ship, and the captain's stock of patience too, I am afraid, by asking them, I employ myself in watching the billows as they curl their white tops and chase each other over the deep. We have had much rain, and once it was accompanied by thunder and lightning. The lightning was vivid and the thunder was heavy.

In such times we are made to feel how weak we are, and how entirely dependent upon the Great Being who rules the storm.

May 29. The captain went to the maintop a few minutes before 12 o'clock, to-day, and soon cried out "Land Ho!" and a joyful cry it was to me, for I was worn out by the rolling and pitching of the vessel, which has been violent and continual, and has left me not a moment of ease. The wind has been favorable for the last eight days, and in that time we have made more way than we did for the first twenty. The land which we saw was the southern coast of Ireland. It appeared at first like a faint blue spot, scarcely discernible in the horizon, but we went swiftly through the waters and it opened fast upon us. The shore is high and looks bleak and barren, and yet on the top of almost every mass of rock is perched a square stone tower, the residence of some Irish landholder — if landholder he might be called. These are the first buildings of the castle kind I ever saw, and as novels and poems and romances had furnished me with a multitude of associations, I regarded them with the highest pleasure, although the more experienced eye of an European would have passed them unnoticed. In the afternoon we sailed by Cape Clear, the southern extremity of Ireland, and at 11 o'clock at night we were abreast

of the lighthouse on Tuskar rock. The land begins to wear a more favorable appearance, and with a spyglass, I can see from the deck not only the castles, churches, and huts, but the cattle and hedges, and now and then a man at work in the fields. This has given me very pleasant occupation, and I have the glass in my hand till the daylight dies and I can see no longer.

May 30. This afternoon we spoke with a ship from Ayr, a town on the west coast of Scotland. Her deck was crowded with natives of that country, going to be disappointed in America. As I looked upon them, their wives and their little ones, I pitied them — pitied them for the distress which, I think, must have driven them from their own land, and for the blighting of their hopes which I know awaits them in ours. When I went to bed to-night, we were passing the Holyhead and Skerries lighthouses.

May 31. And when I awoke this morning it was blowing a hard gale, and I saw through the cabin window a pilot-boat close behind us. The sea ran high, and the boat was directing our vessel to a sheltered place and smoother water. The little thing dancing about on the waves, her hardy crew with close caps, oilcloth surtouts and bluff, healthy faces — the island of Anglesea just on our side, with its bold rocky shores, clustered farm-

houses and green fields and hedges — formed a view which was to me most novel and picturesque. When we came into a calmer sea, our captain backed his topsails, and the pilot-boat shot up along side — the skill with which it was steered so very close under our vessel, yet without touching her, delighted me — our steward handed one of the crew a bottle of rum, which appeared to be a very acceptable present, and the pilot jumped aboard. In a few hours we entered the Mersey, but it rained so hard that I had no view of Liverpool till we were just opposite to it; and when I saw it, there was nothing in its appearance which struck my American eye as strange. Its houses were like ours, only the bricks were much darker, and it had the usual quantity of steeples, though to be sure an unusual quantity of windmills. But when we entered the docks, a scene presented itself which was strange enough. Our pilot took an elevated station, and there issued his commands with a voice that stunned and a rapidity that bewildered the poor sailors; things went wrong, and our ship swung round against one of the piers. She was no sooner within jumping distance from the shore, than a flood of ragamuffins of both sexes and all ages poured in upon us, tendering their unasked and needless assistance, and heightening the general confusion. Our captain ran

about and puffed and scolded and swore (and to his credit be it spoken, it was the first time that I had heard him swear) — the pilot bawled himself hoarse, the ropes cracked, and all was noise and chaos. In about half an hour, however, we had gained a place in the King's Dock, without suffering any damage, and the captain and myself made our way over a dozen vessels, to the shore. I took apartments in a private house, and after a little rest walked forth to see the city, or as much of it as I could in an hour or two. As I passed through the streets, my attention was of course directed to the ladies, and I could not help observing how gracefully they walked, and how much more firm, assured and elastic their step was than that of my countrywomen.

June 5. I have had a bad specimen, thus far, of English summer weather, for it has been rainy and cold and uncomfortable ever since my arrival. On Sunday evening I attended divine service at the chapel of the Asylum for the Blind. The objects of this charity composed the choir, and they sang extremely well, to an organ which, though not uncommonly large, nor uncommonly fine, perhaps, for this country, was yet the finest that I had ever heard. The strains which filled the church and echoed from its walls affected me deeply, and I could scarce restrain my tears. Independently of

the pleasure which music always gives me, it brings to my mind and to my heart, more vividly and touchingly than anything else can do, the recollection of my distant home, my kindred and my friends. The bad weather has prevented my going to the Botanic Garden, which is a little way out of town.

To-day I heard Sir James Smith, the author of an Introduction to Botany, &c. deliver a lecture on that subject at the Liverpool Royal Institution. His manner pleased me, for though it cannot be called fluent, as he often hesitates and trips in his expressions, it is very clear, interesting and instructing. He makes use of few of those hard botanical terms which would only perplex a promiscuous audience, and when he does use them, he explains their meaning. He liberally enlivens and illustrates his subject by introducing notices of little botanical phenomena and nice adaptations of the several parts of plants to their situations and offices, by telling, in short, what may be termed botanical anecdotes. And all lecturers, particularly upon natural science and philosophy, would do well to follow the same course, if they wish to convey information and fix the attention of their hearers. I was introduced to this gentleman after the lecture, and he politely invited me, should I pass that way, to his resi-

dence in Norwich. The Liverpool Royal Institution is on a useful though not extensive or imposing plan. It is but an infant, as yet, however, and if not crushed in its infancy, may come to a noble manhood. In one of the rooms of this building is hung a series of original paintings, exhibiting the rise and early progress of the Italian School. This curious and valuable collection was formed by Mr. Roscoe and purchased at the sale of his effects. This learned and worthy man, this honor to Liverpool, is still so embarrassed in his affairs, that he secludes himself from all company, and I did not therefore attempt to see him.

While I was in a shop to-day, a man came in to solicit charity. "*The taxes are very high,*" said the woman, "and I can give you nothing." In my own country no one could have made this excuse, and so the answer would have been, "I can give you nothing, for *the times are very hard.*"

June 13. For the past week I have been residing with the family of a merchant in this place, to whose hospitality I am much indebted, and for which, I hope, I shall ever feel grateful. Kind attentions are always highly acceptable to the traveller and stranger; but never so much so, as when he leaves for the first time his own country, and arrives for the first time in another, when he feels doubtful of his reception, and thankful for

the least marks of regard. The gentleman whom I have mentioned owns an estate in Shropshire, which he is accustomed to visit once in every year; and this being the season for his excursion, I was invited to accompany the family into the country. The invitation was heartily given and readily accepted. I should at any rate have desired to pass a few days in the quiet of retirement, enjoying the luxury of pure air, and observing the manners of the English yeomanry, but beside being furnished with such an opportunity, I should at the same time be advanced sixty miles on my way to London. We were detained by rain several days after the time which was appointed for our journey, but to-day, about two o'clock, we left Liverpool. Ourselves and carriage were taken over the Mersey in a steamboat and landed at Birkenhead. On the shore and a little to the right of our road there are the ruins of a church or abby; but though all such things excite in me a lively interest, I could not stop to inquire about or examine them. In riding along I was every moment reminded of my being in a foreign land. The stage coaches which whirled past us, crammed within and covered without, in such a manner by passengers and baggage, that a stone of a middling size, lying in the road and encountering a wheel, would most surely have upset them — the fields intersected in every direction by hedges instead

of stone walls — the cottages built of brick or stone, instead of wood, and roofed with thatch instead of shingles — the church steeples formed of stone to the summit and patched with ivy to the very weathercock — all these were features in the prospect which the face of my own country does not present, and which therefore were strange to the eyes of her son. We supped and lodged at Chester. This place is remarkable on many accounts. It is of great antiquity, it is a bishop's see, and it is the only city in England whose walls are entire. We entered it by the north gate; which is a neat stone arch, and, as well as the other gates, of modern structure.

June 14. Early this morning I took a walk upon the walls. The prospect from them is on all sides beautiful, and they form a delightful promenade for the citizens, who, appearing to be sensible of their value, at least in this respect, keep them in good preservation. Between the east and north gates there is a tower, joined to and projecting from the walls, which bears the date of 1613, and from which I copied the following inscription:

KING CHARLES
STOOD ON THIS TOWER,
SEPT. 24, 1645, AND SAW
HIS ARMY DEFEATED
ON ROWTON MOOR.

This moor is about eight miles to the southeast of Chester. A locked gate, at the bottom of the staircase which led to the tower, forbade my ascending to it, and I was thus prevented from following the footsteps of majesty. Under the walls, at the western side, there is a handsome race-ground; and beauty and fashion and childhood and age assemble to witness an innocent contention of animal speed from the top of those very battlements, where once armed men were planted to meet armed men in mortal combat, where the father and the husband and the son and the brother and the lover, fought and struggled and bled for the lives and honor of the dear ones who were trembling and weeping at home, while the sudden shock of the battering engines made the solid foundations reel, and instead of the glad and eager cheering, there was the quick command and the earnest exhortation and the proud defiance and the exulting shout and the dying groan. Descending from the walls, I entered what are called the Rows. These are covered walks, in the principal streets, formed by a projection of the houses, or rather by the retiring of their second stories. It is as if the front rooms on the second floor were given up to the public by breaking down that part of the house side which closed them from the street and supporting

the pile which was thus left hanging over, by small wooden pillars. You are in this manner shaded from a scorching sun, or sheltered from the pelting rain or biting wind. But a stranger, who is not informed beforehand of this comfort, may lose the advantage of it entirely, and I had taken several long walks in the narrow and dirty streets, before I was told that I might walk on a dry floor, and look down from an eminence of six or eight feet on all their mud and bustle. I shaped my course for the cathedral. It is, I was informed, one of the shabbiest in the kingdom; but it was the first which I had ever seen and I approached it with reverence. It is built in the common form, that of a cross; and the material is a very soft and friable reddish-colored free-stone; so soft and friable, that they are constantly repairing it; they were at work upon it at this time, and as they make use of the same kind of stone in their repairs, the labor will never be finished. The interior is gloomy and damp and chilling, the floor is dirty, the fretted roof has fallen, and left the wood-work bare. At the height of twenty feet, perhaps, from the ground, there is a jog in the walls on each side of about two or three feet, as near as I could judge, making a kind of foot-path; and as this path is interrupted at intervals by the buttresses, a small arch is made

through each of them. These passages are the galleries, and through these we may suppose that the friars used to pass and repass to and from their accustomed offices. I looked up and gazed till I could almost imagine I saw a brother in his cowl glide silently along, appearing and disappearing, till he vanished through the last aperture — but no — they have long since been swept away, and their tapers are extinguished, and their chanting is hushed, and their prayers are said; and it seemed to me, at the moment, as if a huge edifice like this were only fitted to the service of that religion for which it was first erected; and that when her spirit had been forced to abandon the sanctuary, with all her sweeping train of shows and ceremonies, she had thrown back her malediction on its walls, and given them up to darkness and coldness and silence forever. That part of the cathedral of which I have been speaking is called the nave: it occupies the greater portion of the building, and appears to serve no other purpose than that of a grand entrance, and a receptacle for tombs. Among the monumental tablets I observed one to the memory of Archdeacon Travis, who defended the indefensible text of the three heavenly witnesses, 1 John v. 7, and against whom Porson wrote a complete and most learned reply. At the end of the great aisle, a door opens

into the choir, that part of the house which is set off for public worship — and it is a very small part. On the left side, and in the centre, is the pulpit, and immediately opposite is the episcopal throne, in the form of a pulpit, painted white, and gilt. On the right and left of the door are the pews of the dignitaries, or prebendaries' stalls, which are denoted on the walls by painted letters, in this way, DIACONUS I. &c. In one of the rooms into which I was led, and with the name of which I was not acquainted — though I hope to grow wiser in these matters as I go along — were the tombs of some of the old abbots, and a large stone coffin or chest inclosing a leaden one. This, the boy who accompanied me said was the tomb of a German emperor — a story which I did not see fit to believe; — but as there was no inscription, and I had no other means of information, I submitted to remain ignorant. In another room was a fragment of a stone coffin, which had been dug up in the cathedral, and which had contained, according to my guide, the ashes of Hugh Lupus, the first earl of Chester. This I did believe, for there was a wolf's head rudely sculptured on the stone, and below it a monogram, or knot of letters, which, when properly picked out and joined in order together, would make, I was assured, the name Hugh Lupus. This was a piece of business,

a great many of the noblemen's seats are what they call show-houses; that is, they are shown at certain times to visiters, by the servants, who gain a very handsome perquisite by it. The old housekeeper of Warwick Castle, they say, has laid up in her lifetime no less than thirty thousand pounds by this profitable business. Eaton Hall is a modern building of gray stone, and in the castle style. After passing the porter's lodge, which stands on the road, we drove two miles through the park before we came to the house. A neat pretty-looking young woman, with a white apron and white cap, (and all the servants and lower order of women here wear plain white caps) came to the door and carried us through the apartments. They are among the most splendid in the kingdom, and I only wish that A. and little Dot could have seen them too — for as to my part I would much rather see some rusty piece of antiquity than the most costly palace in the world — but the children could not help being delighted with all this magnificence. First there was the hall of entrance, with a gallery around it, and the windows emblazoned with the various coats of arms of the family in painted glass; and white marble chimney-pieces, most delicately carved into gothic arches and flowers and heads; and in the middle of the hall hung a chandelier, which cost fifteen hundred guineas.

Then we went into the library, and the first drawing-room, and the second drawing-room, and the billiard-room, and the dining-room, and the music-saloon, and I don't know what else. In all these rooms there were paintings by West and other masters, and chandeliers and tables of rosewood and sandal-wood and ebony inlaid with brass; and the grim old ancestors of the family were stained on the windows; and the walls of the room, instead of being painted or covered with paper, were hung with the richest silks and damasks. Lord Grosvenor can well do all this, for his income is one hundred thousand pounds per year. We resumed our journey, and passing through Wrexham and Elsemere in Wales, and Shrewsbury the county town of Shropshire, reached this place, which is about eight miles from Shrewsbury. I have been here a fortnight, and spent the time very happily. If Mr. and Mrs. F. were my father and mother they could not be kinder to me than they are. My health is improving, though I am still quite weak and have had some bad headaches. I ride out, on one of Mr. F.'s horses, every day, or else in his phaeton with him and some young ladies who are staying here. I have been once to Shrewsbury, which is one of the oldest cities in England, and went to see the old Abbey church. There is a very correct picture of it in

is a view of Shrewsbury, and the Wrekin lifts itself up in the eastern horizon. This hill is well known in connection with the well-known toast of "All friends round the Wrekin."

June 20. In this retreat I have spent several delightful days, and in delightful society. I have a horse at my service, on whose back I explore the country in all directions. The people, as far as I have seen them, are moral, contented, civil and obliging. They attend the parish church regularly, where their behavior is decent and devout, and bring their children with them, who are all put together and instructed to read the responses clearly and correctly. They are far more humble in their manners than the American country-people; and when they accost you in the road it is with a respectful manner, with hat in hand, and not with a familiar nod of equality, as is the case with the New England farmer, if he thinks it worth his while to accost you at all. There is such a thing as being civil without being servile, I know; but it struck me that the bow of the poor man in England to a gentleman was rather too low to be made to a being of the same order in the creation as himself; and though I am disposed to think that the poor man in America is often more pert than is becoming, I would rather see him err on this side than on the other. Wealth and talents must

always make an aristocracy in society, let the form of government be what it will, and they must always command as much respect as is their due; the only fear is that they may exact more. There is by no means so wide a difference made by nature in our race, that a tithe of mankind are to be looked up to as gods and the nine other parts to be spit upon as dogs; and therefore it is, that I dislike to see a man exhibit the least symptom of forgetting his manhood and the respect which he should pay to his own self. I am no leveller. I am sure that the head should think and govern, and that the hands and feet should work and walk, because God and nature intended these to be their proper offices. I dread a mob; but even the excesses of a mob are but the uneducated and misdirected impulses of a high and natural feeling, which becomes dangerous and dreadful only because it wants the means of education and direction, and bursts forth with fury only because it suffers an ignominious, galling and unnatural confinement. Thus it is that in the republic of America we have no fear of mobs, while in the monarchies of England and France they are under constant apprehensions from their violence. In the former country, the constitution of society gives to every man as much importance as he ought to have, and, generally speaking, as much as he wants;

while, under the latter governments, the low are perpetually envying the high for distinctions which the high are determined to withhold from them. Though I think what I have said is in general true, yet I do not mean to apply it too strictly to the people among whom I now reside. They certainly appeared, as I have observed, to be contented, and, though civil, not servile. I was led into the above remarks by the difference which I observed between their manners and those of my countrymen — a difference which becomes wider and more remarkable when we carry our reflections from the calmness of a sequestered village to more extensive scenes of action, and fields where the passions are more severely provoked and more frequently roused.

WRENTNALL, near Shrewsbury,

DEAR PARENTS, JUNE 28, 1820.

This is Mr. F——'s country place, to which you know I told you I was going. I left Liverpool about the middle of this month, while the weather was still unsettled; and we had frequent rain till some days ago, when it cleared up, and has continued quite warm and dry ever since. The first large town through which we came, on our journey here, was Chester. It is the only city in England whose walls are perfect. We entered by one of the gates, which has been lately rebuilt,

and is now only an arch, without any real gate, because there is now no need of one. All the houses are of brick or stone, and look quite old and gloomy, and the streets are narrow and very dirty. It gives name to a bishoprick, and therefore has a cathedral. This is a huge building, constructed of a soft red stone, which the rain and the scythe of father Time are continually at work upon, and it was undergoing extensive repairs while I was there. I found out a person to show me the inside, and though it was extremely damp and shabby, I was struck with its size and construction, so different from the appearance of our own smaller and simpler houses of worship. There are many divisions of the interior space, the names of which I am not yet learned enough to give you; suffice it to say, that the part devoted to religious service is a very small portion of the whole. In this is the bishop's throne, which is merely a gilt pulpit. The floor of every part almost is made up of grave-stones, so that you cannot take a step without treading over the sleepers. This cathedral is many hundred years old. The top of the city walls is railed in, and forms a very clean and beautiful walk, from which you have a view of the surrounding country. After we left Chester we went to see Eaton Hall, the seat of Lord Grosvenor, a few miles out of the city. Perhaps you know that

however, for which I had no time, and giving the boy a shilling I left the cathedral.

Taking up our journey, we turned from the public road, in order to pass through the pretty village of Gresford. Here there is an old church, which, while our horses rested, my curiosity prompted me to enter, mine host bearing the keys. There is some delicate carved work just before you come to the pulpit, and much of the painted glass is preserved, and secured from future injury as far as possible by wire net-work placed on the outside of the windows. I noticed, beside several neat monuments in the modern style, a droll-looking one of the seventeenth century, which immediately put me in mind of the engravings of such funeral effigies as I had seen in magazines, &c. before I ever thought to see their originals. It was a monument to the memory of Sir Richard Trevor, who was represented in a recumbent position, with his head and shoulders and the pommel of his sword in one niche, and his legs and the end of his sword sticking out from the side of another; while the solid space which divided these niches, and severed in so sad a manner the greater part of the poor knight's body, was dedicated to the setting forth, in pure Welsh, of his virtues, valor, &c. To crown the whole, his eyes, cheeks, painted beard and huge whiskers, were

colored, and the rest of his face left in the native whiteness of the marble. He cut a most ghastly figure, to be sure. Among the little spires, on the top of the tower, I discerned, on coming out, a number of images, some with mitres on their heads, some with cowls, and some with three-cornered hats and wigs. This singular company, representing, as I was told, the twelve apostles, were of the same height with the pyramidical spires, and at a short distance could not be distinguished from them. The cornice all around, under the eaves of the church, was filled with all sorts of animals, carved in relief: elephants, alligators, mice, owls, and sundry others for which it would be hard to find a name; and the spouts which conducted the water from the roof were shaped into lions' mouths, birds' beaks and other forms, some of which were indecent as well as grotesque. The bells of this church are famous for their melody, but we had not the good luck to hear them. We stopped for the night at Overton.

June 15. At Elsemere we breakfasted, but made no stay; reached Shrewsbury to dinner, and proceeded in the afternoon to Wrentnall, a small township in the parish of Pulverbatch, eight miles from Shrewsbury. Here lies the estate of my friend, Mr. F. It is pleasantly situated on a hill, and in the midst of hills. To the north-east there

the book I gave Mary S. — it is called there, I believe, Shrewsbury Abbey. Though I have not marked this letter as private, I hardly think it will be worth while to show it, because I have written it merely to inform you how and where I am, and to give some amusement to the children. A vessel has lately arrived at Liverpool from Boston, and I was surprised to find it brought me no letters. This will not do. I told you in my last that you would not hear from me before I was in London, but my stay here being longer than I expected, you see I have been better than my word. Give my love to all the children and every friend.

Your affectionate son,

FRANCIS.

To MISS E—— C——. JUNE 26, 1820.

To show you, my dear friend, that I am not only eager to perform my promise of writing to you, but that I feel grateful for the frank manner in which you requested a correspondence, I address you as soon as I am recovered from my fatigues, and date from a place in which I have been happy. It is a retired little township called Wrentnall — for which you might search vainly in the map, but it lies eight miles from Shrewsbury; and as you may be curious of further particulars, I can inform you that, while I now hold the pen, it lacks fifteen minutes of noon by Shrewsbury

clock. I am among lovely hills and kind friends; but though such a situation must needs be pleasant, a sigh will come, when I am thinking, as I now am, of the lovelier hills of Milton and the friends who are dwelling somewhere about them. There are famous places here in England, and famous people, and fine old churches and bright green fields — but there is nothing like home, after all; and though I am, by no means, what you may call home-*sick*, yet I do long to see it, already. However, here I am, and here I shall stay, till the object for which I came, if it is to be answered, is answered. And now, my friend, what shall I tell you about? The ocean? O, it is a wondrous thing, and my soul was never moved so strongly as when I came on deck, the first morning, and found myself on the vasty deep in the midst of a heaven-bound circle, and confined to a bark which the magnificence around it had caused to shrink into the dimensions of a nutshell. And when the sky became darkened, and a mighty wind moved upon the face of the waters, I looked over the railing and realized the full force of the Scripture expressions which make the sea lift up its voice and clap its hands.

Liverpool is a city of merchants, and had but little for me to see, and still less to tell of. A brother-in-law of Mr. W. W. was so good

as to invite me to his country seat, whither I accompanied him and his family, and where I have been staying a fortnight, and may perhaps stay ten days more. Nothing pleases me more in the country than the hedges, which are the boundaries of every field and the fences of every lane. They are formed principally of the hawthorn, but with a plentiful intermixture of wild-rose, sweetbriar and holly, with its "polished leaves and berries red." I can walk at this season into any green lane and in a few moments make up a broad nosegay of the flowers which grow under the hedges, and such a classical nosegay too — the daisy, the hyacinth, the foxglove, the rose and the harebell, with a plenty more. The harebell is certainly the most beautiful wild-flower I ever set eyes on. I have left out the honeysuckle, which also climbs wild upon the hedges.

Staying in the same house with me, as fellow guests, are three Liverpool ladies, one of whom is the second daughter of Mr. Roscoe, who, with her sister, has published, some little poems, which have been republished, I believe, in Boston. She is full of conversation, animation, imagination and poetry — indeed, she is very like your own self. I have one request to make you. I wish you to send me, when you are so good and considerate as to answer this, two or three or more

of your poetical pieces, particularly "The Ice Spirit." Think how far I am from home and you will not, you cannot refuse me. I will never show them where it would be in the least improper to do so. When you meet with any of my friends, tell them that my dearest thoughts are about them. —— and —— and —— will see that I subscribe myself

Their, as well as your,
affectionate friend,
F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

June 23. To-day a party of us rode over to Shrewsbury. This is one of the most ancient towns in England. Its foundation is supposed to have been laid as far back as the fifth century, and, till they were forced to desert it, it was a royal residence of the ancient Welsh. The Saxon name was Scrobbes-byrig, which has been softened into Shrewsbury; it is also called Salop, which name is given to the county likewise, as well as that of Shropshire. Its situation is beautiful and commanding. It stands on a peninsula formed by the Severn, and the isthmus is defended by an ancient castle. Detached portions of the old city-wall are remaining, together with one of its towers, which is now, without any external alteration, converted into a small dwelling-house. On the

western side of the town is a beautiful public walk, bounded by the Severn, and consisting of several avenues of luxuriant lime-trees, which, though planted in the year 1719, have the vigor and foliage of youth. The river does not appear to be more than thirty yards wide, and it is crossed by two handsome stone bridges. A town, situated like this, we should naturally suppose would be healthy, and accordingly Speed says of it—"Wholesome is the air, delectable and good, yielding the spring and the autumn, seedtime and harvest, in a temperate condition, and affordeth health to the inhabitants in all seasons of the year." I must here confess that I picked up this quotation by accident, and that it was the fruit of no investigation of my own into the folio pages of that venerable chronicler. But every body knows that this town is famous for the battles which have been fought before its walls, particularly for the memorable one between Henry IV. and Percy, Glendower and Douglas:

> "Douglas! whose high deeds,
> Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
> Hold from all soldiers chief majority,
> And military title capital,
> Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ."

This battle secured to Henry the crown, and to the house of Lancaster the throne, and gave Shaks-

peare a subject for his immortal verse, who has also handed down to us the still more terrible encounter between the puissant Sir John Falstaff and the fiery Hotspur, which lasted a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

As I have a great passion for old churches, I visited one which stood on the eastern bank of the Severn, opposite the English Bridge, and is called the Abbey Church, having belonged to the magnificent and extensive Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul. It is built of the same kind of dark red stone as the Cathedral of Chester. Its tower is simple, but well-proportioned, and contains a fine large window, the glass of which is painted with different devices and coats of arms. The eye is caught, upon entering this church, by a window at the eastern end, on which are painted figures, as large as life, of St. Peter and Paul, King Solomon, &c., the effect of which is very good. The painting on this window is modern, while that of the former and of several smaller ones is ancient. There are several old monuments in this church; one of which is supposed, but on no very good authority, to be that of Roger de Montgomery, the founder of the Abbey, and a kinsman of William the Conqueror. There is also a tomb belonging to the Onslow family, on which are represented recumbent figures of Richard Onslow and

his lady, with their hands joined in the attitude of prayer. He was speaker of the house of commons in Queen Elizabeth's time, and it is remarkable that two of his descendants, and of the same name, have enjoyed the same dignity — Sir Richard and Arthur Onslow. These figures are dressed in the fashion of the golden days of good Queen Bess. The whole of the present church is only the nave of the ancient Abbey Church, and the church was but a small part of the entire Abbey. What an idea does this give of the extent of the old ecclesiastical structures and establishments! As I was leaving the church I asked my guide, who was a well-dressed woman, and, as I supposed, the sexton's wife, whether there was anything more to be seen — she answered there was not. I then put two shillings into her hand and was going away; but whether her conscience smote her for having told a lie, or her heart was softened by receiving a larger fee than she expected, we had no sooner reached the door than she said, she believed there was one thing more that I might like to see, and she would go with me to the place where it stood. She then led me round behind the church into a garden, which was once the monk's refectory or dining hall, and at one end of which was one of the most beautiful little things I ever saw — a light octagonal structure of gray stone, with painted

windows, small bass-reliefs, delicate mouldings, and walls thickly covered with ivy. In the centre of the roof inside is carved a crucifix. This exquisite building is no more, I should judge, than five feet in diameter and ten in height; and is supposed to have been used as a kind of pulpit from which one of the monks read a portion from a father, or some other holy book, while the rest of his brethren were at dinner. I would have given the woman another shilling for leading me to a sight of this beauty if she had not been near preventing my seeing it altogether. In the evening we returned to Wrentnall.

June 26. In the parish to which this township belongs, and also in many of the neighboring parishes, the farmers have formed a club for the purpose of relieving those of its members who may at any time become destitute. Some of these clubs answer the purpose for which they were established very well; and others squander and misapply the money which is raised in common, and do very little good, if any. The anniversary of the Pulverbatch Club was celebrated to-day. After attending service and hearing a sermon they sat down to a dinner — such an one, most likely, as nine-tenths of the members tasted of but once a year. After dinner they were to have a dance on a green, near the inn. The day had been too

warm for any of us to think of going to church, but we resolved to attend the dance, as soon as the sun had descended low enough to render a walk of half a mile in any degree tolerable. Accordingly between five and six o'clock we set out for the green. But the dancers had not yet come forth — the day was hot, and they preferred, very naturally, ale to exercise. The scene before the inn was however sufficiently amusing to detain us till it should please the club within to finish their potations. Men, women, and children, hucksters, pedlers, ballad-singers and beggars were collected together as at a fair, only on a smaller scale — gazing, sauntering, squalling, spending their money like fools, and exercising their several vocations. A couple of ballad-singers particularly attracted my notice, as we have no such people at home. A man and woman sang together and appeared to be in partnership. The man began the verse and tune, and the woman joined him at the second or third word of the first line; but they both sang the air, and the characteristic of their voices being rather strength than sweetness, they made more noise than melody. The ballads which they sang they also sold. The man had a basket full of them on his arm, and when any one of his audience was particularly pleased with that which they were performing, he

or she put twopence into his hand and received the favorite ballad in return. Just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, the first dance was carried down, and we walked back to our supper. The next day we observed a notice of the whole matter in the Shrewsbury newspaper. After informing the public that the Pulverbatch Club celebrated its anniversary on the preceding day, partook of a bountiful repast and danced on the village green, it was added that "the beauty and rank of the neighborhood retired at an early hour." Now there were some pretty faces among us, no doubt, but it would have puzzled the king's herald at arms to have found out any rank higher than that of squire, a title which is invariably given by the country people to Mr. F.

Since my residence in the country I have been delighted with nothing more than the rich appearance of the hedges. They are now in their full glory — the honeysuckle climbs the highest bushes, clustering around them with a profusion of its sweet-scented flowers and filling the air with fragrance — the wild-rose, red and white, arches its graceful wreaths over the road, while lower down the gorgeous foxglove rears its tall spire of bright red hoods, the daisy peeps up from the grass, and the lovely harebell hangs its modest head of the most delicate blue. Jogging peaceably along

on a sober veteran of a horse, who, on account of his great age rather than any remarkable military capacities, has received the name of Blucher, my attention is kept constantly awake, by the unceasing variety of vegetable beauty that lines the sides of every lane and highway through which chance or old Blucher may direct me.

July 11. Another expedition was planned today, for the purpose of visiting the seats of Lord —— and Edward ——, Esq. The weather was hot, but not excessively so, and being an American, it was to me no cause of complaint, though the rest of the party suffered from it. We passed through Shrewsbury, and stopped a few moments to see a column erected in honor of Lord Hill, which stands at a short distance from the town. It is a noble pillar, of the Doric order, and bears a statue of his Lordship on its summit. The height of the whole I should think was about one hundred and twenty feet, but I have no means of accurate information. On one of the sides of the base is an English inscription, and on the opposite side a Latin one. On another is a list of eighteen battles in which Lord, then Sir John Hill, had fought and signalized himself, ending with the memorable battle of Waterloo, and on the side opposite to this is a door opening to the interior of the column and upon a staircase which winds to its top.

I was too feeble, however, to think of ascending it. After a ride of another hour we crossed the Severn on a handsome stone bridge, and entered the village of Atcham, in which is the princely mansion of Lord ——.

The mansion is modern and in the Grecian style. The furniture is splendid, and for the most part in very good taste. The paintings fill the rooms pretty well, and among them are some fine ones. I liked, as well as any of them, the picture of a fellow in the act of catching a fly with one hand which had settled on the back of his other — his whole soul seemed bound up in his occupation; and the earnestness of his face, together with the insignificant object which called it forth, formed a happy and ludicrous contrast. The house-maid, who acted as our guide, told us that it was by Rubens. This might be true and it might not, as the name of Rubens was the only one which she had got by heart, and was bestowed by her on nearly all the paintings in the house. Her ignorance and pertness were laughable enough. One old thing, she said, was the exact representation of the stable in which our Saviour was born, taken at the time and on the spot by Rubens. This information was delivered with the utmost gravity, and a confidence from which there was no appeal. Having entered a beautiful little room, the ceiling

and wainscoting of which were painted in water-colors and gilt, we took the liberty of sitting down, as we saw that the bottoms of the chairs were all covered; but we had scarcely done so when our directress told us, that "indeed she was very sorry, but his lordship permitted no one to sit down on those chairs, not even his own company or relations, for the chair-bottoms were embroidered by his lordship's great-grandmother, and therefore his lordship set great store by them; and that the room was kept only for *show*." Upon this admonition we rose, and having traversed the remaining apartments returned to the village inn, where we dined. After dinner we set out for Condover, the village in which is the seat of Mr. ——. It is a fine old mansion of red freestone, shaded by the lofty and venerable trees of the park, and within a hundred yards of the old village church. The sun was going down; the impressive silence of evening was broken only by the sharp twitter of the swallows, as they wheeled in troops over our heads, or sought their nests, with which they had lined the eaves of the house from one end to the other; and the house itself, with its antique windows and peaked roofs, seemed to enjoy the tranquillity of the scene over which it reigned, and looked so quiet, so solemn, and so grand, that I could not help expressing how far preferable it

was, as the residence of an English gentleman, to the more elegant and regular Grecian structure which we had visited before. The inside of the mansion corresponds to its external appearance — the rooms are filled with excellent old pictures, in which this house is richer than any I have yet seen. The house-keeper was, as usual, ignorant of the painters' names, but under one picture of the Flemish school, which I thought particularly fine, was written, on a bit of gilt wood laid loose on the frame, the name of Dietrich, and under another that of Rembrandt. In the dining-room is a large painting called the Hubbub in the Market, and it is a hubbub indeed; the marketers are fighting, the live animals are scampering, the dead ones lie scattered about in the dirt, and the birds are taking advantage of the confusion by flying away. It is extremely well done, but I could not learn the name of the master. We did not get back to Wrentnall till ten o'clock at night, and I was so wearied that I did not leave my bed till ten o'clock the next morning.

July 19. It was hard to quit a place where I had been so happy, and it was melancholy to part with friends to whom I had grown so strongly attached, but the time came when it was necessary for me to renew my journey towards London, and for my friends to retrace theirs to Liverpool.

They brought me as far as Shrewsbury, and there we parted. It was the first time since my departure from America that I felt myself alone — all alone — and a dismal feeling it was. But I rallied my spirits as well as I could, and walked out to see such parts of the town as I had not before visited. There is a noble prison here, with a good statue of the great Howard over the gateway; but it is not opened to visiters, and a residence within its walls could not have been agreeable to me. There are two beautiful stone spires in the town, one of them, the loftiest, belonging to St. Mary's church. This church is large and in good repair, and contains some ancient tombs. The carved work over the nave is as fresh as when first put up, and very beautiful. Near the door, and on the outside of the church, is a plain tablet, commemorating an exploit and consequent death of one Cadman, who some years ago attempted to fly or slide down on a rope from the summit of this steeple to the opposite bank of the Severn. The rope broke before he had descended half way, and he was precipitated to the ground. It is said that the same madcap had made an application to a certain prelate to fly from the tower of his cathedral, and that the dignitary returned for answer that he might fly *to* the church whenever he pleased, but that he

should never give any one a permission to fly *from* it.

July 20. At eight o'clock this morning I took my seat in the coach that was to convey me to Birmingham. One person only was in the inside, who appeared to be good-natured, though somewhat sleepy: this, however, he presently accounted for by saying that he had been travelling all night. While we were riding along on a part of the road near the market-town of Shiffral, I all at once was surprised at seeing a beautiful nosegay come into the stage and fix itself before my eyes. On looking out of the window I perceived a little girl who held this nosegay tied to the end of a long stick, and, running by the side of the coach, was thus endeavoring to earn a half-penny. I thought it a pretty contrivance; and, taking the flowers from off the stick, I threw her the expected piece of copper. Not satisfied, however, with having disposed of one bunch, she immediately clapt on another, and ran round to the other side of the carriage in order to tempt my companion; but seeing that his eyelids were closed, and that sleep had put him out of the reach of temptation, she took the liberty of rousing his olfactory sensibilities by thrusting the nosegay full in his face. He started up, and looked so comical that I could not help bursting into a loud laugh. Not imme-

diately comprehending the nature of the assault, nor why there was a large nosegay before him, the most whimsical surprise was depicted on his features; while the ripe and mealy farina of a huge red lily had imparted a bright tint to the ends of his nose and chin by being so rudely brought into contact with them. With the greatest good-nature, however, he joined in my laugh; and having first punished the girl for her impudence by making her run some hundred yards, he bought her nosegay. Passing a cottage, soon after, a dozen young urchins sallied out from it, brandishing their rival commodities, but we were already supplied, and sent them away. The road now became lined with coal-works, and continued to present the same dark and weary aspect till we entered Birmingham. It was one unvaried picture of large chimneys, and clattering steam-engines, and piles of earth, and blocks of coal, and jaded horses, and lean, smutty, ragged forms of men, women and children.

On arriving at Birmingham, however, I by no means thought it so smoky and dismal a place as I had been led to expect from the accounts which have been given of it. The situation of the town is high and its air is healthy, and it has its open squares and its broad and handsome streets. You indeed often pass the tall chimney

of some furnace or manufactory, which is belching forth its columns of smoke and flame, and you see that the houses in its immediate vicinity are stained quite black and covered with soot; but you do not see this in the better parts of the town, and you might choose for yourself a hundred situations in which you would never be exposed to the least annoyance from this cause. I really believe that, owing to their advantage of living upon an elevated site, the inhabitants of Birmingham experience no more inconvenience from smoke and soot than the inhabitants of Liverpool, and not so much as those of the vast metropolis. I was kindly received here by a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted in Liverpool, the Rev. S. W. B——, one of the ministers of the Old Meeting—so called because the congregation of which Dr. Priestley was the minister was formerly a part of it. Both the Old and the New Meeting are now professedly Unitarian in their religious sentiments and worship.

July 21. In company with my friend, I visited whatever was most interesting to a stranger. There are two subscription libraries here; but they are smaller than those at Liverpool, and prove that the literary tendencies of the place are not very strong. Crossing the market-place, I was shown, in its centre, a bronze statue of Nelson,

by Westmacott. It is much more simple in its design than that in the Liverpool Exchange; its style is chaste, and its effect pleasing. We then stepped into the show rooms of Thomason & Co. to see the metallic copy, which they have lately finished, of the famous antique vase which was purchased in Italy by Sir William Hamilton, for his kinsman, the earl of Warwick, and thence called the Warwick vase. After traversing a suite of rooms, splendidly dressed out with cut glass, statues, antiques, jewels, medals, pictures, and an endless variety of articles, for the purchase of the wealthy, we arrived at a small apartment, the sanctum sanctorum, appropriated solely to the reception and exhibition of this copy, and fitted up expressly for the purpose; and, indeed, it deserves a place of its own, in which it may be gazed at and admired. It is of the most beautiful form and proportions, and of a gigantic size, being twenty-one feet in circumference, and five feet ten inches in height. Mr. Thomason took the utmost pains to obtain a correct resemblance of the original, from impressions in wax, and at last succeeded, to the minutest line. The body of the vase is composed of a different colored metal from that in which its decorations are cast, consisting of a panther's skin, vine leaves, and other emblems of Bacchus; and thus they are thrown into the

boldest possible relief. The whole was cast in separate pieces, and seven years were employed in the work. In different parts of the room are plaster casts of antique statues; attendants and ministers, as it were, on the supreme object of attraction; and in the corners nearest the door, are two female figures, offering medals of the vase, one of which I purchased. Having written our names in an Album which is kept here, we went away, and, as I had walked quite enough for the day, I kept myself within doors for the remainder of it.

July 22. The greater number of the manufactories of this place are carried on without smoke and din, in small and retired workshops, standing back from the street; and you are advertised of their existence only by seeing on the doors of the dwelling-houses, in front, such notices as these — "The manufactory bell," or "Manufactory down the yard." In these situations are the works of the wire-drawer, the jeweller, the plater, &c., which stand in no need whatever of laboring steam engines and immense furnaces. I gained admittance to several of these manufactories, and was much pleased and edified by the simple means with which the workmen formed and finished their various wares. Among the rest I saw a pin-manufactory, and watched the

curious process by which those useful little servants are fashioned, from the wire-drawing to the sticking them on their papers, through all the intermediate stages of cutting the wire, sharpening the ends, making the heads, putting them on, and giving the whole a coat of silver. I will not, however, enter into a detailed description of the work; suffice it to say, that though I may never make pins, I know very well how pins are made. The inhabitants of Birmingham have one comfort, which, as far as I know, they enjoy alone. Just a little way out of the town, there is a large lot of land, belonging, I believe, or at least a part of it, to the free-school of Edward VI. This lot is divided into a number of small gardens, which are severed by hedges, and planted with various trees, bushes, and vegetables. Narrow lanes afford access to each of them, and each has a gate, with lock and key. These gardens are let out to those who can afford to hire them; and the rent is sufficiently moderate, to come within the means of almost any member of the middle classes. Early in the summer mornings, the housekeepers, who have taken gardens, send out their servants, or go themselves, to bring fruits and salads for dinner, and can thus always have them fresh and at their pleasure. I myself accompanied a friend in his morning visit to his garden, and we soon

filled the little basket, which he carried on his arm, with the choicest fruits of the season.

July 23. I was introduced yesterday to the Rev. James Yates, one of the ministers of the New Meeting, and one who, by his "Vindication of Unitarianism," in reply to Mr. Wardlaw, has proved himself worthy of succeeding to the pulpit of the learned and virtuous, though persecuted Dr. Priestley. He is quite youthful in his appearance, has a habit of withdrawing his eyes from you and casting them on the ground, and is rather reserved and silent in conversation. He invited me to breakfast with him this morning: I went, and after our repast, he took me with him, it being Sunday, to church. The only monumental tablet in the meeting-house is one to the memory of Dr. Priestley. It is a plain marble slab inserted in the wall, bearing an excellent inscription, which I was told came from the pen of Dr. Parr. At the bottom of the tablet is a medallion with a head of Dr. Priestley.

July 24. At three o'clock to-day I took the stage-coach to Warwick. The dress and appearance of my sole companion, inside, bespoke him a clergyman of the Establishment; and so he turned out to be. He was very affable and communicative, and appeared to be possessed of liberal feelings and an enlightened mind. He pointed out to me the house of Dr. Priestley, or rather a house which

stood on the same site with that which was demolished by the Birmingham mob. He was in Birmingham at the time of this outrage, and spoke of it as an abominable and disgraceful event, but tried to excuse what cannot be excused. He said that the active participators in the riot were but few in number; and that he could only attribute their not being checked and dispersed sooner than they were, to a stupor which seized the magistrates, and which often will seize upon the energies of the best disposed. There were faults to be pardoned, he added, on both sides; and he had no doubt but that the high existing state of political excitement and the exultation which was manifested by Dr. Priestley and his friends, at the successes of the French Revolution, were, more than his religious principles, the cause of that odium which produced such lamentable results. He had always entertained the highest esteem and respect for the character and talents of Dr. P., and was on the footing of intimacy with him, although they had been engaged in a theological controversy. He was much younger than the Doctor, when he ventured to write against him, and, though there were many things in his pieces which only youth could excuse, he thought that the Doctor handled him much too roughly. He told me that, going to see Dr. Priestley one day,

he was shown into his library: the table was covered with open folios and the desk with quires of manuscript, but the Doctor was not there. He opened a door which led from the library and beheld the object of his visit, with an apron tied round his waist, covered with smoke and perspiration, and surrounded by alembics, blowpipes, and all the apparatus of the laboratory. "Bless me," exclaimed Mr. B., "how is it, Doctor, that, with all your study in your library, and all your philosophical investigations here, you can find time to write as you do against us orthodox?" "O," said the Doctor, "I set apart an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening, just to teaze you a little."

Arrived in the evening at Warwick, I was hospitably welcomed to the house of a gentleman to whom I brought a letter. I could not go to bed, however, till I had indulged myself with a sight of the far-famed castle. I went alone; and taking my stand on the arched bridge which is flung over the Avon, and leaning over its parapet, I feasted my eyes with the view of those noble towers, which, rising on the solid rock, and swelling into the air in massy grandeur, unite all the venerable features and romantic associations of other days, with all the firmness and freshness of yesterday — which, once exposed to the fury of

war, and ever to the inroads of time, have escaped unharmed from the seige and the battle, and have forced the insatiable destroyer to give back, defeated and defied. The ivy adheres to the walls, and fringes the round towers, and yet not a stone is displaced, and the whole outline is perfect. This is owing, indeed, in a great measure, to the care with which the possessors of the castle have kept it in repair; for without the means of human preservation, it could not have stood thus long entirely uninjured. Between the new bridge on which I stood and the castle, are the ruined arches of an ancient bridge, which, hung with ivy and crossing the stream in interrupted fragments, contributes greatly to the interest of the scene. A majestic swan was enjoying his evening sail upon the river, slowly floating from cove to cove; the swallows, who love the resort of these old piles, were hovering around the castle turrets; and all was still and peaceful. I would that I had been a painter.

July 25. After breakfast, this morning, a nephew of the gentleman at whose house I staid accompanied me to the castle. We knocked at the gate, which was immediately opened by the porter, dressed in a blue livery, faced with red; and, having written our names in a book which he kept in his lodge, we walked

up toward the mansion. The approach to the castle is as it ought to be — a striking entrance to a noble dwelling. It is a road sunk in the solid rock to the depth of ten or twelve feet, which, with a bold sweep, winds its way to the castle gate. You tread upon the solid rock, and you have the solid rock on your right hand and on your left, while you are shaded above by trees and shrubs, whose twisted roots and trailing fibres, together with the closely-plaited ivy, form a fanciful tapestry on each side of you; and it is not till you take the last turn that you see the castle and its frowning towers. This passage is not ancient, but was cut by the last earl of Warwick. As we passed under the arched gateway, into the court-yard, we saw the barbed points of the portcullis suspended over us, and observed several doors and nooks which all had their uses when the castle was the abode of feudal strength and resistance, as well as of baronial splendor. The court-yard is a spacious area inclosed by the several buildings of the castle, and in form a square. We rang the bell at the principal door, on the left side of the court, and a servant appearing, ushered us into the great hall. Here we were presented with the granite monuments and features of feudal times. The wainscoting of oak is covered with pieces of ancient armor — helmet and shield, breast-

piece and back-piece, sword and lance, and whatever else contributed to form the knight's complete equipment, are displayed to the best advantage, and kept in perfect order. Over the doors are the stag's branching antlers, and on one side of the hall is the huge fireplace, which once was heaped with blazing logs from the forest. Nothing was wanting but a long table in the midst loaded with plenty and surrounded by roaring vassals. From this hall you see, through the arched door-ways, the whole suite of apartments which belong to this portion of the castle, forming an extended and beautiful vista; and from its windows you have the lovely prospect of the Avon, the ruined bridge, the park on the opposite side of the river, and the rich country beyond it. We were hurried, as usual, through the remaining show-rooms of the castle; but there was this consolation, that the servant knew by whom most of the pictures were painted. A fine Charles I., on horseback, by Vandyck, hung at the end of a long gallery; but the painting which struck me most was a full-length of Ignatius Loyola, by Rubens. It made so vivid an impression on my mind that after I left the castle it was the only picture which I remembered distinctly, and I can see it now as clearly almost as if it were before me. Its colors are laid on in the most glowing manner of Rubens's

glowing style; the strongly-marked face is raised toward a burst of light above, and the fore-shortening of the extended hand is astonishing — it seems to be stretched forth from the canvass. In one of the rooms we were made to remark a bowl, of nearly a foot in diameter and six inches deep, worked out from a solid and beautifully transparent crystal.

On leaving this part of the castle, and giving the attendant her fee, we were delivered over to the care of the gardener. By him we were led through a small gate in the castle walls to a neat green-house, built for the reception and shelter of the magnificent Warwick vase, which, before it was placed here, was improperly made to stand in the open air; an exposure which, as might be supposed, was of no great benefit to it. This vase is the original, from which that of Thomason has been so accurately copied. It is of white marble; and, when its great age and the delicacy of its ornaments are considered, its high state of preservation is remarkable. From this precious relic of antiquity, we followed our guide across a close-shaven lawn, whose surface was here and there interrupted by clumps of the cedar of Lebanon, to the banks of the river. Going up to a certain spot, the old man pushed away with his hands a cluster of ivy leaves, and pointed to a small and

unadorned plate of copper, let into the rock, which bore a Latin inscription, to the memory of a son of Lord Bagot, an amiable young man, who was drowned in the Avon opposite to where we were standing. We then turned back, and began to ascend a steep hill; not, however, till we had stopped awhile at a little mossy nook,

> "Where water, clear as diamond spark,
> In a stone basin fell,"

and had refreshed ourselves with the pure and grateful liquid, which oozed from the solid foundation of the castle and furnished the supply of all its inhabitants. The ascent of the hill was made easy to us by means of a path, which wound round it. On its summit stood the watch-tower, which commands, as of course it should, the whole country round it for miles. We followed the spiral staircase, till it brought us quite out on to the leads of the tower, and, on our return, took a peep into the room below, a snug little place, just big enough for the watchman to sit in comfortably, and cook his chicken at the fire, if he ever was so lucky as to get the one or the other. There was, certainly, a fireplace in the room, however, and I think that, with the comforts aforesaid, I could have passed a winter's night or two here much to my liking.

Descending from the watch-tower into the court-yard, we parted with our guide, after the usual compliment, and were put into the hands of another, who was to conduct us to the top of one of the main towers. Of these there are three or four, which rise at intervals from the mass of buildings, and are joined together by the walls or different offices of the castle. There were several stories in the one which we ascended, each of them divided into one large room and two or three smaller ones. These rooms were wholly without furniture, and very bare and desolate; and the deep windows and narrow loop-holes, through which a besieging enemy was annoyed in times of danger, plainly intimated what were the scenes and who were the men that once were familiar to this deserted strong-hold. A rich and extensive prospect presented itself on our gaining the roof of the tower, and rewarded us for the trouble of ascending. After resting here a short time we came down, and having seen everything that was shown within the bounds of the castle, we returned to the porter's lodge. But he also had his curiosities to show. He took us into his little room, and pointed us to twenty or thirty morsels of antiquity, which lined its walls, as the undoubted property of the renowned Guy, Earl of Warwick. Here was his shirt of chain armor, his helmet and his

swords; there was his tremendous tilting spear, and a walking staff of equal dimensions with that which Polypheme carried before him; and here, again, was a rib of the dun cow which was slain by Guy in single combat. To crown all, the centre of the room was occupied by Guy's porridge-pot, of the capacity of a hogshead, and his flesh-hook, as big as a pitchfork. Our friend the porter asked us "whether we would hear the sound of the porridge-pot;" and, on our assenting, he drew the flesh-hook slowly and slightly across its rim two or three times without making much noise, but at last with so much force that the harsh braying of the kettle made us start, and obliged us to hold our ears. What mummery! — to be playing such tricks as these under the walls of Warwick castle! The several pieces of armor were no doubt interesting antiquities, and even the porridge-pot might very probably have been used by a cook of the dark ages; but after we had been contemplating the genuine productions of Rubens, Vandyck and Guido, in the grand saloons which had given birth to barons and peers, and entertainment to kings and queens, to be shown a bone of a sea-horse for the rib of Guy's dun cow, and dismissed with a serenade upon his porridge-pot — it was too bad.

July 26. Taking an early dinner, I rode over

with my young companion to visit the ruins of Kenilworth castle. The ride is a very pleasant one; but our apprehensions of a severe thunder shower, which were excited by a black and threatening sky, prevented our enjoying it so much as we should have done. After sprinkling us with a few drops, however, from his urn, the spirit of the storm passed on and left us to our pleasure. We stopped at the house of a gentleman in Kenilworth, whom I had seen at Birmingham, and who had obligingly invited me to call upon him, as he had heard me express a design of visiting the castle. He walked with us to the ruins, which lie about a quarter of a mile from the more populous part of the village, and by his local information greatly contributed to the gratification which we received from the sight of these imposing remains of former grandeur. The buildings of the castle may be divided into two principal parts: the most ancient part, commonly called Cæsar's tower, built by Geoffry de Clinton, about the year 1120; and the part which goes under the name of Leicester's buildings, erected by Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1571. Although there is such a difference in the dates of their erection, both of these divisions form one grand mass of ruins; and, indeed, that portion which is by centuries the

oldest, appears to be the strongest and least injured. Beside these principal portions, however, there are several towers that went to form the entire castle; one of which is called King Henry's lodgings, from its having been the particular residence of Henry III., during the time that the castle belonged to the crown. The shape of these towers and buildings is square; unlike those of Warwick, several of which are circular. The roofs have all fallen in; the oaken timbers which separated the different stories have all rotted away — all save one, which I saw far above me, crossing from wall to wall, and that was almost eaten through in the midst, and one more storm would throw it to the ground. The vegetation which clothes these ruins is astonishingly luxuriant. I took notice of more than one stem of ivy, which would have measured a foot in its diameter, and of more than one tree, of the common size, which flourished on the top of a ruined wall at the height of one hundred feet from the earth. As we entered Cæsar's tower, we disturbed its only inhabitant — a large white owl: we raised our heads at the shriek which it gave, and saw it fly across the open top to the opposite wall in search of a thicker shade of ivy.

Time has made sad havoc here, but it would be doing him injustice to charge him with being the only ravager. In the time of the Common-

wealth, Cromwell made a present of the castle to some of his officers, who wantonly tore down its walls and committed more injury than the more sparing hand of time would have done for ages to come. The only building belonging to the castle which has escaped the general desolation, is the great gate-house, which was built by Leicester. It is quadrangular, with round towers at its four corners, and is now the habitation of a farmer. In one of the rooms there is a curious marble chimney-piece, surmounted by rich oak carving, which was taken from the principal ruins, and preserved here. The marble is sculptured in a most costly manner, and bears, in different places, Leicester's initials, his motto, and his arms. It is to be hoped that this gate-house will at least be kept in repair, and not suffered soon to participate in the fate of the palace to which it led.

The circumstance which has given its greatest celebrity to Kenilworth castle, is its having been the scene of the grand entertainment which the earl of Leicester gave to Queen Elizabeth, "for the space of seventeen days, with excessive cost, and a variety of delightful shows." This entertainment was as splendid as money and feasting and dancing and revelry could make it, and was described by Gascoigne, a court poet of those days, "in a special discourse therefore then printed, and entitled, The

Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle." What a change has been wrought here in a few short years! Before we took leave of this interesting spot, we went to a certain place, opposite the ruins, where I was told there was an echo which repeated three or four times. But we either did not strike upon the precise spot, or the state of the atmosphere was unfavorable, for we could get but a single response. That single one, however, was so distinct and exact, that I, who had never heard such a one before, was quite astonished. A long sentence was copied throughout, and a cough, or a halloo, was returned to the ears of the speaker precisely as it came from his lips. I asked of the old towers, "Where are Elizabeth and Leicester now?" They answered, word for word and tone for tone, "Where are Elizabeth and Leicester now?" Where, indeed! where is the capricious queen, and her haughty favorite, and where are all the "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle?" — I have heard the hooting of a solitary owl, and I have seen weeds on the hearth, and ivy in the chambers; but they say nothing of royalty and revelling, or only tell me that they are gone.

July 27. Beauchamp chapel, in St. Mary's church, is much celebrated for its beauty, as well as for the tomb of its founder, Sir Richard Beauchamp. The style of the chapel is the latest or

florid Gothic. The carving of the niches, the roof, and the pendant capitals, is most exquisitely delicate, and profusely decorated with gilding, which looks as fresh as if it had been put on but yesterday. Tradition informed us, through the mouth of the sexton's helpmate, that, in the niches or shrines, there formerly stood images of solid gold, which were taken from their pedestals by some of Cromwell's soldiers, who left in exchange their helmets; and it was certainly manifest that the rusty helmets were here, and that the gold images were not. The tomb of Sir Richard Beauchamp is of marble; and round its sides are placed, in separate niches, small figures of men and women in monastic habits, and executed in copper gilt. Recumbent on the tomb is the effigy of the noble knight. The hands are raised, but not quite joined; the head is finely done, and possesses interesting features; the whole figure is of hollow brass. Above it is a brass frame, which formerly supported a velvet pall. This tomb is one of the most beautiful and perfect monumental antiquities in England. The tomb of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his countess Lettice, is likewise in this chapel. It is of Italian marble and workmanship; its appearance is magnificent, but clumsy and tasteless. At three o'clock in the afternoon, I bade good-by

to my friends at Warwick, and took the coach to Stratford-upon-Avon.

It was certainly with no common emotions that I entered the village which gave birth and burial to the greatest poetical genius the world ever saw; and my first object, after I had bestowed my luggage at the inn, was to visit the ancient dwelling under whose roof the bard of nature was born. Its outward appearance is the same with that of many old houses which I had already seen in England; the timber frame-work being exposed to the eye, and the interstices filled in with brick or mud, and faced with mortar, white-washed. The first thing which is shown to you is the fireplace, sunk so deep into the wall, that it accommodates seats on its sides, in the style of a fireplace in an American country inn. On one of the sides a chair is pointed out, as the one in which Shakspeare sat when the buck was roasting which he stole from Sir Thomas Lucy's park; and you are soon called upon to reverence such a chaotic collection of rattle-traps which are heaped together on a bed in the front chamber, that, though considerably amused, your high-raised feelings and poetical associations are almost entirely put to flight. The personage who introduces you to all these varieties, and who takes a lease of the house for the purpose of showing it to

strangers, is a garrulous, red-faced, slovenly old woman, with false hair, and a dirty cap, by the name of Mary Hornby. "This, sir," said she, "is Shakspeare's lantern, and that is his inkstand, and this is the pin-cushion which Queen Elizabeth gave him, and this," added she, taking up a tremendously long, black, and rusty old rapier, "is his sword, which the prince regent told me was a real Toledo blade — he knew by some marks upon the handle — and he offered fifty pounds for it, but it couldn't be sold." In her catalogue of curiosities, you may be sure, that boxes made of "Shakspeare's mulberry tree" are not forgotten, of which she has a handkerchief full, at a shilling apiece; and when this stock is sold, she will doubtless find means to get another as ample.

Within a few years, an Album has been kept here, in which I observed the names of Lord Byron, and other living poets, the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Wellington, &c., as well as of several of my American acquaintances. The walls and ceiling, also, of this chamber, are so closely covered with signatures and rhymes, that it is next to impossible to squeeze in another letter, without jostling a poet or a prince. Mrs. Hornby, it seems, claims a relationship with the bard of Avon, and must

needs be an authoress too! She showed me a printed comedy and tragedy of which she was the writer, and wished me to become a purchaser; but the nonsense of the things was so dull that I declined. I bought, however, a collection of some of the poetry which had been written here, and which she had compiled and published under the title of "*Extemporal* Verses written at the Birth-place of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, by Persons of Genius," &c. Most of these *extemporal verses* reflect no great credit upon Mrs. Hornby's taste in selection, for they are as poor as possible; but one or two are worth copying. These lines are among the best:

Ah, Shakspeare! when we read the votive scrawls
With which well-meaning folks deface these walls,
And while in vain we seek some lucky hit
Amidst the lines whose nonsense, nonsense smothers,
We find, unlike thy Falstaff in his wit,
Thou art not here the *cause of wit in others.*

The following appear to have been written by some one who came here with his wife, whose name was Catherine:

Shakspeare, another Kate behold,
Who neither is nor was a scold,
A better Kate than thine;
I wot Petruchio, if on earth,
Would give her up, with all her worth,
To be possess'd of mine.

Another visiter, who signs W. Dimond, with the date June 15, 1819, thus quizzes Mrs. Hornby and her pretensions:

> The Hebrew seer, by God's own coursers driven,
> Fleet as the winds, in fiery car to heaven,
> Heard, as he soar'd, a kneeling kinsman's prayer,
> And dropt his mantle to enfold his heir.
> The relique caught, bade wondering ages trace
> A prophet's *spirit* in a prophet's *race!*
> So Avon's Bard, from Avon's banks removed,
> Bequeathed his laurel to the soil he loved,
> And *here* — his native shades — yet floats along,
> In *living* "woodnotes wild," a Shakspeare's song.
> That harp which owned a *William's* proud command,
> Strikes now, with gentler sound, in *Mary's* hand.

This worthy descendant of Shakspeare, on finding out by her Album that I came from America, told me that a number of American gentlemen had subscribed for her last tragedy, and she wished, when I returned, that I would inform them it was published, and request them to send her word how she could forward their copies.

From the roof under which Shakspeare first drew the breath of life, I went to that which covers his bones — from the birthplace, to the burial-place. He is interred in the chancel, or eastern end of the village church. There are a great many curious old monuments and tablets in different parts of the church, but I could not heed them now, and passed on to that one which

caught my eye as soon as I came within sight of it, and which I knew, from the bust upon it, to be Shakspeare's. The figure is placed in a niche, between two pillars, about five or six feet from the ground; the form is represented as low as the middle; one hand holds a pen, the other rests upon a scroll, supported by a cushion. The head bears a general resemblance to the portraits that are given of him, and is by many supposed to be the best and most authentic likeness extant. It was originally colored after life, but was painted over with a dingy white by the self-assumed authority of Malone. In the Album which is kept here, this work of the commentator has been thus severely commented upon:

> Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
> Invoke the poet's curse upon Malone;
> Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste betrays,
> And daubs his tombstone as he mars his plays!

A colored bust of marble certainly has, in the abstract, a most ungracious effect, and no one would think of coloring a statue of Canova's or Chantry's; but as everything which concerns Shakspeare is interesting and sacred, and as we wish to see his effigy as near like himself as the art of that period could make it, it is a pity that Mr. Malone's order should ever have been

obeyed. The original color of the eyes was a light hazel, that of the hair and beard, auburn.

Opposite the monument, and at a short distance from the wall, is the poet's grave. It is marked by a plain flat stone, even with the pavement; and I may here observe, that the pavement of an English church is, in general, almost entirely composed of grave-stones. On that of Shakspeare there is the following inscription, supposed to have been written by himself:

> Good friend, for Jesvs sake forbeare,
> To digg the dvst encloased heare;
> Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
> And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

No one has dared a curse of Shakspeare's invoking — his bones are unmoved, his dust has never been disturbed. The church in itself, is very well worthy a half hour's attention. It has a tall and handsome spire; it is larger than the generality of village churches; many of its parts are curious, and its whole effect is pleasing. Behind the chancel flows the river Avon, over which a plank of moderate length might form a bridge.

July 28. My ride this morning was a delightful one. The country between Stratford and Woodstock is under high cultivation, and beautifully diversified with handsome seats, snug villages,

and picturesque churches. At Woodstock I left the stage-coach. This village is celebrated for its leather gloves, which are the best in England, and for its neighborhood to Blenheim palace, which, as is well known, was presented by the British nation to the great duke of Marlborough. It is, besides, one of the prettiest towns that I have yet seen. Almost every other house is a glove-shop; in the windows of which there is an attractive display of gloves, waistcoats, purses, work-bags and other articles, all of leather, and very beautiful. As I lingered for a moment before one of these windows, the young woman who tended the shop came to the door and invited me in, and by a skilful recommendation of her wares, prevailed on me to spend twice as much money as I could well afford.

Just out of the town is the entrance gate of Blenheim. The porter, dressed in a full scarlet livery, came out, on learning that I wished to see the palace, and conducted me into the grounds. Here I was instructed to stop and observe the different views, and it was indeed an enchanting spectacle which presented itself before me. On my right was a fine piece of water, crossed at some distance by a stone bridge of one arch, whose span was one hundred and one feet, and built, as the porter said, after the model of the Rialto at

Venice. Farther on was a monumental pillar erected to the first duke; before me was a glimpse of the palace, and on all sides grand clumps of oaks, disposed to the best advantage for the prospect. The visiter may, if he pleases, walk or ride round the park, but, as I designed to be in Oxford before night, I could not spare the time. The road from the park gate winds up to the gate of the palace. Here another porter was in attendance to lead me to the door of the great hall, which you reach by a flight of stone steps; and in this hall was a man in a powdered wig and black suit, with a wand in his hand for the purpose of pointing out the several paintings, statues, &c., who, after requesting me to put my name in a book which is kept here, began to drag me through the apartments with the utmost celerity. He described the pictures, one after another, so rapidly, that by the time I had hastily glanced over the first one in a room, he had finished the history of half a dozen. I can only remember, therefore, that I saw a collection of pictures, which was worthy being the gift of a nation to its favorite, and that this collection was particularly rich in the productions of Rubens. Yet there was one, which, among all the rest, attracted and riveted my attention, and on which I continued to gaze and gaze, while my clock-work conductor was describing pictures to himself in

another part of the house. It was one of those beautiful things in the world which we congratulate ourselves on having seen, which we lay by in the choice places of our memory, to help make up its pleasures and enrich its stores, to which we love to return, on which we delight to dwell, and which ever brings a most precious and holy feeling in its company. It was a Madonna, by Carlo Dolce. Sweet, indeed, was the imagination which pictured to itself so sweet a creation, and sweet was the touch of that pencil which could transfer it to the canvass, and show it to the world. The virgin's face was more than beautiful, it was heavenly; and there was no need of the circle of stars over her head, to prove that the painter worshipped her. The fingers were most delicately rounded and tapered, the moulding of the hand was perfect, and the raised eyes had a humid light in them which I had never observed in any picture before. It was such a form, in short, as we never expect to see on earth, and such as is only brought by fancy in her most propitious dreams and to her most favored votaries.

Beside this picture, there were also one or two others which I remembered from the mass, though less distinctly. In the great drawing-room there was a Charles I. on horseback, with Sir Thomas Morton on foot, supporting his helmet, by Van-

dyck; the same subject that I have already noticed as having seen at Warwick castle. The horse, however, in the Blenheim picture is a much more magnificent creature than the other, and is said, in fact, to be the finest horse ever painted. In the grand cabinet is a head of Rubens, by himself, which is a masterpiece of portrait painting. Several rooms are hung with Gobelin tapestry, representing the military achievements of the first duke, and representing them so well that not only are the figures in each scene well conceived and executed, but even the expression of countenance is preserved as in a painting. The library is truly splendid. It is one hundred and eighty-three feet long and thirty-one feet wide; and its pillars, arches, &c., are of marble, and richly carved. A statue of Queen Anne in her royal robes, by Rysbach, stands at the top of the hall; and in other situations there are many fine statues and busts, both modern and antique. Among them is a bust of Alexander the Great, from the ruins of Herculaneum. . . . . .

I hired a gig at the inn to carry me to Oxford, the distance of which city from Woodstock is but eight miles.

Oxford. A place of palaces, and pinnacles, and spires; a city of delight and glory! where learning wears the diadem and sceptre, and is

clothed in purple and furred robes, and is lodged in royal houses; where her walk is through fretted aisles, and beneath gilded domes; where her contemplations are among the effigies of the wise and mighty who sleep, and where her seat is with the noblest in the realm. It is really quite elevating to visit this city, and I think no one, who has any taste or respect for literature or antiquity, can pass through the High street of Oxford without emotion; without having his soul filled with veneration and pleasure, at the view of the long-extended lines of colleges and halls, which were raised by the munificence of kings, and prelates, and great men, and which have nursed so many of the choicest spirits of so many ages. Two or three times did I walk up and down this noble street, absorbed in the crowding thoughts and associations with which the place is connected in the mind of every votary of learning, though he be the humblest, and enjoying, in reality, a scene which my imagination had often busied itself in painting and varying. The buildings of the university are dispersed in the city without any order of arrangement, though the great body of them are situated on each side of High street, either directly upon or very near it. The shops, dwelling-houses and churches, which are mixed with the colleges in this street, are some of them ele-

gant, all of them handsome; and it is terminated on the left, toward London, by the beautifully proportioned tower of Magdalen College, which alone might be a sufficient boast for any city. The stone of which the university buildings are chiefly constructed is of a sombre gray color, and peels off in flakes on its external surface; not so, however, as to cause essential injury to the structure, except in its parts of nicer workmanship. Evening approached, and I deferred viewing the interior of the colleges till the next morning.

July 29. I had grown so impatient, on various accounts, to be in London, that I resolved, very unwisely, I am afraid, to see as much of the university as I could this morning, and to leave Oxford in the afternoon; trusting that on some future day I should be able to revisit it, and satisfy my curiosity more thoroughly. Taking with me one of the men who serve as guides to the university, I went first to All Souls College, the entrance to which is from High street. The buildings of this college are disposed into two quadrangles, the old and the new, the latter of which is considerably the largest. Leading me through the old and into the new square, my guide summoned the porter; for it is the office of the guides merely to put strangers into the best way of seeing things, and not actually to show the rooms; this part of the busi-

ness belonging to the porter or other servant of the several colleges. A respectable looking old gentleman in black came out from one of the doors, with a bunch of keys in his hand, and conducted us first into the hall or dining-room of the society. Here were shown to me many fine portraits of distinguished members of the college; and a bust, by Roubilliac, of Archbishop Chichele, the founder. We then ascended a flight of steps and entered the library, which is one of the handsomest in Oxford. The room is one hundred and ninety-eight feet in length, and about thirty in breadth, and, besides its painted windows, is decorated with a large number of bronze busts of distinguished fellows of the college, among which I noticed those of Sir Christopher Wren, Archbishop Sheldon, Jeremy Taylor, and Dr. Sydenham. Descending from the library, we crossed the court and came next to the chapel, which is much admired for its beauty and simplicity. At the western end, as you enter, is a most glorious statue of Sir William Blackstone, by Bacon. He is sitting in a chair, dressed in his judicial robes, resting one hand upon a volume of his Commentaries, and holding the Magna Charta in the other. The face is full of the profoundest thought, and in the position of the figure and the conduct of the

drapery, there is the utmost grace, correctness and dignity.

This part of the chapel is called the ante-chapel, and is divided from the other by a handsome screen, the work of Sir Christopher Wren; passing under which, you walk into the inner chapel, where service is performed. Over the altar, at the eastern end, is one of the best pictures, as it is said, of Raffaello Mengs. The subject is the appearance of Jesus, after his resurrection, to Mary Magdalene. "Touch me not," says our Savior, "for I am not yet ascended to my Father." The sorrow of Mary at this prohibition, mingled at the same time with her joy at seeing him again, is well conceived and admirably expressed.

From All Souls we went to New College, which was founded by the celebrated William of Wykeham, in the year 1380. The gardens belonging to it are rendered interesting by being in part surrounded by the old city wall: from them there is also the best view of the college. Nothing calls for the particular attention of the visiter in any of the public rooms excepting the chapel, and that is the most beautiful in the university. His spirit must be of no enviable character which does not bow itself on entering its walls, and acknowledge that the place is holy.

It is not spacious and lofty, for that were inconsistent with the purpose which it serves; but every part is in its due place and proportion; there is no superfluity of ornament, and that which exists is of exquisite beauty; nothing offends the eye or the taste, but everything unites in disposing the mind to profound worship and religious meditation. Five tall and richly-painted Gothic windows rise on each side of the chapel, and admit a solemn twilight, dyed with their own deep coloring. Depicted on these are the images of saints and apostles, with their appropriate emblems, and of the size of life. The painting is modern, but in the best style of the art. Immediately over the communion-table are five subjects from Scripture, executed in alto-relievo, and with a surprising delicacy of workmanship, by Westmacott; and above these are four rows of splendid Gothic niches, occupying entirely the remainder of the eastern end. At the west end is a magnificent window, the painting of which is pronounced to be one of the best specimens, if not the very first, of modern window-painting in England. The lower part is taken up with emblematic figures of what are called the four cardinal and three Christian virtues: Temperance, Fortitude, Justice, and Prudence; and Faith, Hope, and Charity. On the upper part is painted

the Nativity. The light of the picture is made to stream from the child upon the different groups who are hastening to pay their homage to the new-born Savior. Among the most distant of these are the portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who designed, and Jervais, who executed, the subject. A great curiosity in this chapel is the crosier of William of Wykeham. It is of silver, gilt, and seven feet long; highly adorned with gothic open-work, and containing within the crook a kneeling image of the munificent bishop.

Our next visit was to the theatre, a fine edifice built by Sir Christopher Wren, at the expense of Archbishop Sheldon, and on the plan of the theatre of Marcellus, at Rome. It is used for public exhibitions, and is capable of containing three thousand persons. On days of ceremony, when the students and officers appear in full dress, and ladies witness the performances from the galleries, the scene is said to be extremely splendid and striking. But on the day when the allied sovereigns of England, Russia, and Prussia, with Prince Metternich, Blucher, &c., visited the university and were presented with degrees in this theatre, the show must have been, as I remember it was described to be in the prints of the day, from which the American papers borrowed the account, of unusual pomp and brilliancy. On raised seats

in the northern or semicircular part of the building, sat the Prince Regent, with the other monarchs, the one on his right hand, and the other on his left; on a space below was the chair of the Chancellor, Lord Grenville, and beside him the Duchess of Oldenburg. Princes, noblemen, masters of arts and distinguished men, filled the spacious area. Students took their places in the upper galleries; all in their respective robes, or in court dresses; while between these, in the lower galleries, like a sparkling zone of grace and beauty, were the fairest in the land. This was in the year 1814. The chairs, covered with velvet and ornamented with gold, on which the three sovereigns sat, are still kept here, and shown to strangers.

Here I dismissed my guide, having first inquired of him the way to the house of the Rev. Thomas Gaisford, Regius professor of Greek, to whom I had a letter. As it was the time of vacation, all the students and most of the officers of the university were away, but this gentleman was one of the few who remained in Oxford, and I fortunately found him at home. Having learnt my intention of leaving the city so soon, he politely offered to show me the Bodleian library, and any of its treasures which I might particularly desire to see. I was pretty well fatigued already, by my morning's labors, but this was a temptation which I could

not resist; and the professor, putting on his gown and square cap, without which insignia no member of the university appears abroad, led the way to the grand magazine of books. The original library consisted of two parallel rooms, joined together by a third leading from the centre of each, the whole forming a connected set of apartments in the form of the letter H. Part of the books are ranged along the walls, and part are disposed in recesses or alcoves. These rooms contain not, however, by any means, the full treasures of the existing library. They have long since been filled, and the rest of the books take their places in a number of smaller apartments within the same walls. One of these apartments is entirely occupied by a collection of topographical works, said to be the most complete in the kingdom; the greater part, if not the whole, of which were left to the library by the antiquarian, Gough. As I had expressed a wish to see some of their earliest manuscripts, Professor G. handed me, among others, the famous Codex Laudianus, containing the Acts of the Apostles, a limited edition of which, approaching half way to a facsimile, was published in the last century. It is in very good preservation, and bids fair to last some centuries longer. Some very richly illuminated books and manuscripts were also shown to me. Among these

there was a folio, on each page of which were six or eight highly-finished pictures, surrounded by a bright border of gold.

In the same building with the library is the picture gallery. Here are portraits of founders and benefactors, poets, scholars and kings; a fine statue of William, Earl of Pembroke, in bronze, copies of Raphael's cartoons, &c. Among other things, a portrait burnt on wood with a poker by Dr. Griffith, master of University College, is worthy of notice, both on account of the singular method of execution, and the real merit of the piece, which you would take, at first sight, to be painted with some dark and uniform color.

As I had engaged my place in the stage-coach, it was now time for me to be gone; so I snatched a hasty meal at the inn, bade farewell to Oxford, and long before the sun had touched the western hills, had arrived at Henley-upon-Thames.

This town is prettily situated upon the river, which lends it its name to distinguish it from another Henley, in Warwickshire. There is nothing here to arrest a stranger's notice. Before it grew dark, I walked about a mile along the banks of the river, opposite the town, and found the coolness and quiet very refreshing after my dusty ride. A small boat here and there upon the stream, held a patient little party of fishers, and now and then

I met a few of the inhabitants enjoying their evening promenade, as well as myself. The walk would be a delightful one were it lined with trees, but it wants shade sadly.

July 30. This afternoon I seated myself in the coach which was to take me to London. Leaving Henley, we passed through a corner of Berkshire to the village of Maidenhead, a little beyond which I had a good view, on my right, of the noble towers of Windsor's royal castle, which I should have known at the first sight, if it was only for the resemblance between them and their humble representatives on the outside wrappers of Windsor soap. We rode next through a small piece of Buckinghamshire into Middlesex, and soon came to the famous Hounslow Heath, which is beginning to be built upon, and with its loneliness is losing its terrifying celebrity. The paved streets over which we were now jolted with little intermission, the long lines of shops and houses, and the rattling of innumerable carts, coaches and carriages, indicated our approach to the vast metropolis. Indeed, the thickly-built villages melt one into the other with scarce any perceptible separation; and although you are not said to be in London till you have passed the corner of Hyde Park, it is, in reality, London for some miles on the outside of this nominal boundary. The vil-

lages still retain their names; but they may be regarded rather as so many quarters of the great city than as distinct and independent portions of territory. The immense sea of population continually increasing by a thousand streams of tribute, and advancing wave upon wave in every direction, spreads itself wide and more wide over the land, and objects which once were high above its utmost tide, are now in the very midst of its waters. It is a curious fact, that Northumberland house, near Charing Cross, which, at the present time, is in the centre of London, was described, and that not very long ago, as being situated in the *village of Charing;* and that the Earl of Burlington, on being asked why he built his house in Piccadilly, so far *out of town*, replied, "because I was determined to have no building beyond me."

The coach carried us to the Belle Savage Inn, with the name of which I had long been acquainted; though at the time when I was lazily reading in some English magazine an inquiry into the origin of this appellation, I little thought that I ever should have slept in the house which bears it. And here terminates my journey from Liverpool to London — a distance of two hundred and five miles.

July 31. In the morning I walked as far as St. Paul's, and there, taking a hackney-coach, I

proceeded to deliver some of my letters; the number of this first carriage in which I rode in London, was somewhere between 1400 and 1500. Before dinner time I had taken lodgings at Dick's coffee-house, once the resort of Addison and his knot of wits. It is now much frequented by my countrymen, though still the inhabitants of the Temple, to whom this house is a near neighbor, and several distinguished *literati*, occasionally dine here.

August 1. As I was now in London, I went, of course, to see the London sights. My state of health would not allow of my climbing to the top of the monument, or to the dome of St. Paul's, and I therefore contented myself with those objects which were more within my reach. My first visit was, through the introduction of a friend, to a collection of pictures in Pall Mall, belonging to Mr. Angerstein, a wealthy merchant. It is a choice, though not a very large one. It boasts of five lovely Claudes, and the series of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode;* besides some good portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a Rape of the Sabines, by Rubens, and several other pictures by the first masters. Hogarth struck me more forcibly, however, than anything else here; both because this was the first time I had ever seen a painting by him, and because he is in himself and in his way, so inimitably fine. His coloring is said to be very

poor. It may be so — I am not *connoisseur* enough to tell whether it is or not; but I certainly never so fully appreciated the power and the satire of Hogarth, from any of the numerous engravings which I have seen of his works, as I did from these paintings. This was partly, no doubt, because in the picture the details are more fully brought out, and sooner perceived and understood, than they are in the engravings, and it is from these details that we gather a great part of the story, and are made to feel the whole weight of the satire. No painter has ever approached Hogarth's excellence in the truth, the wit, and the multiplicity of these subordinate, though powerful components of his subjects. His scenes are always extremely well stocked, and yet there is not a bit of china without a purpose, nor is a single fly introduced unfurnished with his errand. How plainly does the cobweb over the poor's box tell us that it had long been empty, and that whatever might be the virtues of the Sleeping Congregation, charity, like watchfulness, was not among the number.

Leaving Mr. Angerstein's, I finished my morning in the Gallery of the British Institution, which is a few steps farther up Pall Mall, and on the opposite side of the way. This institution is under the patronage of the king, and is supported

by the subscriptions of a long list of nobility and wealthy men. Its object is to diffuse a love of the arts, and furnish means of improvement to artists, by annual exhibitions of pictures of interest and excellence, which are gratuitously loaned for the season from private collections. The exhibition of the present year consisted of a noble assemblage of portraits, illustrative of British history and biography. Three spacious apartments, connected by arched entrances, were filled with the likenesses of the greatest, the wisest, and the loveliest of Britain's sons and daughters. Here were kings and queens, ladies and lords, philosophers and jesters, warriors and bishops, statesmen, orators, poets and painters. The whole number of portraits was one hundred and eighty-three; and more days should have been given to studying them than I could devote hours; for I found that the number and variety of the objects, together with their peculiar interest, wearied me as much as the most fatiguing exercise. Among the paintings in the north room was a portrait of William Pitt, by Hoppner. "O, there is Pitt," said a Cambridge professor, (Professor Smythe,) on coming into the room where a portrait of him was hanging,— "there is Pitt, in all the sarcastic sublimity of his soul." This pithy description of the minister's character of countenance is as just as it is terse.

You can never mistake a likeness of Pitt. There is always a settled and irrepressible sneer upon it, an habitual expression of superiority, the look of a man, who, conscious of his mighty powers, had accustomed himself to consider all other men as his inferiors, and who cared not if his features announced what his heart believed; and thus intellectual command and the proudest confidence of ability are written in every line of them. His character is still estimated here by party feeling. The dissenters, the whigs, and the opposition in general, look upon him as a man who sacrificed everything to ambition, who nearly ruined the country by his measures, and who, by the influence of his political principles, still lives and acts in the measures of a hated administration; while the other party are warm advocates of the excellence of all his plans, and unbounded in their worship of the "pilōt who weathered the storm."

The first in order among the portraits in the middle room, was that of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, belonging to the present Earl of Shaftesbury. The talents and attainments of this nobleman were most extraordinary. Charles II. said of him, that "he knew more law than all his judges, and more divinity than all his bishops." The same monarch once addressed him thus; "I believe, Shaftesbury,

thou art the wickedest dog in England." "May it please your majesty," returned the lord chancellor, "*of a subject*, I believe I am."

August 3. A stranger has no need, after all, to run about this city after shows; for it is all a show; every street is full of objects of curiosity, and every step is arrested by something or other, which, to the inhabitant of a different country especially, is novel and amusing. Week after week might be spent very pleasantly, in examining the shop-windows alone. In these, the different tradesmen put forth all their taste, and endeavor so to arrange their commodities as to attract the eyes, and tempt the entrance, of passengers. Here the draper unrolls his richest patterns, and festoons his glossy silks in the most fanciful dispositions; and there the jeweller displays his shining store of plate and jewels, watches, rings, musical-boxes, and other toys for grown up children; while farther on is a vast collection of dolls, rocking-horses, baby-houses, merry-andrews, pewter soldiers, &c., for children who are not grown up. In this window, a tinman, anxious to prove the wonderful power of his newly-invented roasting-machine, has put it in the most conspicuous situation, with a wooden fowl in it, twirling before a painted fire, from morning till night; and in that, an equally ambitious manufacturer of cork legs has

exhibited one with a black silk stocking and highly polished shoe, as a notice to all who may unfortunately be in want of that important member. For those whose literary researches terminate with the titles of books, there is reading enough in the open air for a twelvemonth; and those who like to look at prints, but do not like very well to pay for them, may be gratified at the windows of the printseller.

There are many other circumstances to interest one in traversing the streets. You meet at every corner with names which various reading has familiarized to you, almost from the time of your being able to read at all: the Strand, High Holborn, Temple Bar, Newgate, Smithfield, St. Giles, Grub street, Rag-fair, Covent Garden, Russell Square, Grosvenor Square, &c., are seen, with all their various associations about them, and give rise to endless recollections of history, poetry and fiction, and men, manners and scenes, both in high life and low. Then there are the beggars, who, every body knows, carry on as regular and systematic a trade as the fishmonger or grocer. The various cries, too, have their interest, and none the less from their being utterly unintelligible, except to the initiated. Among all that I have heard, I have not yet been able to understand one without looking into the cart, barrow or basket in

which the crier's commodity was carried; and yet there is a peculiar tone and mark about each of them which is perfectly comprehended by servants and other purchasers. Again, there are the street musicians, ballad singers and showmen, to attract your ears and eyes, and call for your halfpence.

As I was going, this afternoon, through Lincoln's Inn Fields, I came upon a crowd who were gathered round an exhibitor of that important personage, Punch and his associates. A wooden stage or box, about three feet square, was elevated against a wall, at the distance of eight feet from the ground; and curtains hanging from it and drawn close, concealed the man who played the puppets, and carried on their conversations for them. The figures came forward on the front of the box, enacted a variety of ludicrous gestures, chattered nonsense together, pummelled each other, and then made their exits. There were seldom more than two on the stage at the same time, and Punch generally made one of them, being by far the most conspicuous character in the company. I left the group while he and Old Nick were engaged in a terrible and doubtful battle.

August 5. I breakfasted this morning with the champion and chief of living Unitarians, the Rev. Thomas Belsham; — a round, sensible, good-

natured head, a short person, and very corpulent; kind and affable in his manners, interesting and communicative in his conversation, and devoid of all arrogance and affectation in his address. He inquired particularly about our common friends in America, and spoke with affectionate remembrance of my lamented predecessor, Mr. Thacher. I observed with pleasure, on the walls of the room, beside the portraits of most of the distinguished Unitarians, those of several of our own great men; and this leads me to remark that a day or two ago I saw, at a shop-window in High Holborn, plaster busts of Washington, Hamilton, and one other who certainly has, in our late war with England, evinced great military talent, General Jackson. I thought at the time that it was singular that his likeness should have travelled to London so soon, considering the tardy justice which is here paid to the goodness or greatness of anything American, and the little anxiety that is felt concerning not only the faces, but the characters, achievements, or even the names, of those whom we have delighted to honor, and who will one day take their place and rank on the page of history with the proudest who have figured there before them.

August 6. I dined with Mr. Belsham, and heard him preach both parts of the day. His sermons were by far the best that I have yet heard in Eng-

land; full of thought, and calculated to set one's thoughts to work. He used no gesture whatever; his hands hung unemployed by his side, or were only employed to turn the leaves of his manuscript. The interior of the chapel is neat and simple, and under the same roof with the minister's house; there being a communication between them by a door, an excellent accommodation to the preacher in hot, cold, or bad weather of any kind. The premises in Essex street are the same which were taken and improved by Mr. B.'s predecessor, the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey. The congregation was tolerably numerous in the morning, notwithstanding the rain; but very thin in the afternoon. This was, I understood, the usual course of alternation; the house being well filled, and often crowded, in the first service, and almost deserted in the second. On my leaving him, Mr. B. presented me with a copy of his second edition of the life of Lindsey.

August 8. Among a number of shows which, as it afterwards proved, I most unfortunately and unwisely wearied myself in visiting to-day, the principal were the menagerie in Exeter 'Change, and Miss Linwood's exhibition of needle-work, in Leicester Square. The collection of wild animals at Exeter 'Change is the largest and best I ever saw. It is distributed into three rooms; two large and the other small, beside a separate one

for an elephant. In the lower room were three lions; one of which an artist was engaged in taking a model of, in clay; in the den of another a dog was living on the best terms possible with his terrible friend; and while I was in the apartment, the third set up such a tremendous roar, that though I knew he was perfectly well secured by stout substantial bars of wrought iron, I must confess to a little inward trepidation; and I thought afterwards that if, as it is said, all the beasts of the forest quake when they but hear their monarch's voice, I could not blame them for it. In the small room there was a boa-constrictor, about as large round as one's arm, but how long I could not tell; for he had coiled himself up in many a curious fold, and thus he lay in quite a sluggish state, upon a blanket, and unconfined by any cage or enclosure whatever. This certainly looked like danger; but the boy who attended said there was none to be feared. I suppose its transportation and the entire change of all its habits had subdued it, and deprived it of all activity and ferocity.

Miss Linwood's exhibition was highly gratifying to me. Her magic needle has imitated with force and truth the best productions of the painter's art; and that not only in the forms and colors of inanimate nature, of trees and rocks and running waters, but in the hues and the expressions

of the human countenance also. A flight of steps conducted me into a spacious hall, one side of which was hung with these beautiful pieces of needlework, while the other was furnished with sofas, on which the visiter might examine them at his ease. Reclining here, the delusion was perfect; I could hardly persuade myself that I was not looking at real paintings, although the gallery was not more than thirty feet in breadth; and it was not till I had approached almost near enough to touch the work, that I perceived the worsted threads winding their mazes through it, and by their delicate gradation and fitness of shade rendering it the wonder that it was. This gallery was chiefly filled with landscapes, rural subjects, and still life, from Ruysdael, Westall, Wilson, Morland, Haughton, &c. On the left there was an entrance into a narrow and gloomy passage, called the gothic room.

I had groped so far along this passage without meeting with a single object, or catching one ray of light, that I began to think I had mistaken my way; when, just as I was going to retrace my steps, I was suddenly arrested by the view of a dreary cell, in which were several figures as large as life, and so well executed that they had, for the first unprepared moment, the effect of life itself. The subject was the prison scene of Hubert and

Arthur, from Northcote. The poor prince is on his knees:

> O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
> Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

The light is introduced into the cell from above; the piece of needlework itself forms one side of the apartment, while partitions of wood or canvass are painted in imitation of stones to make up the others. You then pass on to a series of these small apartments; each of them fitted up in harmony with the picture it contains, and well furnished with light; while you look in upon them yourself from the passage, which is kept entirely dark. One of these represents a cottage, into the half open casement of which you peep and see some rosy-cheeked children by a blazing fire; another is formed into the interior of a rocky den, on the floor of which are two or three lions and a lioness reposing; the first of these after Gainsborough, and the other from Stubbs. The disposition of this part of her collection does as much credit to the inventive, as the execution does to the imitative, powers of Miss Linwood. There is still another small room containing copies of Carlo Maratti's Nativity, Carlo Dolci's Salvator Mundi, Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola, and the Dead Christ of Ludovico Carracci.

On the night of this day I was unexpectedly and sadly convinced that I had relied too much on my strength, and greatly injured myself by a too unguarded indulgence of my curiosity. I was attacked, about eleven o'clock, with a return of hœmoptysis, which confined me to my bed, brought the physician once more to my chamber, deranged my plans of travelling, and inspired me with the most desponding views of the future. By the good blessing of God, however, I became strong enough in the course of a week to be moved, in a coach, to the house of a most kind friend and countryman, and in a few days after to take short walks abroad. One of these walks was to the painting room of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who lives but a few doors from us. The apartment was filled with this master's portraits, in different states of progress. Among them, a fine one of the duke of Wellington appeared to be finished. The horse in the picture I thought a most noble animal. I was charmed, too, with his portraits of children; they looked so fresh, and innocent, and happy, and beautiful — so truly like children. And what lovely pictures were those, in which the child was grouped with its angel mother — dancing on her knee, or peeping over her shoulder; and how different from those common family pieces, in which the parent is intro-

duced, sitting as bolt upright as if she had been soaked in starch, and the child staring at you with its round, lack-lustre eyes, and holding a posy which seems to be just cut out from a rag of old-fashioned room paper! The portrait of our countryman, West, the late president of the academy, was here.

September 4. It had been my decided and cherished purpose, before I was taken ill, to proceed from London to the Continent, and pass the coming winter in Italy. I am at present, however, obviously not in a situation to contend with the fatigues and anxieties of such a journey; and my physician and friends strongly advise my remaining in England. The southern coast of Devonshire is represented as enjoying an exceedingly mild climate, and as being, on that account, a favorite resort of invalids during the winter months; and I have, from these considerations, determined on making some spot in that part of the country my residence, till the warm suns of spring shall return, and bring to me, if it so please Heaven, renewed vigor and activity. It is my intention to leave the metropolis next Friday.

September 8. This being the day fixed upon for the commencement of my journey into Devonshire, I started at four o'clock in the afternoon, in one of the western coaches, which was to put me

down at Bagshot, twenty-six miles from London. It was dark when we passed Bagshot heath, and nine o'clock in the evening when we entered the village.

September 9. The inn to which I was carried was not what is called the first inn in the place, but for that very reason, perhaps, was the best, or the best for me. Your first inns are very well for your first folks, who travel in their own carriages; but for unattended, noiseless mortals, like myself, they are not so comfortable, in this country, as those of the second class. In the former, we are not of sufficient consideration to demand a ready service of our wants, or a proper deference to our wishes; while in the latter we are as good as the best of their customers, and therefore served as well as the best. At least, I have found it so hitherto; and I never was better attended in any public house, than I was in this little inn at Bagshot.

September 10. I took a walk, after breakfast this morning, to look about me. Bagshot is a small village, but a very neat one. It is entirely surrounded by extensive heaths; and, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the town, there is scarcely a tree to be seen as far as the eye can reach. The pretty little heath-flower, with which these tracts are covered, is now just beginning to

fade, but still retains much of its beauty. At ten o'clock the Southampton coach passed through the village, and I took my seat in it for Winchester, where I arrived at four in the afternoon.

This city is very ancient, and was once a place of great importance; so much so, that till the reign of Henry III. it was, rather than London, the capital of England. Here Egbert was crowned in the year 827, and Edward the Confessor, in 1042; here Ethelwolf and his son, the great Alfred, were educated; here Henry IV. was married to Joan of Brittany, and Mary to Philip of Spain; and here, for some time after the Conquest, the mint and treasury were established, and the archives of the kingdom were preserved. The famous Doomsday Book is, from this circumstance, also called the Rotulus Wintoniensis. It is no longer the seat of royalty; and, in point of magnitude, it has fallen so far below its former rival that it would, if joined to it, hardly make a perceptible addition to its giant size.

Still, it is a place of much interest to the stranger, and retains many memorials of its former magnificence. The principal of these is the cathedral. After dinner, I paid it a visit. It is a massive, venerable old pile, and realized all my expectations of gothic grandeur. It is built, as all the ecclesiastical structures of those times were built,

in the form of a cross. From the centre, or, to speak more scientifically, from the junction of the nave and transepts, rises the tower; in form, a square, and but a very little elevated above the body of the building. Its appearance, however, is very substantial and imposing; and it is, together with the transepts, the most ancient portion of the structure; these parts being all that remain of the cathedral, erected by Bishop Walkelin, between the years 1079 and 1093, in which last year it was finished. By the way, I have improved so much, since I first entered, a raw and inexperienced American, the arched door-way of Chester cathedral, that I have become quite an adept, and have eight or ten of the most common terms of gothic architecture at my finger ends. Being able, therefore, to call things, more generally, by their right names, I shall go on to say, that I entered Winchester cathedral by the principal door, which is always at the west end. I was then in the nave, or great western aisle, on the right and left of which ran the two side aisles; the separation between the nave and these lesser aisles being made by the clustered pillars which support the roof.

Under the fifth arch of the south aisle, is the tomb of the munificent William of Wykeham, bishop of this see, under whose auspices the west

end of the cathedral, as it now stands, was re-erected. The tomb is enclosed by a small chapel or chantry; and on it reclines the marble figure of the bishop in full dress, with mitre, crosier, ring, cope, tunic, and all the other adornments of a dignitary of the Roman church. The face is well done, and is evidently a likeness. Bishops Morley and Hoadley, with others, have likewise monuments in this part of the cathedral. Nearly opposite Wykeham's chapel, on the north side, is a most curious baptismal font of black marble, and of unsearchable antiquity, carved with rude figures, which are supposed to represent a popish legend of St. Nicholas.

The nave is terminated by an ornamented partition of stone, called the screen; through which a door opens into the choir, or part appropriated to public worship. Here begins the east end of the cathedral, which is divided from the west by the north and south transepts; and thus is completed the great cross. The altar is at the eastern extremity of the choir, and the space around it is called the chancel. In the choir of this cathedral, placed on the top of its side walls, are six mortuary chests containing the remains of many of the Saxon sovereigns, — Kinegils, Egbert, Ethelwolf, Edred, Canute, Queen Emma, &c. Under the pavement is the grave of William Rufus, the last

English king who was buried here. Near the choir, though not communicating with it, are several small chapels, one of which is dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and others, like that already described, are built for the tombs of different bishops.

I have now, in my progress through Winchester cathedral, given, though to be sure in a confused way, the names and situations of the principal of those interior parts, which are common to all cathedrals. These are the nave, with its side aisles; the transepts; and the choir, separated from the nave by its screen, and including the chancel. The chapel of the virgin, or the lady chapel, as it is called, is also, I believe, a universal appendage, and is situated immediately behind the choir, forming the extreme east end of the church. But other chapels are varied at will; and are either built under the common roof, or project from the grand structure, and have a roof of their own. The position of the tower or spire is also a matter depending on the taste of the architect; and sometimes a cathedral has but one, and, again, another will have two or more rising from different parts of the building.

September 10. Within a few paces of my inn, is the market cross; one of the few which yet remain in England. It is a light little structure,

consisting of gothic niches and arches elaborately carved, rising one over the other, and tapering toward the summit, which is crowned by a small cross. In one of the niches is an image of a saint.

After breakfast, I walked to Winchester school or college; another monument of Wykeham's munificence. It was intended, by its founder, as a preparatory seminary for New College, Oxford, and supports seventy scholars, beside the masters. These are on the foundation. There are many others educated here, but at their own expense, who are called gentlemen commoners. The library is valuable, though not large. On a desk there lay a large folio of vellum, in which were handsomely entered the names of every donor. The chapel is beautiful. The cloisters, or covered walks, are in perfect preservation, and their walls are lined with the monumental tablets of those members of the institution who lie buried beneath their pavement. The students wear a gown of black cloth over their other dress, of the same cut and fashion, no doubt, as was worn in the days of the good William of Wykeham; and it is very becoming. In the refectory, a few of the lads, who had not finished their breakfast, were yet lingering; and I observed that they ate, not off of plates, but square, flat bits of oaken

board, called trenchers; to keep up the old customs, as my guide said. They have another custom, which, though not so old, is much prettier, that of joining their young voices together, just before they go home for the vacation, to sing the sweet song of Dulce Domum. Dulce Domum! He must have had music in his soul, who first suggested this touching observance. Sweet Home! O! there is melody and magic in the very sound.

It was yet early when I left the college; and, as it was Sunday, I went directly to the cathedral, that I might hear the morning service. It had just commenced; and I stood some minutes in the nave, listening to the solemn chant which issued from the choir, and filled the lofty arches of the cathedral with its swelling harmony. As a stranger, I was led by the sexton to a seat of honor, one of the prebendary's stalls, richly carved, and well accommodated with velvet cushions. The whole service is sung. Even the longer prayers were read by the officiating clergyman in a measured tone; and the responses are chanted by the choristers, an order which is maintained in every cathedral. They are dressed in white robes, and ranged on each side of the choir. The treble parts are sustained by boys. I was delighted with their music, and particularly with the voices of the younger choristers, one of whom sung like an an-

gel. The chant of the response to the commandments, in the communion service, — "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law," was highly affecting and expressive. The sermon, however, was delivered in so low a key that I could catch but very little of it; and what I heard was not calculated to make me deplore the loss of the rest.

I was dissatisfied with my inn, and made up my mind to stay here no longer, but move on to Salisbury. There was no coach between these two places; which, considering their size and importance, I thought very strange; but so it was, and I must either take a post-chaise, or proceed by the route of Southampton. But Salisbury has a cathedral, and Southampton has not, and this was quite enough to determine me; and at noon I was on the road. We passed through the west gate in leaving Winchester; the only one of its ancient gates remaining. From the north side of it extends a considerable fragment of the old city wall, built of flint stones, which abound in the chalky soil of this part of the country. At Stockbridge we changed horses, and at four in the afternoon, arrived at Salisbury.

It is curious to mark how different my reception is at the inns, now that I travel in a post-chaise, from that which I obtained as a passenger

in the stage-coach. Then, I was treated with civility, to be sure; a servant came to open the door, and offer his arm to assist me in getting out, and if I ordered my baggage to be taken in, it was done; but after that I was left pretty much to myself, and went away with as little observance as attended my coming. But now, the chaise no sooner stops before an inn door, than, instead of one servant, out run two or three, and perhaps even the landlady herself deigns to make her appearance; the steps are unfolded with as much rattling as possible; an elbow is presented on each side, and I am helped down with as much care and tenderness as if I had the gout or rheumatism; my trunks are shouldered, and I am asked whether they shall be carried in; my looks and motions are watched, and my least word attended to; the bell is answered in a trice; the table is laid and the dishes are brought in with as much formality as at a city feast; and when I leave the house, (provided I leave it in a post-chaise,) another company of servants are collected to bestow the baggage, and to open the door; while the landlord, who hardly ever shows his face to the stage-coach passenger, stands without, "a booing and booing," as if he never meant to assume an erect posture again.

All this is very well, and very flattering to one's

self-importance; but there are reasons for it, of course; and they are not so pleasant. In the first place, the owners of the post-chaises are the inn-keepers, and they make great profits by them; for they charge eighteen pence per mile for their use; and when to this you add the tolls and the half-crown which is to be given as the customary fee to the post-boy, at the end of every eight or nine miles, travelling in this way becomes a serious thing to a moderate income. Then, in the second place, as you have already paid so much, you are thought to be able to pay more, and therefore are expected to call for wine, which, to an invalid, who must not drink it, or to one who does not want or cannot afford it, is very vexatious; and the servants look for a better fee than they do from a traveller by the stage; and this is another reason for their reverence and activity. These considerations will not apply to those who have no need to be very strict economists, and who can see a pound note disappear at every change of horses with perfect indifference. To such travellers, English posting must be the pleasantest way of making a journey which could be possibly found or mentioned. If two or three persons take a chaise, also, the division of expense will render it light to each individual; as the charge is not more for three than it is for one. But we will

leave this matter, for we are in Salisbury, and must go and see the cathedral.

The cathedral is remarkable for its lofty and elegant spire, its ornamental buttresses, and by its being of a more uniform architecture than any other ancient cathedral in England. The windows, pillars, arches and decorations, all correspond with each other, and offer none of that discrepancy of style, and incongruity of ornament, which are so obvious in the other remaining buildings of this kind. The reason of this is that the whole body of the edifice stands now as it was first erected; with the exception of the spire, which was added about a century after; but which, while it is a most exquisite structure in itself, is by no means ill adapted to the rest of the cathedral. Before the present see of Salisbury, or New Sarum, was settled here, it had been successively removed from Sherborn and Wilson to Old Sarum, where Hermann, the eleventh bishop, began a cathedral, and Osmund, his successor, finished it, toward the close of the eleventh century. On account of the bitter and incessant quarrels between the clergy and the castellans, or soldiers of the castle, Bishop Richard Poore, or Pauper, made the final remove in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and in the year 1220, laid the foundation of the present church. This proved

the death-blow to the city of Old Sarum, for it gradually declined, and is now nothing but a heap of rubbish. Poore was translated to Durham, and the cathedral was not finished till the year 1258, when it was dedicated by Ægidius de Bridport to the Virgin Mary, a noble company being present, among whom was king Henry III. himself.

Though so old, this church is not marked by any appearance of decay. It looks beautifully fresh and sound; and its spire springs up to heaven with a grace, lightness and symmetry, which are quite enchanting. Beside the principal transept there is another smaller one farther toward the east, making a double cross of the structure. The interior of this church does not at all disappoint the expectations excited by its external appearance. The nave is grand and simple, and the pillars are unusually delicate. The two painted windows of the choir, one above the other, give a remarkably rich effect to that portion of the church. One of these represents the resurrection, the other the elevation of the brazen serpent in the wilderness. Both are modern, and the latter is much admired. Among the monuments in various parts of the building, are those of Bishop Poore, the founder; Bishop Davenant, who was sent by James I. to the synod of Dort; Bishop Ward, the mathematician; and a hand-

some one by Bacon, to the memory of Harris, the author of "Hermes," &c., who was a native of Salisbury. The extreme length of this cathedral is four hundred and seventy-three feet. It is not so long as Winchester cathedral, which is five hundred and fifty-four feet, and the longest in the kingdom. The spire, however, of Salisbury is four hundred feet high, being considerably higher than St. Paul's, London, which is about three hundred and forty feet.

September 11. Stonehenge lies about eight miles from Salisbury, and it would have been a pity and a shame if I had left Salisbury without seeing so remarkable an object. So, this morning, I jumped into a post-chaise for the purpose. Our course was to the north-west, and soon brought us on to a wide, chalky, desert tract, called Salisbury Plain. The day was hot, and the atmosphere clear; and from one of the undulating eminences which alone diversify this barren waste, I could plainly distinguish, at the distance of five miles, what I knew to be Stonehenge. The appearance was like a number of small, black dots, or like a flock of sheep, when they are at the distance of half a mile, or so, from the spectator. I then lost sight of it; but from another rising in the ground, which the post-boy said was three miles from it, I caught it again. It was now so distinct that I could plainly

discern the form and position of the several stones which compose it; and yet I must acknowledge a secret feeling of disappointment; but it was all my own fault; I either had forgotten, or did not correctly know, their true size, and foolishly expected, I believe, to find each particular stone as tall as a church tower. I soon reasoned myself, however, into a proper mood, and disappointment then gave place to continually increasing admiration. For the remainder of the three miles we kept it in full view — still growing and growing, as we gained upon it; till, at last, we quitted the beaten road, and, driving over the short dry turf, stopped immediately beneath it.

So many of the stones have fallen that the whole seems at first sight to be a confused assemblage of enormous masses of rock; but after a while you discover three concentric circles of upright stones, and in the centre a single one, lying embedded in the ground, which is called the altar. The most remarkable of these circles is the interior one, composed of huge blocks, about twenty feet high, seven feet wide, and three feet thick, every two of which formerly supported a third of nearly the same size, which has been called the impost, and which is rudely fastened to its two supporting pillars by a ball and socket-joint. The three together have received the appellation of

trilithon. In this circle there are only two of these trilithons remaining entire. The second circle is composed of stones which are no more than seven feet high, and are separate pillars. But in the outer circle they rise to the height of fourteen feet, and are again formed into trilithons, several of which are standing and perfect.

There have been many theories stated with respect to the purpose and origin of this monument, a number of which are collected together, and printed at Salisbury, in a small pamphlet. The two most prevalent are, the one that it is a military trophy of the ancient Britons, and the other that it is a Druidical temple. But the truth is, that there is no authentic history relating to it; and it is next to an impossibility that anything certain should ever be ascertained of its design or its erection. But there it stands, the gloomy monarch of this lonely plain; the hoary relic of an age that has no chronicle; the mighty work of nameless men; the scene and the witness of events that have long since gone down to oblivion; — there it stands, and there it has stood, while centuries of suns have poured their fiercest beams upon it, and winter after winter has brought the driving snow, and the pelting rain, and the sweeping wind, to help time on to its destruction; and there it will stand, a wonder and a monument, when our histories, like its own, are forgotten.

At the distance of fifty or sixty yards to the north-east of the main structure, and leaning towards it, is a large, single stone, sixteen feet high, called the Friar's Heel. This name is connected with the popular and traditional account of the erection of Stonehenge; not the most learned or probable, perhaps, but certainly the most amusing. It seems, according to this account, that the stones which now compose Stonehenge were once the property of an old woman in Ireland, and grew in her back yard. The famous necromancer, Merlin, having set his heart on possessing them, mentioned the affair to the devil, who promised to obtain them for him. For this purpose, assuming — which he did without the least difficulty — the appearance of a gentleman, he visited the old woman, and pouring a bag of money on her table, told her that he would give her as many of the pieces for the stones in her ground, as she could reckon while he was taking them away. Thinking it impossible for one person to manage them in almost any given time, she closed with his proposal immediately, and began forthwith to count the money; but she had no sooner laid her hand on the first coin, than the old one cried out, "Hold! for your stones are gone!" The old woman ran to the window, and looking out into her back yard, found that it was really so — her

stones were gone. The arch enemy had, in the twinkling of an eye, taken them all down, tied them together, and was now flying away with them.

As he was crossing the river Avon, at Bulford, the string which bound the stones became loose, and one of them dropped into the stream, where it still may be seen; with the rest, however, he arrived safe on Salisbury Plain, where, in obedience to Merlin's instructions, he began to set them up again. The work, in the hands of such a builder, went on swimmingly, and the devil was so well pleased with it, that as he was placing the last stone, he declared, with an intention, no doubt, of teazing the restless curiosity of mankind, that no one should ever know where the pile came from, or how it came there. In this part of the business he was disappointed; for a friar, who had been concealed about the work, loudly replied, "That is more than thou canst tell, Old Nick." This put the devil in such a rage, that pulling up the nearest stone by the roots, he threw it at the friar, with the design of crushing him; but the friar was too nimble for him; the stone only struck his heel, and thus he gave it its present name, and escaped to let the world know who was the architect of Stonehenge.

They who still persist in giving no credit to the

friar's information, have been exceedingly puzzled in endeavoring to account for the elevation of such huge columns, in an age which must have been so rude and ignorant. The solution given by Rowland, has the merit of ingenuity, although it cannot be determined that the method suggested by him was that employed by the real builders. I give it in his own words: "The powers of the lever, and of the inclined plane, being some of the first things understood by mankind, in the use of building, it may be well conceived that our first ancestors made use of them; and we may imagine that, in order to erect such a prodigious monument as Stonehenge, they chose, where they found, or made, where such were not fit to their hands, small *aggeres* or mounts of firm and solid earth for an inclined plane, flatted and levelled at top; up the sloping sides of which, with great wooden levers upon fixed fulciments, and with balances at the end of them, to receive into them proportional weights and counterpoises, and with hands enough to guide and manage the engines, they that way, by little and little, heaved and rolled up those stones they intended to erect on the top of the hillock; where, laying them along, they dug holes in the earth at the end of every stone intended for column or supporter, the depth of which holes was equal to the length of the stones, and then,

which was easily done, let slip the stones into these holes, straight on end; which stones so sunk and well closed about with earth, and the tops of them level with the top of the mount on which the other flat stones lay, it was only placing those incumbent flat stones upon the tops of the supporters, duly bound and fastened, and taking away the earth from between them almost to the bottom of the supporters, and there then appeared what we now call Stonehenge."

Concerning the origin and derivation of the name Stonehenge, there is as much diversity of opinion as upon any other circumstance relating to it. Inigo Jones says, "This antiquity, because the architraves are set upon the heads of the upright stones, and *hang*, as it were, in the air, is generally known by the name of *Stone-Henge*." "The true Saxon name," says Gibson, in Camden's Britannia, "seems to be Stonhengist, from the memorable slaughter which Hengist, the Saxon, here made of the Britons. If this etymology may be allowed, that which received derivation from the hanging of stones, may be as far from the truth as that of the vulgar *Stone-edge*, from stones set on edge." An anonymous writer, about the year 1660, who calls his piece, "A Fool's Bolt soon shot at Stonage," appears to me to be gravely quizzing the antiquaries and etymologists; if he

is not, he is himself the most ridiculous of the whole fraternity. He pretends to have discovered everything concerning this pile, the when, the how, the why, and the wherefore, and divides his article into twelve particulars, the second of which relates to the contested derivation. Hear it: "2. My second particular is that a bloody battle was fought near Stonage. For the very name, Stonage, signifies *Stone-battle;* the last syllable, *age*, coming from the Greek ἀγὼν, *a furious battle*, &c.; so that all that have built their opinion of this monument on any other foundation than a bloody battle, have built Stonages in the air." But enough of this.

After having viewed the monument itself, the attention is attracted by the numerous barrows, or sepulchral mounds, by which it is surrounded. Several of these have been opened, and have been found to contain cinerary urns, metal and glass beads, weapons of brass and iron, cups, trinkets, &c. As companions to Stonehenge, these barrows add much to the effect of the scene, and heighten the feelings of contemplative solemnity which are awakened in the bosom of the beholder. There is nothing modern near the place for miles: here is the vast and venerable monument, and scattered here and there about it are the primitive graves of men, who were doubtless familiar with

its mysteries, but whose knowledge sleeps with them, as soundly as they do.

In returning to Salisbury, I took a different road from that which brought me to Stonehenge, and at the end of two miles came to the village of Amesbury. While the postilion stopped here to refresh himself and his horses, I walked out, and passing a small, but old and picturesque church, entered the grounds of Amesbury house, a mansion belonging to Lord D. The building was designed by Inigo Jones, and is a handsome-looking house, but fast going to decay; as the present possessor has not inhabited it for years. The walls are defaced, the windows boarded up, and the glass broken. The grounds are as desolate as the dwelling; the banks of the Avon, which winds through them, are overgrown with long grass and bushes, and its stream is choked with mud and reeds; a bridge, with a summer-house in the Chinese fashion built upon it, is made almost impassable by its own ruins; the park is strown with dead leaves and withered branches; the dial-stone is overturned; and there is not even

> "One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
> To mark where a garden had been."

Feelings more deeply sad and sorrowful are, perhaps, inspired by scenes like this, than by the re-

mains of a more distant age; decay is premature, and ruin has come before its time; the traces of desolation are marked upon familiar things, and the effects of many years have overtaken the workmanship of yesterday.

On returning to the inn, I found the chaise waiting for me. The sun was now very powerful; and its rays, reflected from the chalky road, were rendered doubly burning. Neither was there anything in the scenery to refresh the spirits, and cool the blood. The harvest was over, and the fields were all dry stubble; not a cottage was to be seen, nor any living thing, excepting a shepherd whom we met, with his coat stripped off and thrown over his shoulder, covered with dust and sweat, and driving a flock of panting sheep over the heated downs.

Within two miles of Salisbury, and at a short distance from the road, are the ruins of Old Sarum. The only dwelling near it is a humble pot-house, at which we stopped. A path through its little garden leads out upon the ruins. They are very inconsiderable — an irregular mound of earth, enclosing a space of two thousand feet in diameter, and a yard or two of crumbling stone wall; and yet this place sends two members to parliament; that is, the proprietor of the land sends them. Horne Tooke was once returned from

this thoroughly rotten borough. Two lads were ploughing immediately under the ramparts. In performing this labor, ancient coins are often picked up about the ruins; and the landlady showed me a small box full of them, a few of which I purchased.

September 12. I left Salisbury in a post-chaise, and continued to gaze on the cathedral spire till it was out of sight; dined at Blandford, and arrived in the afternoon at Dorchester, the county town of Dorsetshire. This place presents a fine view on the approach to it, but contains nothing to employ curiosity.

September 13. The stage-coach came by at noon, and its inside was full. This was a disappointment; but the day was fine, and I determined to try the outside; so I placed myself on the seat which is raised over the hind wheels, and we soon left Dorchester in the distance. I found my situation a very pleasant one, as it commanded views of the country from which any inside seat would have entirely excluded me, and gave me also the full refreshment of the passing breeze. I observed, as I likewise had in my yesterday's drive, many remains of Roman encampments, on both sides of the road. Their appearance is very much like that of our American fortifications of the revolutionary war, which we so often see

crowning the green summit of a hill. Stopping only to change horses, we rode on through Bridport, Charmouth, Axminster, Honiton, and, a little after dark, entered Exeter, the county town of Devonshire, fifty-two miles from Dorchester, and one hundred and seventy-two from London. And here I shall remain a few weeks, in order to make the proper inquiries before I fix upon a place for my winter's residence.

September 14. I slept, last night, at the New London Inn, and took lodgings, this morning, in Southernhay Place, one of the handsomest and most pleasant parts of the city. For a neatly-furnished parlor and a bed-room, together with the use of a servant, &c., I pay a guinea and a half per week. My meals are sent me from a neighboring cook-shop. This method of separating bed and board, though very uncommon in our own country, is by far the most customary in this. In all large towns, the traveller will see notices of "apartments to be let," or "lodgings," in the windows of those houses in which he can be accommodated; and the price for these is regulated according to their situation, furniture, &c. An additional charge is made for the use of bed and table linen, and servants, as families often take their own with them. You also pay separately for coal and candles. Then you are either sup-

plied with your meals from a cook-shop, or you buy your own tea, sugar, bread, beef, mutton, &c., like a regular housekeeper, and your landlady will cook for you. In this way you certainly have your eating hours, as well as the quantity and kind of your food very much at your own command; but, for myself, I so much dislike the trouble of saying, from day to day, what I shall eat and what I shall drink, and what shall be roasted, and what shall be boiled, that I prefer living in a boarding-house, where that trouble is taken off my hands. I think so, at least, from the experience of one day; but use may reconcile me to the labor of providing for myself.

I have been to see the cathedral, and it is a very fine one. Its transepts are formed by two grand square towers, which rise to the height of one hundred and forty feet, and are the oldest parts of the building, having been erected, as is supposed, by William Warlewert, the third bishop of Exeter, between the years 1112 and 1128. The material is a gray stone, darkened by age; and the effect of the whole structure is solemn and imposing. Its west front is a gorgeous specimen of ancient ornament, consisting of a façade of sculptured niches, rising above each other in three rows, and filled with statues of kings, saints, bishops and angels. Beside the chapel of the virgin,

there are a great many others, erected by different bishops of this see. There are also several interesting monuments in the cathedral, both ancient and modern; the most beautiful of the latter of which is one to the memory of General Simeol, executed by Flaxman, and put up in 1815.

September 15. At the end of Castle street, in the northern part of the city, is all that remains of Rougemont castle, once the residence of the West-Saxon kings, and afterwards of the dukes of Exeter. The gateway alone is standing, exceedingly simple in its architecture, but forming, with the assistance of rich bunches of ivy, a very picturesque ruin. It is enclosed, together with a large portion of the old city wall, in the grounds of a gentleman of this city. Shakspeare represents Richard III. as having been deceived by the resemblance of the name of this castle to that of his dreaded enemy. The king says:

> —— When I was last at Exeter,
> The mayor, in curtesie, showed me the castle,
> And call'd it *Rougemont*, at which name I started,
> Because a bard of Ireland told me once
> I should not live long after I saw *Richmond*.

In passing through High street, the principal street of this town, I was disagreeably incommoded by the crowds through which I was obliged to elbow and force my way. It was one of the

market days; and, as there is no regular market-place, excepting for fish, in all Exeter, the country people and hucksters had planted, as usual, themselves and their commodities along the side of the street; and here, in by far the most public and frequented part of a city containing twenty thousand inhabitants, butchers and vegetable sellers, fruit women, earthern-ware pedlers, servant-maids, servant-men, and purchasers of all descriptions, were buying and selling, pushing and squeezing, and compelling the uninterested passenger either to quit one of the side-walks altogether, or to make his way through them as well as he could. This is certainly a grievous nuisance, and some efforts have been made to remove it, but without success; one party of the towns-people wanting the market-place in their quarter of the city, and another insisting that it should be built in theirs, while a third is interested in opposing all change in the present system; and thus High street continues, and will probably long continue, to be blockaded, on every Tuesday and Friday in every week in the year. These are the established market days; for the rest of the week, the street is clear.

EXETER, England, September 22, 1820.

To MISS E—— C——.

It did exceedinglie please me, my rite worthie and verie deare frende, to behold, (whenne I came

ynto the grete citie of London,) an epistole by thine own hande indyted. Trewlie it is a most pleasaunt thynge to gett good tydynges from oure own beluvid home, and from those whome we dyd ye most luve thereinne, and to reade ye thoughts and meditacions in their pure mindes passinge, albeit we are separated from them by a farre skie and a wide waterre. Rite alwaye and often thus, my frende; giv me alle that whiche is goinge abroade in our towne, or workynge inwardlie in thine owne soule, and truste me, I shall be more interested therewithe thanne with alle ye subiectes whiche passe before mine eies, in the lande whereinne I am sojourninge. For tho, in sadde truthe, my father's lande be of a grete dystaunce from me atte ye present, yitt in ye geographie of my affections it is not so; for there it is layde downe as being ever ye nearest to my hearte.

In some smalle degree to answerr your goodnesse, and withalle to certifie that my luve of countrie is unfained, I have for sume tyme past resolved to treasure up in minde such thynges in this lande, as I shulde deeme good to be introdewced as impruvements ynto mine own; and, moreover, to advertize thee of such impruvements ye first of alle, therebye poweringe out atte thy feet, (as it were,) ye prime fruictes of my poore observacion. And I dyd thynke (fonde manne,)

that I schulde finde, amydde alle ye maturities of ye olde worlde, enow of happie customes and invencions, wherewyth to make wyse ye greennesse of ye new. But in goode soothe, my frende, I have heretofore made one onlie observacion of soverain weight and moment, ye which I will speedilie delyverre. It is as touchynge ye affaire of ladies wearinge pockyttes. It doth, in deede, gladde me, that I can, in this matterre, cawse benefytte, (it being alwaie understoode that heed is given to my sayinges,) to whatte I may nominate ye faire part of my countrie, and not of mine own countrie alone, but of every countrie belowe ye swete face of heaven. That they are faire in face and forme is past alle dowbtynge or gaynsayinge; that they are most faire in minde, I can poinct to all my ladie frendes most fullie to pruve; and alle voyageures of creditte do testifye that in whatsoever land they may be tarryinge, they have continuallie found the dysposicions, and ye charities, and ye sympathies of womanne, most faire, most kynde, most beautyfulle. "But whatte is alle this, (you may say) to their pockyttes?" Not much, I do allowe; and I will, forthwyth, hie me back to my subiecte.

I had not been manie houres in this realme of Englande, whanne it was my chance to see a ladie drawe forth a kerchief—not from out her yndys-

pennsabil — but her pockytte! ay, her pockytte, a pockytte fastened to her syde, and covered with her cloathes, as in former daies! Good lack! thought I, faire dame, you seem in this matterre to entertaine a marvellous affectcion for ye mannerres of thy grandame; I wot if ye yonge ladies in my towne schulde see thee do this thynge, they would hardlie refraine from laughynge aloude. Nathelesse, before that I had tarried in that place manie daies, I did see that everie one and alle of ye ladies, bothe yonge and eld, riche and poore, dyd beare with them pockyttes in ye stedde of yndyspennsabils; or, if I may be granted ye conceipt, their pockyttes were their yndyspennsabils. In a smalle periode, this usaige of theirs appeared to me not onlie tolerabil, but delectabil; a usaige to be chosen, and with favore accepted by ye ladies of my owne towne.

Ye vantaige holden by pockyttes above yndyspennsabils (with falsitie so yclept,) I will make tryalle breeflie to sett forthe. Primarilie, it is manifeste that pockyttes are of more securitie; they are not so easie to lose, or to be rapt awaie by theeves. And, secondlie, pockyttes are of more conveniencie; they abide faste by their possessour, and will not be forgottyn and left at home. Now, whanne ye yndyspennsabil is forgottyn and left at home by anie one ladie, how is that ladie for-

lorne? how is she to swoone or fainte in a seemlie mannerre withouten her lyttle bottyl of essencies? how schall she drynke her cuppe of tea withouten her kerchief on her lappe? and withouten her fanne for to hold before her face, how schall we know that she doth blushe? Thirdlie, pockyttes are of more economie, inasmuch as they calle not for so costlie materielles as do yndyspennsabils. But I have said enow in commendacion of pockyttes. Unto alle this ye ladies will make answerre that a pockytte doeth harme to ye comelinesse of forme. I say, in no wise; and that I never made cognizance of a pockytte which dyd do hurte to faire Englische ladie's symmetrie. I pray thee, my frende, take heede to this matterre, and firstlie put thee on a pockytte thyselfe, and then cawse ye ladies of Boston, and in specialle of my parishe, to followe thy ensample; so that atte my returnynge, whanne that I beholde them shed tears of gladnesse, I may likewise see them put their handes ynto their pockyttes for a kerchief to wipe ye same.

For myselfe, I remaine in Englande ye comynge winterre and ye springe, to ye which I am induced by cawses thou wilt have learned ere this. I go soon to some towne on ye coaste of Devon, of which Exeter, as thou knowest, is the chiefest citie. My benison, and the blessinge of ye Holie

One be upon thee and upon thy sisterres deare. Rite soone to hym that remaineth till deth, and will be, he trusteth, after deth, thy trewe frende.

F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

September 17. I attended morning service at the cathedral, introduced as before at Winchester, to the stall of a dignitary. The choir is extremely beautiful; and I must confess that though the fine chanting, and the solemnity of the service, prevented me from wandering till it was completed, I paid more earnest and reverential attention to the grand eastern window, with its mullions, and tracery, and old painted glass, the masterly groining of the roof, the bishop's throne of time-stained oak, lightly rising in gothic open work, till it almost touched the ceiling, and the rich carved work in oak and stone, which was lavished all around me, than I did to the sleepy discourse and drowsy tones of the old gentleman who was handling some subject or other in the pulpit, I know not what, as well as he knew how. Between the works of men of different countries, different ages, and different persuasions, there is a difference as wide; but men themselves are still the same. In the splendid arches, and with the affecting service of the cathedral, there is not a whit more of genuine piety and elevation of thought than there is be-

neath the plain roof and with the plainer service of the meeting-house or the convention. Go not, therefore, into one of these glorious edifices with the expectation of joining in the worship of the Almighty, with those whose hearts are melted and whose minds are exalted by every sublime association and aid in the performance of their holiest duty; for you will still meet with the indifferent, the trifling, the vain, the worthless and the worldly; and as the fat monk and the trim baron muttered and kneeled there in days long gone, so you will find the dull priest and the dandy gentleman, preaching, and praying, and chanting there still.

September 24. There is a respectable congregation of Unitarian Dissenters in Exeter. On the list of their ministers are the distinguished names of Towgood, Kenrick and Carpenter. I attended service at their meeting-house to-day.

September 26. Another visit to the cathedral, where I did a very foolish thing; ascended the north tower, notwithstanding every step of the spiral stone staircase made my heart beat faster and faster. I hope, however, to escape this time with impunity. The great bell which is hung at the top of this tower, weighs twelve thousand five hundred pounds. From the leads I was gratified with a fine prospect; the city spread out beneath me, the winding river, the seats and villages, Exmouth with its shipping, situated, as its name im-

plies, at the mouth of the Exe; and, beyond it, the expanse of the British channel. After descending, I went to the chapter-house, which is now undergoing repairs. The chapter-house is an appendage, I believe, to every cathedral; connected with, though separate from it, and is used for the meetings of the dean and chapter. This one is of an octagonal form, and is ornamented within by some curious bass-reliefs.

October 4. I hear so many contradictory accounts with respect to the relative superiority of the several places of winter resort on the south coast of Devon, that I am led to suspect that there is not much real difference between them, and have determined to visit them in succession. Between the hours of eleven and twelve, this morning, I set out in a post-chaise for Sidmouth, and after an uninteresting ride of fifteen miles, arrived there at about two o'clock. The waves of the channel were rolling most majestically upon the clean gravelly beach, and I delighted once more to breathe the salt air. Sidmouth is a small town, protected by high hills on every side but the south; in which quarter it is quite open and exposed to the sea, as the channel, from its width here, may properly be called. The Sid, a mere rivulet, empties, by the side of the eastern or Salcombe hill, its scanty tribute to the main, and gives its name

to the village. The Peak Hill and the High Peak on the west, cut through in the midst, and presenting their perpendicular fronts to the sea, and the long range of bold and lofty cliffs, stretching in a crescent-like direction, twelve miles to the east, together with the blue and misty fragments of more distant land, present to the view as noble a piece of coast scenery as I have ever seen. My place of residence is as romantic as heart could wish; a little cottage *ornée*, of one story, covered with ivy and roses, and perched on a low cliff which overhangs the sea, at the foot of Peak Hill. It is tenanted by a drawing-master, who boards and lodges me for two guineas per week.

October 8. There is one church at Sidmouth, and two meeting-houses; one of them belonging to a congregation of Unitarian Dissenters, and the other to a society of Methodists. The Unitarian place of worship is simple and humble enough; quite primitive — literally a cottage with white-washed walls and a thatched roof, overgrown with moss. I attended divine service here to-day.

SIDMOUTH, Devon, October 20, 1820.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

It is probable that you will receive this letter by the same vessel which takes one addressed to Mr. ——, and intended for the eyes of the parish. I beg you not to be alarmed by anything which I

have stated in it, but to rest assured that, although my hopes are not very strong with respect to being able to preach again, at least within several years, should I live so long, I am yet in better health than when I sailed from Boston. I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, my dear mother, dated August 14, and numbered 4, a few days ago. I was much affected at the solicitude you express respecting my health and comfort, and much concerned that your fears should be excited to such a degree by Mrs. F.'s account of my weakness, and my own relation of headaches, &c.; for if your apprehensions were so great on hearing that my voyage had not been productive of the expected benefit, what must they have been when you learned that I had again been attacked with bleeding at the lungs? Indeed, I should not be surprised to see my dear father in Devonshire this winter, after what he has said about "crossing the herring pond, to look me up." But though it would give me inexpressible delight to see him, I sincerely hope he will not come; because by crossing this same pond he will leave a large and a young family on the other side of it, who very much need his presence and care, and require his assistance and superintendence much more than I do. Think if any accident should happen to him too — his health and

life are infinitely more important to the family than mine are. Besides, I give you my word that the moment I find myself growing weaker I will return to Boston, and to my friends; for however kind the friends are whom I have made abroad, there are no friends like the friends of home, and I dread the idea of a long fit of illness away from that home, as much as you can deprecate it yourselves. I do not say this because I fear the want of attention and comfort, but because no one can feel more sensibly than I do, the absence of that sympathy which can alone be rendered by those with whom God, and nature, and long habits of intercourse and familiarity, have connected us; which can only be found, I repeat it, at *home*. So, father, if you have nothing very urgent to call you across the herring-pond but your fears for me, I beseech you to remain in Boston; and when I come back you shall read my journal through and through, which will be almost as good as being here yourself.

One more word to you, mother. Never, I beg you, make another apology for your letters. First, because you cannot possibly write a single word which it will not delight me to read; secondly, because you ought not to apologize to your son; and, thirdly, because the space which an apology occupies might be filled, I speak under correction,

with more interesting matter. The apology in your last letter, for instance, took up nearly a page; and in this page you might have informed me how —— felt about entering college, and whether he has entered, and have told me of your residence at Waltham, of which I should have been entirely ignorant, had I not been told of it by Mrs. P. The children, too, should be stirred up to their duty. Neither of them has written excepting ——, and she only once. It is very singular that a little girl, whose name I could mention, could write a farce in two acts, and not be able to write one line to her absent brother. Your expressions of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. F. are no more than their just due; indeed, no thanks can discharge the debt I owe them; and this is equally true with regard to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. You speak of advice which father has favored me with; but I have received only one letter from him.

Since I wrote you last, I have made a journey of one hundred and seventy-two miles from London to Exeter, and of fifteen from Exeter to Sidmouth, where I now am. Neither of them at all fatigued me; and I have been much gratified by the interesting objects which I had the opportunity of seeing in the first. At Winchester, I heard the cathedral service chanted, as I happened to

be there on a Sunday. Every cathedral maintains a certain number of choristers, who are dressed in white robes when they perform service; they are all males; the treble and counter are sung by young boys. The separate prayers are read in a sing-song kind of a tone by one of the officiating priests, and the responses of the litany, &c., are sung by the choristers. The effect of this is very fine. I made an excursion, when at Salisbury, of ten miles, to see the famous druidical monument of Stonehenge, of which you have, no doubt, heard. At Exeter I used often to hear the cathedral service, which is there accompanied by one of the best organs in England. One of its pipes is fifteen inches in diameter. I have not yet been enabled to judge if what they say of the Devonshire climate is true, because it is so early. There has been a great deal of wind and rain here at Sidmouth lately; and though the autumn has been very pleasant, it is not so fine as our own autumns generally are. I have no doubt, however, that the winter will be much milder than I could expect in America. I have not marked this letter private; there is a great deal that is personal, but you are at liberty to show it or not, as you please. Remember me to those whom I at all times and in all places remember, particularly my good parishioners. Let Dr. J. know that I am very pru-

dent and temperate. Heaven bless the children. I have written to them all, excepting ——, who shall soon have a long letter.

Your most affectionate son,

FRANCIS.

October 25. The second month of autumn is now nearly gone; the leaves are putting on their russet; the birds are losing their song; the sea rolls heavier; the wind blows keener; and the grate must be heaped higher with coals. We have had two or three storms of wind since my arrival, but on the whole it has been a pleasant October. I think, however, that it must yield to that month in our own country. Its air has but little of the bracing, bounding inspiration which is breathed in the gales of ours; and in the charm which it gives to natural scenery it cannot stand in the comparison. Here the scanty woods are clothed in one prevailing tint of yellowish brown; while our luxuriant and primeval forests are dyed with the richest, the brightest, and most varied hues of nature's pencil.

Our cottage overlooks the beach, and I have been surprised to find that, cold as it is, the ladies have not yet given up bathing; every morning I see from my window, while I am dressing, several of them braving the element; but not a single

man. The way in which they bathe is as follows: the lady enters one of the bathing machines which stand along the beach — little wooden houses upon high wheels — and it is moved down to the water's edge. After undressing, she puts on a long loose gown, and descends from the machine, by a step-ladder, upon the sand. There she is met by a couple of old fishermen's wives, called guides, each of whom takes an arm, and, turning her back to the water, wait for the next wave. It comes dashing on; and, just as it curls and breaks on the shore, they plunge her backward, and she is completely overwhelmed. This is repeated as often as desired, and the lady then returns to the machine and dresses.

November 30. I have now staid here a month longer than I had at first intended, and have made up my mind to remain till after Christmas. The weather has been quite as mild, to say the least, as I expected to find it. I have kept through the month a regular thermometrical journal; setting down the degree of the instrument at nine in the morning, at noon, and at ten at night. The result has been as follows. The lowest degree shown in the morning was 35°, on the 16th of the month; and the highest was 54°, on the 8th. The lowest at noon was 40°, on the 14th, 18th, and 29th of the month; and the highest was 58°, on the 3d. The

lowest at night was 35°, on the 15th and 18th of the month; and the highest was 53°, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th. The change of temperature throughout the day, from nine in the morning to ten at night, has not often been more than six or eight degrees, though on some days it has been from twelve to eighteen degrees, but never twenty. The weather has been unusually good; we have had some rain and fog, to be sure, but it has never been either rainy or foggy throughout one whole day. Several plants continue to flower in the gardens, and the trees have but just resigned all their honors. I fear that weather like this cannot last much longer.

December 14. It has lasted thus far, however, pretty much the same; not quite so much sun, perhaps, and a little more rain. The heavens have been bright and blue to-day, from morn to even; and I improved the opportunity of paying a visit to Bicton, the seat of Lord Rolle, near the village of Otterton, and between three and four miles from Sidmouth. I went on horseback, or rather on the back of a shuffling pony, who was just high enough to keep my feet from the mud. "It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;" and so have been all the hired horses which I have crossed in England; they are not to be compared with ours: and I suppose the fact may be accounted for thus;

in this country there are so many gentlemen who have horses of their own, that it is no great object with those who let out horses, that they should be good ones; the demand would not pay the purchase and the keeping; but with us, there are so many who are in continual want of a saddle-horse, either for exercise, business or pleasure, and who like to bestride a fine looking animal, though they do not wish or cannot afford to keep one, that it becomes the interest of those who serve their want to serve them well, and mount them on really valuable and goodly steeds. The hackney-coaches, too, of Liverpool and London, and the poor beasts that draw them, would not be tolerated in Boston; and the reason of the difference is the same.

But to return to my pony and my excursion. Otterton is, like most of the Devonshire villages which I have seen, a long street of mud cottages, thatched and whitewashed. And let not the mention of mud walls necessarily convey the idea of meanness and misery; for, when properly constructed and freshly whitewashed, they look very neat and durable; just as a Virginia log-house, though bearing a most unpromising name, may, notwithstanding, be a very comfortable mansion. Over the Otter, a stream which runs through the village, and gives it a name, is a pretty stone bridge of three arches, which are old enough to

be fringed with ivy. Not far beyond the bridge, four roads meet; and an ancient stone cross, mounted on a square brick pillar of more modern date, is the picturesque guide to the traveller. Under the cross and on each of the four sides of the pillar is carved a text from scripture, two of which I remember: "Make me to go in the paths of thy commandments, for therein is my desire;" the other, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." While these point out the heavenly road, inscriptions below direct the reader on his earthly journey.

My way was to the right; and I soon came to a neat little church, most beautifully situated on the road-side, within the park, and overhung by its tall trees. I tied my pony to the gate of a cottage opposite, and entered the grounds of Lord Rolle by the foot-path, which led to the romantic church of Bicton, and thence to the porter's lodge. Part of the park is laid out in the old fashion, with strait gravel walks, artificial basins of water, and tinkling cascades; but the rest has assumed the features of modern landscape gardening. Having knocked at the door of the house, a recent and plain structure of brick, two powdered servants answered the summons, "Can I be permitted to see the house?" with "It has not been shown, sir, since her ladyship's death;" and so I had

nothing to do but admire the bridge, the canal, and the old oaks, remount my pony, and return to Sidmouth.

SIDMOUTH, Devon, December 4, 1820.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

Having written you so lately, I have nothing to say about my situation, the climate, and other matters, which would be interesting to our friends; and have, therefore, marked this letter private, as I am going to talk about things which are merely between ourselves. In the first place, I must tell you I want to see home most terribly; especially when the east wind blows, as it will sometimes even here, and my spirits are at low-water mark. A thousand circumstances are perpetually bringing me in mind of you, and almost making me repent that I ever left you. Every time I put on a blister, or change the dressings, I think how nicely you used to do it for me, mother; every time the cloth is removed after dinner, and I am left to amuse or occupy myself as I can, I think how glad I used to feel to see you come in to let me beat you at chess, father; and every time I see a chubby, rosy-cheeked child, I am reminded of the brothers and sisters I love so dearly. These recollections are sometimes almost too much for me, now that I am locked up and made a prisoner of by winter, and have little variety to arrest my

attention, and keep me from musing on my privations. I might move about, to be sure, as the climate is mild enough here to permit of travelling on almost any day; but travelling is expensive; and, beside that, when I have once settled down in a place and am comfortable in it, I do not like the trouble and chances of changing. But when spring comes, and the roads are dry, and the sun is warm, and the birds are singing, and my mind has recovered its wonted tone, I shall travel famously, and enjoy myself, and nearly forget you; don't you think I shall? Well, perhaps not, but, at any rate, I shall feel stronger, and not be so home-sick.

My situation here, excepting its unavoidable monotony, is as favorable as it wellnigh can be. I have lived, since the 4th of October, in a pretty little cottage, with a sensible, good-natured young man, who is a drawing-master; and thus you see I am hardly ever obliged to be entirely alone. At my suggestion, and for my convenience, he has lately ordered a study leaf to be put up in the parlor, like that in my study, you know; and this, also, reminds me strongly of home. It reminds me, too, that it would be well for —— to have one at college, on which he should do all his writing, and a great part of his studying. I believe there used to be one in No. 1, Stoughton, when I knew it;

but it may have been taken down. If there is none there now, I wish you would suggest the thing to ——, and urge it. I know it is of vast use, especially to those who are rather weakly and tall, as he is. I could not do without one; the continual stooping of the body over a low table is of great injury to the chest, and the vital parts which it encloses; and I am, by this time, too well acquainted with the obstinate nature of diseases of those organs, not to deprecate habits which, I am sure, are likely to occasion them. —— should be also advised and exhorted to take constant exercise. It were even better that he should be *screwed*, as they call it, now and then, in the recitation-room, than that his health should be put in jeopardy. I am certain, however, that there is time both to exercise enough, and to study enough.

You ask me, mother, in one of your late letters, whether you shall take copies of your future ones, as you are afraid that you repeat yourself. I answer, by no means give yourself that trouble. You have not repeated yourself, as I see; and if you had or should, what would be the harm? I am delighted to see anything from you, and love to read it all, both old, if there is any old, and new. You must be conscious, beside, that the time it would take to copy one letter, might be better employed in writing another. Do tell the child-

ren to write more; and not to write such formal epistles, but to give me an account of two or three days, or a week, in as easy and off-hand a style as possible, and tell me of every little occurrence that happens in the allotted time; no matter how clumsy they think their expressions are; practice will polish them. I have lectured —— already, on this point; but I could not help mentioning it again. You have my hearty thanks, my dear father, for your letters; and I hope you will continue them.

Christmas is drawing nigh; and I shall not fail to send my thoughts, on that day, to the family-table, that they may witness your solemn incision of the Cheshire cheese; though, as I am no great of an astronomer or mathematician, I may be two or three hours out of the way in my calculation of the dinner time. That will be of no consequence, however, as my mind's eye will most assuredly see the operation, without paying much heed to the clock.

I shall leave Sidmouth on the first of next month, and go to Dawlish, another small town on this coast, about a dozen miles off; where I intend to remain as long as is agreeable to me, and whence my next letter will most probably be dated. I have just taken a pleasant walk of three miles, without fatigue; the robins, goldfinches, wagtails

and sparrows, are twittering about in all directions, and the grass and many other things are green; the thermometer was 55° to-day at noon, in the shade. I bought a thermometer at Carey's, in London, on purpose to obtain an accurate idea of the temperature of Devonshire during the winter; and I set down on a piece of paper the degree at nine in the morning, at noon, and at ten at night.

You see I have written you quite a family letter, and I hope it will please you. I shall write to-morrow to Dr. J.; and from him you can obtain a more particular account of my health. You tell me, mother, that Miss —— would write me, if she did not think I should feel myself obliged to write in return. Pray say to her, the next time you see her, that if she will only be so kind as to write, it shall be as she pleases whether I write to her again; but that it would always give me the greatest pleasure, both to receive letters from her and to answer them. Best love to the children, relatives and friends.

Your affectionate son,

FRANCIS.

December 25. Christmas day — which in this country is still celebrated with many of the old observances. For some evenings past, a company of little girls have been singing their carols under

our cottage window; and if there was but little melody and less art in their performance, I have often heard better music which has pleased me worse. These carols are simply hymns appropriate to the season, and sung to the tunes with which they are commonly accompanied. The greatest favorite with our little choristers was, "While shepherds watch their flocks by night." This is a custom which keeps its ground throughout England; but there are others which are entirely forgotten and laid aside, excepting in a few scattered spots and retired villages.

I witnessed, this evening, a relic of the ancient Christmas gambols, in the performances of a company of rustic actors, who still retain the name of "Mummers." It was, indeed, but a relic and a shadow of those masques and shows, which, in the olden time, were deemed so indispensable to the due and proper keeping of this holiday, but still it possessed a strong hold on my imagination, from the mere circumstance of its derivation. Our company was composed of ten or fifteen farmers' boys and sons of the village tradesfolk, who, for more than a month, had been conning and rehearsing their parts for this important occasion. As soon as the morning service was over, they marched forth, clad in the most fantastic and gorgeous dresses of flaming silk, garnished with tin-

sel and ribands, and slashed and patched with all the colors of the rainbow. Following their leader from house to house, they knocked at each door, and asked if "they would please see the mummers?" and according as permission was given or denied, they entered or moved on.

They came to our cottage about eight o'clock in the evening, and at my solicitation were admitted. Our parlor was their stage, on which the speakers, for the time being, performed their parts, while the rest remained in the entry. The first personage who presented himself was a stout fellow, dressed in an old-fashioned coat, waistcoat, pair of breeches, and coarse woollen stockings, with a three-cornered hat on his head, and in his hand a long staff with a round knob at the top, and decked with flowing knots of pink riband. He announced himself in about a dozen rhymes, beginning with "Here comes I, old father Christmas;" and after courting a good reception, by informing us that "Old father Christmas came but once a year," and telling us that we should soon see some fine sport, he retired. The next performer appeared in the costume of a Turk; with a tin crescent and a cock's feather in his cap, and a crooked sabre in his hand, which he flourished with amazing vehemence, and roared forth that he was a Turkish knight, who was come to Eng-

land to burn, kill and destroy, till there was not an Englishman left in the country. He had scarce finished this dreadful speech, when in stalked another, equally bold in his language and splendid in his raiment, who let us know that he was St. George, and that he was determined to fight with the Turkish dog till he had hacked the flesh from off his very bones. They then commenced a furious dialogue of menace and vituperation, changing sides alternately, and as they met each other, striking their swords together once. Suddenly the Turk drops his sword, confesses himself vanquished, and begs on his knees for his life, which St. George generously grants him.

In this manner several couple followed upon the stage; among whom were the Duke of Wellington and Bonaparte, Lord Nelson and a Frenchman, &c. The battles all began, were carried on, and concluded, alike; always terminating, as a matter of course, to the advantage of the Englishman. The contrast between the mighty characters they assumed, together with the bloody purpose of their rencounters, the awkwardness of their gait, the oddity of their dress, the absurdity of their rhymes, the provincialism of their speech, and the calm and regular manner in which they clashed their swords, were sufficiently amusing. The last speaker, after hinting his expectations of

a solid gratification for all this mummery, drew from under his jacket a tin ladle, and carried it round to the company for their contributions. I was glad that I had seen this exhibition, and quite as glad when it was over.

December 26. To-day has been the coldest of the month; the thermometer standing at 32° in the morning, 31° at noon, and 32° at night. Yesterday it stood at 33°, 33°, and 31°. Previous to this, the lowest degree in the morning had been 35°, on the 14th and 24th, and the highest 54°, on the 7th; the lowest at noon 40°, on the 14th, and the highest 56°, on the 7th; the lowest at night 34°, on the 24th, and the highest 53°, on the 10th. There has been a little rain and mist, and much fine weather; almost as much as in November. The change of temperature in the course of the day has not been so great as in that month; the greatest having been a fall of eleven degrees from the noon to the night of the 19th. Excepting this, the change for the rest of the month has been hardly more than two or three degrees during the time of observation. It is now obviously getting colder; but as I leave Sidmouth to-morrow, I shall not have the opportunity of keeping any farther account for December.

December 27. I dressed myself by candle-light this morning, in order to be ready for the Exeter

coach, which starts precisely at eight. A little before that time the porter came for my baggage, and I followed him to the inn. The coachman was on his box, the steps of the coach were down, I jumped in, and between ten and eleven o'clock, jumped out again at Exeter.

December 29. At four this afternoon, I left the house of my kind friend, the Rev. Mr. Hincks, and took the stage to Dawlish, another small watering-place on the coast, about fourteen miles to the south-west of Sidmouth, and twelve to the south of Exeter. The sun sets at four o'clock at this season, and darkness had long enveloped us before we stopped at the inn. I perceived, as I alighted, that there was snow on the ground, though hardly enough to cover it. The cold for two or three days has been, I may say, very severe; for although the thermometer does not point lower than from 25° to 28°, I feel the effects of the weather more disagreeably than I have at home, when the mercury has stood many degrees lower. It is a raw, relentless, piercing cold, which finds out the marrow in one's bones, and against which exercise seems to be no antidote, and fur and flannel no guard.

December 30. Last night I slept at the inn. This morning I chose my lodgings; not hanging over the sea, as at Sidmouth, but as far from it as I could procure them.

1821. January 3. A new year has come; but no new hopes, and, thank God, no new fears, or causes of fear. Notwithstanding the cold, my health does not appear materially to suffer from it; and, though weak and disordered, I am yet no more so than I have been for months. This is all that I can promise myself; for I cannot now expect any essential change for the better, till the sun is high and the trees are green.

January 4. It snowed all yesterday, and the night before; and to-day it lies on the ground deep and drifted. The people here tell me that it is quite uncommon to see so much of it. Taking advantage of a little sunshine, I ventured out on horseback with a friend. Near the sea-side, we fell in with a high drift; and my horse, all unaccustomed to such a thing, gave an unexpected plunge, and threw me into the snow-bank. No more serious consequence, however, arose from this adventure, than the trouble of brushing my clothes, and getting into the saddle again.

January 6. More snow yesterday; but the cold has very perceptibly abated. To-day I took a long walk. Dawlish is sheltered, as Sidmouth is, on every side but the south-east, by hills. That part of the coast which extends along the south, is lined with dark red cliffs, and diversified by sea-worn caves and projecting masses of rock, which,

from fancied resemblances, have acquired the curious names of "The Parson and Clerk," "The Bishop's Parlor," &c. On the beach there is, as usual, a circulating library and billiard-room. Removed from the shore, and at the western extremity of the village, is a pretty gothic church, shaded by trees, and surrounded by pleasant gravel walks. A small stream runs through the town, the banks of which have been carefully sodded, and connected at different points by neat bridges. On each side of this stream are built the houses of the village; most of them small and slightly constructed, to answer the sudden growth of the place, arising from an increased resort of visiters.

DAWLISH, Devon, January 8, 1821.

To MISS E—— C——,

You cannot surely think, my dear friend, that I could oppose your wishes on the subject of changing your place of worship. Even if I should resume the exercise of my profession, which I much fear I shall never be able to do, I should be far from desiring to stand in the way of your obvious accommodation and interest, though I should be sorry to lose such parishioners as yourself and sisters. I should be certain that I could never lose you as friends; and to console myself for not seeing you on the Sunday, I should pay you one visit extraordinary during the week. Still I cannot say but

that your attention in speaking of this subject was gratifying to me — for we are all pleased with attention, and there is no use in denying it — and after I have said this I will add that I hope you have done as some wild young lovers do, first get married, and then ask their parents' consent; or ask their parents' consent, and then get married without waiting till they have obtained it. In the same way, I trust you have gratified yourself by hearing Mr. Channing this winter, without staying three months for an approbation which you knew I could not be so unreasonable and so unkind as to refuse. Mind this, however, that although I may never be your minister again, I do not surrender a tittle of my spiritual authority, but shall still take it upon me to admonish, exhort and comfort, as occasion may require, both you and your household, as if I were in verity your pastor.

And now this matter is happily settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, we will turn us to other things. I was glad that my letter on pockets met with so favorable a reception from you, for, truth to tell, I sent it its ways with doubt and fear; but now that I find your taste is as comprehensive as I suspected it was, I shall no more tremble about exposing myself. You are aware that there are some people who would not have known what to make of such an epistle,

and who would have entertained most sage doubts with regard to the sanity of the writer's wits, but who would have been very much entertained and edified by a faithful account of the innkeepers' names on the roads through which I passed, and the exact sums that they charged for their small beer. Now I never supposed that you were so sober and rational as all this, but I only feared that I might have given you too large a dose of nonsense at once.

I congratulate you on being so happily settled with Mrs. ——, to whose amiable qualities I am not a stranger, though I am entirely so to her person. I feel more and more every day how much the enjoyment of my own existence depends not merely on society, but on warm and proper friendship. In a foreign country, I have, thank Heaven, found such friendship oftener than I hoped to find it; but it is impossible to meet with it always; you cannot expect to fall in with it on the road, or ride with it in the public coach, or salute it at the inn, or secure it from those on whom you have no claim, or very frequently from those on whom you have. And this it is which makes me look to the west, and long to be again where it will be with me, and about me, constantly and truly, and without interruption or change. But I must accomplish my season.

My health remains the same; I do not hope for much improvement till the winter has gone. Of Dawlish, I shall only say, that it is a small watering-place, as Sidmouth, my last residence is, and that I am situated here pretty much as I was there. We are still in the Christmas holidays, and everybody is frolicking except myself, to whom a frolic would be one of the most serious things imaginable.

Here follow some plain cautions, to wit: I. Do not affix the epithet *little* to Boston again; for, besides its being a considerable place of itself, it is more than the whole world to me. II. When you seal your letters, be careful to introduce some of the wax under the paper; for your last came to me in a state which was everything but open, and ten miles more of land-carriage would have saved me the trouble of breaking the fragment of a seal which was left. III. Omit not, as you did in your last, to number your letters, for several good reasons which you will easily anticipate. IV. Forgive my boldness, give my love to your sisters, and others, according to your discretion, continue to write to me as often as your duty, and time, and feelings will permit you, and believe that as true and affectionate a friend as any you have, is

F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

January 8. I rode with my friend to see the grounds of Newhouse, a mansion which had long been the residence of the ancient family of the Oxenhams, but is now, together with the grounds, in a neglected and almost ruinous condition, and is occupied by a farmer; the possessor of the property being unfortunately deranged in intellect. A tradition is preserved and believed, in this family, that a bird with a white breast always appears just before the death of any of its members, and flutters about the appointed victim. Newhouse is three miles from Dawlish. There was a rapid thaw yesterday, accompanied with rain; and the snow has all disappeared, excepting a few patches which here and there lie sheltered under the hedges, and hesitate to go.

January 15. We had resolved on an excursion to Torquay; and this morning took a post-chaise, which brought us by a circuitous route of nearly twenty miles, to our place of destination. We had a rainy ride of it, and could, therefore, see but little of the country; enough, however, to perceive that some parts of it, especially on the banks of the river Teign, were beautifully romantic. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Torquay, and I kept by the fireside till bedtime.

January 16. The sun is bright, and the air is

balm, and Torquay is the loveliest spot I have seen. Not that there is anything remarkable in the town, which seems to have been more rapidly and slightly built than either of the watering-places which I have visited; but in situation, nature has done for it almost everything that she could. It lies on the northern side of Torbay, and commands a view of nearly its whole expanse. Steep, though not lofty hills, rise behind it; while the southern cape of the bay, Berry Head, bends round to shut it in from the sea, and protect it from its storms and winds. The villages of Peignton and Brixham are clearly discerned on the opposite shore; at the latter of which William of Orange landed on the 5th of November, 1688. The coast is extremely picturesque; being fancifully broken on the south, into caves and arches, hollowed by many a storm, and dotted on the north by numerous small islands of rock which rise from the waves, within short distances of the shore. From the peculiarity of its situation, sheltered and land-locked as it is, Torquay is, without doubt, the warmest spot on this part of the coast.

January 18. And I am afraid it is the wettest, as well as the warmest spot. It drizzled all day yesterday, and has been drizzling all day to-day. Notwithstanding this, however, we took our umbrellas, and walked over to see Tor Abbey, a

handsome seat belonging to George Cary, Esq., but at present occupied by a son of Lord Clifford. It lies a half mile only from our hotel. As its name implies, it was originally an abbey belonging to the Premonstratensians; and the walls, though rough-cast and modernized, are the walls of the ancient structure, which was built in the reign of John. Forming a right angle with the south end of the front, is the old gateway, consisting of two circular arches, and a chamber above them, which seems now to be a hay loft. On the left of this gateway, and after you have passed it, is another remnant of the abbey — its barn, which still serves as the barn and stables to the present mansion. It is a huge pile, and entirely unadorned, except by the ivy which clothes it luxuriantly.

As the family were not at home, we were permitted to see the house; but there was very little to be seen. Five or six pictures by Thompson, a British artist, with a few other inconsiderable ones, constituted its whole treasure in that way. The Cliffords, and I believe the Carys also, are Catholics. The chapel was once the refectory of the abbey. It is neatly fitted up; a lamp continually burning hung from the vaulted roof, and on the altar was a tall, gilt crucifix.

January 19. It drizzled still; but there was no sense in sitting by the fire doing nothing, and so

we performed a short excursion which we had planned the night before, to Babbicombe Bay, not more than two miles, or two and a half from our hotel. Our conveyance was a car, a vehicle very common at the watering-places, but not at all suited to my ideas of pleasure or comfort. It is on two wheels, and is drawn by one horse, and so far is like a gig; but it is hung very low and near the horse; and these circumstances give it a disagreeable jerking motion. In shape it is like a section of a coach; and within is accommodated with two seats, on which the passengers sit, facing each other, and sideways to the horse. Its sides are closed with curtains, which in summer are of course drawn open; but, as at this time it was wet and cold, we were obliged to keep them closed, and thus shut ourselves out from the sight of everything about us.

A mile from Torquay, we came to a natural cavern, called Kent's Hole, and alighted to explore it, with a guide who had followed us on foot from the town. It is situated about half way up a steep hill, which rises from the road-side, and is thickly covered with bushes and small trees. The entrance is low, so that we were obliged to stoop double in going in; soon coming to a more open space, however, the guide struck a light, and each of us taking a bit of candle in our hands, followed

his steps along the vault, which was very irregular in its form, and intricate in its windings. I often stopped a few moments, till the guide and my companion were at some distance from me; and it was striking to see their figures groping among the frowning projections of dripping rock, partially illumined by the feeble rays of their candles, while all else was utter darkness; and as they turned their faces to seek out the proper passages, the same uncertain light gave such an expression to their features, that if I had met them unawares, I should have taken them for any rather than honest men. Stalactites and incrustations were everywhere formed by the continually dropping water, but there were none of any grandeur or beauty; and, indeed, there was nothing in Kent's Hole, that I saw, to repay us for threading its damp and dismal mazes.

Seated in our car again, we were jerked and jolted on for another mile, till we saw the main object of our jaunt, the little bay and hamlet of Babbicombe. We looked down upon it from the road, as it lay all spread beneath us, and confessed that we had seldom seen so sweet a valley. The mouth of the bay appeared to be not more than two or three hundred yards over, and the land arose all around it immediately from its bosom. This amphitheatre was studded with cottages, both

of the rich and the poor, which seemed to cling to the hill-sides like so many nests of sea-fowl; some of them overhung by huge rocks which threatened to crush them, and others enveloped in a shrubbery of evergreen, through which we could but just catch a bit of the thatched roof, a casement, or a chimney-top. I do not think that there were more than twenty cottages in all; and by far the greater part of these were the summer boxes of gentlemen who had been attracted, and no wonder, by the romantic beauties of the place.

A half mile more brought us to the village of St. Mary's Church; which we visited for the sake of a marble shop, in which are exposed for sale several ornaments and knick-knacks, manufactured from the marble which is dug in the neighborhood, and esteemed the best in Devonshire. Here we saw very handsome draught or chequer-boards, books, vases, &c., executed with marbles of various hues and veins; and I purchased a number of square polished bits, as specimens. There was nothing more to be seen or done, and we returned, by another road, to Torquay.

January 21. No change in the weather; it drizzles, drizzles, drizzles, as if it would never have done. While my friend was gone to church, I, who cannot sit in one during the cold weather, took another walk to the grounds of Tor Abbey,

and worshipped alone, beneath the long and stately avenues of old limes which lead up to the mansion. In a clump of elms behind the house I observed a large rookery, the inhabitants of which were all collected together, croaking confusedly upon the highest branches. By the help of a little imagination, one might have believed them the spirits of the departed monks, assembled on the sacred day of prayer, to mourn over the ruin of their sanctuary, the dispersion of their order, and the extinction of their name.

January 22. Pleasant once more; but we had fixed on this day for our return to Dawlish. On the road we fell in with a party of huntsmen. Some of the gentlemen were mounted on noble animals, who seemed as eagerly bent on the pursuit as their riders were. The hedges in this country are particularly high, and it was astonishing to see how the horses cleared them; the more so, as they were covered with sweat and foam, and had evidently been toiling long. The hunt was almost over as we came up; and just before our chaise passed a small field, the poor fox had been taken there and slain. The huntsmen gathered in from all quarters, and soon formed a large group, in the midst of which one of them held the carcass up by the tail, and yelled over it in a manner that I can compare to nothing but the whoop

of a North American Indian, while the dogs joined in and swelled the chorus. We reached Dawlish before dinner.

January 31. A ride on horseback to Teignmouth, where I had been several times before, as it is only three miles to the south of Dawlish.. It lies, as it is almost needless to say, at the mouth of the river Teign, and is divided into East and West Teignmouth. On the beach there is a fine open space, for riding or walking, called the Den, near which are the bathing-machines, as this town, also, is a watering-place. Its Newfoundland trade is considerable. A medical gentleman here told me that the coldest weather in this part of the country always came between Christmas and the 15th of January, and that the lowest point at which his thermometer had stood, this winter, was 23°. This is all that I can say with respect to the temperature of this month, not having had a convenient place for my own instrument. I must remark, however, that Dawlish is considerably warmer than Teignmouth, though they are but three miles apart; and that, since the 6th of the month, it has been quite mild at Dawlish, where the crocus, the snowdrop, hepatica, and other spring flowers, are now blowing in the gardens.

February 5. It was a bright day; and, in a car which was a much better and easier one than

that which we had hired at Torquay, I left Dawlish for Lympston, where I intended making a short stay. We drove over a long tract of barren sand, called the Quarry, which stretches nearly across the river Exe, and at the end of which we and our car were received into a ferry-boat, and landed at Exmouth. Two miles farther brought us to Lympston. Here I delivered my letters to the Rev. Thomas Jervis, who kindly invited me to take up my abode at his house.

February 7. Lympston is a small but very sweet place, on the eastern bank of the Exe; sheltered and mild. The surrounding scenery is beautiful. Looking down the river, you have a view of Exmouth and the high cliffs of the channel; on the opposite bank are the villages of Star-Cross and Kenton, with Powderham Castle, the seat of Lord Courtenay; while at the distance of four miles up the river, is the town of Topsham; and four miles higher still, the twin towers of Exeter cathedral are plainly discernible. Exmouth, which I visited to-day on horseback, is the oldest watering-place in Devon, though the company of late has been very thin. On a high bluff at the south-west end of the town there is a row of handsome brick houses; most of which were unoccupied, as the situation is very much exposed, and not fit for a winter's residence. From this place,

which is called the Beacon, there is a fine and extensive view. There is nothing else in Exmouth, however, which seemed to me to call for a moment's notice.

LYMPSTON, Devon, February 9, 1821.

TO THE REV. DR. ——.

I will allow, my dear friend and brother, that your expectation of six letters for one is perfectly reasonable, and if my situation and spirits had corresponded in any tolerable degree with your suppositions, I should have written in something such a ratio; but though this part of England has a deserved reputation for mildness of climate, you must not suppose that its air is forever balm, or that its skies are always azure; and though I have held my own pretty well through the winter, you must not imagine that I have been entirely free from pain, or that languor and depression have forborne to visit me. This is the case with regard to the south of Devonshire, so far as my experience goes: the climate is so genial, that persons in health generally walk out through the winter without any surtout or great coat; the grass retains a continual verdure; vegetables of certain kinds, such as the cabbage, &c., are cut fresh from the ground in every month; and sheep and cattle remain in the open fields all the night long; and yet there is, and in these northern latitudes must

necessarily be, a great deal of what you may call disagreeable weather, muggy, drizzly, wet, dark, uncomfortable weather; and in such weather as this, there can be, to an invalid especially, but little enjoyment or elasticity of spirit. Then you must consider that as the place where I am at present lies nearly ten degrees to the north of Boston, the winter days must be shorter than they are even in our native town; as the summer days will be longer. In the middle of December the sun rises not till some minutes past eight o'clock, and sets at about fifty minutes past three in the afternoon. Now I want nearly the whole of this day for meals and exercise, and the evening for rest and reading. Thus it happens, that, notwithstanding I am master of my whole time, I have written but very little, even to my parents. After all, however, I will freely confess that I might and ought to have written to you much oftener than I have, and am ashamed of myself for my negligence. Forgive me.

Your first letter has brightened many a weary hour for me. It is so full of your happy vein, so just like yourself, in short, that I have kept it continually about me, and recurred to it when "my soul was dark," with the same feeling of assured relief as used to accompany your morning calls, when you and I could communicate without hav-

ing recourse to the slow medium of pen, ink and paper.

I am not sorry to hear that the liberals and reasonables are so earnestly driving the quill, because discussion will do no harm to truth; but you know that I like the pugilistic temper as little as you do, and that I am as much teazed as yourself by the disposition, manifested by some, to blow the trumpet in Sion so long, and loud, and bloodily, that the peaceable dwellers therein shall have never a moment of rest, and of accusing all who will not go up to Ramoth Gilead to battle, of disaffection to the true cause. We both think that it is exceedingly troublesome to be perpetually cased in armor; to breakfast, dine, sup and sleep with harness on the back; and not only so, but to mount the steed, set the spear in rest, and sally forth to the lists, for the pleasure of breaking lances or noddles with every champion who dares take up the gauntlet against us. And we both have an idea, that by minding our official and domestic duties in a quiet way, and teaching others, as well as we can, to mind theirs — not refusing, the while, to lend a hand, for exercise sake, to a righteous quarrel, when we see occasion — we may chance to do almost as much good, and be almost as good sort of folk, as if we went through life with a doubled fist.

And so you have named your second born by the name of your absent friend? Heaven bless the babe, and give it health and strength, virtue and wisdom — its father's mind and its mother's gentleness. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel for this most affectionate and touching compliment. I shall look on the little one as almost my own; and if I ever see home again, one of my first duties shall be to come and kiss and bless it. I hope that Mrs. —— will be perfectly recovered long before my letter reaches you; this part of which I would have her consider as addressed equally to herself and you; for so important a matter as naming a son could not have been determined on but by a mutual council.

To bring you back to Devonshire — you will have probably heard that I have been to Dawlish and Torquay, two small watering-places on the coast. Last Monday I came here, and shall go away next Tuesday. Lympston is not a watering-place, but a little village, to which a few invalids resort wholly for the sake of climate. It is situated on the river Exe, about two miles from its mouth; a pleasant, retired and sheltered spot. There has been so little change in my health from month to month, that I have nothing at all to say on that subject, but refer you to my mother. Receive this long epistle as some atonement for not

having written before, and cherish me as your loving friend.

FRANCIS W. P. GREENWOOD.

February 13. I left Lympston with regret, for I had passed a happy week there. The friends whose society was so pleasant to me were principally members of a small Unitarian congregation, which has been for some time established here. It has lately met with the misfortune of losing its minister, the Rev. John Jervis, brother of the gentleman with whom I have been residing. A car brought me in time for dinner to my old quarters at Sidmouth.

February 28. The last day of winter — that is to say, of the nominal winter, the almanac winter, which every one knows is a very different thing from the real winter, the season of clouds, and storms, and ice, and hoar-frost. The weather in this month has been very variable. From the 1st to the 12th, it was mild and fine, the sky clear nearly the whole time; it then changed, and became cloudy, and gloomy, and cold. From the 16th to the end of the month, I observed the thermometer at noon, and found the lowest degree to have been 33°, on the 18th, and the highest 47°, on the 21st and 28th. There has been very little rain through the month.

March 7. I took my last leave of Sidmouth this morning, and came, for the third time, to Exeter, where the hospitality of my good friend, Mr. Hincks, again provided me with a bed in his house, and a plate at his table.

March 30. I had been warned that March was the worst month in the year; and so, indeed, it has turned out. The weather has been dismal; not so cold as it was at Christmas time, but more insidious and pernicious. Under a bright sun and a clear sky, it would make its most fatal attacks; would "smile and smile, and be a villain." I have hardly been out at all. On the 14th, I was visited with a severe cold, which did not leave me till the 22d, and then left me disposed to be prudent. Thinking myself, however, sufficiently recovered, and the season sufficiently advanced, for travelling, I am going to resume my journeyings, and take my departure from Devonshire to-morrow morning. I have grown quite tired of remaining so long inactive, and gladly set myself in motion again; like a vessel, that, after having been wind-bound and becalmed, spreads her sails and courts the favoring breeze, till every rag of canvass swells out with exultation. And yet I would leave Devon on good terms; for, on the whole, I have not been disappointed in the expectations I had formed of it. I was told that its

climate was mild, and so it certainly is; the myrtle grows luxuriantly against the sides of the cottages, and remains green through the winter; the grass retains its verdure, and daisies blossom in every month; sheep and cattle are left in the open fields through the coldest nights; crocuses and snowdrops begin to blow in the gardens as early as the end of January. I have seen peas and beans two inches high, in the open ground, on the 8th of February, and peaches, nectarines and apricots in blossom on the 10th of March; and this is enough to prove that the climate of the south of Devonshire is mild. It has its cold winds and its storms, but how could it be otherwise in the fiftieth degree of north latitude?

I wish that I could say as much in favor of the inhabitants, as I can of the climate. Not but that they are a good sort of folks enough; but they, that is, the lower orders, are intolerably lazy, shiftless and dirty. Now, what is the great benefit of a prevailing mild climate, when the people seem as if they were determined to counteract its influence by every means in their power? What is the use of spending a winter in one of these sheltered spots, when you must take up your abode in a house of mere lath and plaster, and live with people who never shut a door behind them, or close a window properly, and sit in a

room so yawning, as it were, with cracks and crevices, that it appears to be very little matter whether the doors and windows are shut or open? An invalid and a stranger cannot bear this. He is quite as well off, if not better, at home, in a comfortable house, which, in the depth of winter, enjoys the temperature of an artificial summer, and among friends who are all attention and carefulness. Others may be more fortunate in their places of residence than I was, and may lodge in tight houses, and with people who always shut their doors. I hope they may.

March 31. At eight o'clock precisely, I had taken my seat in the stage-coach, and a minute after was on my way to the north. We rode through Collumpton to Wellington, the first town we came to in Somersetshire, and then on to Taunton. Here I had intended to stay the night; but the assizes had just commenced, the inns were crowded, and the whole town was in a bustle; and, as I hate a bustle, I determined to move a little farther on. While the coach and horses were changed, however, I seized the opportunity of viewing the beautiful tower of St. Mary's church, which is acknowledged to be one of the richest and most elegant in the kingdom. I had never seen one so fine. Resuming my seat, I went on to Bridgewater, twelve miles farther, and

there stopped. One of my fellow-passengers had told me that —— Castle, the seat of Lord ——, was well worth my seeing. I found that it was only four miles from Bridgewater; so, having bespoke my dinner, I ordered a chaise, and was soon there.

I was disappointed. The mansion stands, to be sure, in a fine commanding situation, but nothing can be gloomier or more prison-like than its appearance. It is built in the old castle style; not only with tower and turret, gateway and courtyard, but with moat, draw-bridge, and portcullis. Its form is a quadrangle, inclosing a spacious court, in other words, a hollow square; the materials are unhewn and irregular stones and brick. Within, there was nothing worth looking at, but some Gobelin tapestry, with which many of the rooms were hung. The pictures were chiefly family portraits; which, as well as everything else that could suffer, were suffering greatly from the long absence of the present earl, who has not been here for many years; why, I could not learn. The castle was built by his father. No stables or barns are to be seen; for the whim of their contriver has placed them under ground, and light is admitted through iron grates, which you observe here and there as you walk along.

A few paces only from the castle, is the village

church, small and old; a part of it being considerably more ancient than the rest, as is evinced by the architecture of the south doorway, which is a Norman arch, with a finely raised zigzag moulding. The churchyard was just such a one as, had it been nearer home, I should have liked to have reposed in. A dark-boughed yew, which must have seen more than one century, threw its thick shade over nearly one half of it, and it was neatly fenced in by a hedge of laurestinus and other evergreen shrubs, interspersed with the honeysuckle and rose.

Having returned to Bridgewater and dined, I walked for an hour about the town, which is of some importance, containing about five thousand inhabitants. The river Parret runs through it, and is crossed by a handsome iron bridge. Admiral Robert Blake was born in this town, in 1599.

April 1. The mail passed through at ten o'clock. I took a seat in it, and reached Glastonbury at twelve. Who has not heard of Glastonbury Abbey, whose buildings were so magnificent, whose domains were so wide, whose revenues were so vast, whose abbots were so princely? And who has not heard of the Glastonbury thorn, which was green while other plants were bare, and put forth its white blossoms on the birthday

of Mary's son, to the praise of the church, and the edification of believers? As our coach turned the brow of a hill, the scene of these wonders, and the vestiges of all this grandeur opened at once upon me, and a most impressive view it was. The gray masses of ruin immediately below us, together with the two church towers of the town, and the antique appearance of its buildings, formed one of the most striking pictures I ever beheld.

The coach stopped at the George Inn, which, in the days of its power and hospitality, belonged to the abbey, and was an inn for the entertainment of pilgrims. It was flanked with turrets, adorned with niches and statues, and the modern sign was supported by a curiously carved stone pillar, which once bore the welcome promise of refreshment and rest to those who came recommended, not by the length of their purses, but "by their cockle hat and staffe, and by their sandal shoone." Notwithstanding these potent attractions, however, as I had been recommended to the White Hart, as the best inn in the town, I ordered my baggage across the street, and took up my quarters there. I soon found out by the dinner that was served up, and by the manners of the servants, that I was in a comfortable situation; and where I had designed to tarry for a day or two, this was a great matter. The White Hart had

another recommendation also. From its garden, which was sheltered and warm, there was an excellent view of the ruins, while through it was the only passage to them; and in it there grew a thorn which was taken from the old one, and which possessed the singular property of its parent, of flowering at Christmas time. Of the truth of this fact, in whatever way it may be accounted for, there can be no manner of doubt. One of my Devonshire friends, who was in Glastonbury a day or two after Christmas, told me he saw this thorn in full blossom; many others have told me the same; the towns-people are annually witnesses of it, and I myself saw the tree in full leaf, and covered with withered flowers, at a season when other hawthorns were just beginning to burst their buds. The original tree, which had attained an extraordinary size, was torn up in Cromwell's time, as a rag of popery. The one of which I have been speaking, has already attained an uncommon growth for a hawthorn, being ten or twelve feet high, and as thick in the stem as a man's leg. There is still a larger one near St. John's church, in the neighborhood.

The Catholic legend concerning the old tree was, that St. Joseph of Arimathea, who, they say, was sent by the apostles to convert the Britons, and who is considered as the founder of the reli-

gious community so long existing at Glastonbury, having reached in his journey the summit of a hill hard by, thrust his staff into the ground, and exclaimed to his companions, "We are weary all." The staff took root, grew, and blossomed twice in the year, once at Christmas, and once at the usual time; and the hill still continues to be called "Weary-all" Hill. We may gather from this story, at least, that St. Joseph spoke remarkably good English, considering he had but just arrived in the island. Another account is, that the first of these holy thorns being imported from a warm country, in which the climate was three or four months in advance of that of England, continued from habit and affection, to blow at its former early season, and yet out of respect to the country which had adopted it, civilly put forth its flowers once more, at the same time with its fellow thorns; and that all its young shoots and slips inherited the custom *ex traduce* from their parent.

With regard to the ruins, they consist of three principal divisions — St. Joseph's chapel, the Abbey church, and the kitchen. St. Joseph's chapel forms the southern boundary of the garden of my inn. It is the most ancient structure of the whole, being built in the Norman style, with circular arches, zigzag mouldings, and rich cornices. At each angle is a small turret of elegant form,

highly ornamented with rows of intersecting arches. Passing from the garden, through the rich northern doorway and the interior of the chapel, we come out into a field, in the midst of which are the remains of the church. The principal feature of this part of the ruin is formed by the twin pillars of one of the arches which supported the central tower; they are lofty, and their effect is very striking. In another field, a short distance to the south, stands the abbey kitchen; not so old as the other buildings, but of great interest, from its being unique and quite entire. Its form for the first twenty feet is a square, on which is raised an octagonal pyramid of about thirty feet more; and the whole is crowned with a handsome lantern, likewise of eight sides, and pierced with holes to give passage to the steams, &c., of the kitchen. The interior is one spacious vault, and the whole is composed of stone. In each corner is an immense fireplace; but it is long, very long, since the piled logs blazed there, and the caldrons boiled, and the huge joints turned round; the merry smoke no longer curls in the chimney, and the hearth-stone is cold.

The poor man who built this fire-proof kitchen, was the last whose table it ever supplied. It is said to have been erected by Abbot Richard Whiting, soon after his election, which took place

in the year 1524. He was the sixtieth Abbot of Glastonbury, and the last; for it was during his abbacy that the dissolution of monasteries was effected by Henry VIII. It was hard for the superior of the first religious establishment in England to yield up honor, dignity and revenue to the fell swoop of the ruthless spoiler, and it was hard for a good Catholic to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of a mere temporal prince. Richard Whiting refused to do either; he was arrested and tried for high treason, at Wells, and was acquitted. But that was of little consequence to the rapacious and despotic Henry; the venerable abbot was again seized, dragged to the highest hill in the vicinity, and there hung between two of his monks, on the 14th of November, 1539. The income of the abbey, which then amounted to something over three thousand pounds per annum, was sequestrated, and the buildings abandoned to neglect and ruin. Many houses have been reared in the town from the spoils; one in particular, called the Abbey-house, which is lavishly decorated with coats of arms, corbel heads, &c. But a stop has been put to this for some time, and the ruins are well enclosed and preserved. The kitchen, with the field on which it stands, is the property of a Bristol wine merchant, and the other remains, with the ground about them, belong to a

farmer of Glastonbury, who turns out his cows to graze among the clustered shafts and broken arches. It is not, however, from brutes that they have anything to fear.

A verie pithie and mournfull Ballate
Of Glassenbury Abbey, and the Abbott and Freres thereof:
Right profitable unto alle godlie soules that in these
backslidinge tymes doe nathelesse cease not
to honour Scte Joseph and our Lady.

They hangid the Abbott on Michael's hille,
And they seized on his church and lande;
For so it was stoute kynge Harry's wille,
Whose wille there mote none withstande.

They smote on the walles of the Abbey fayre,
And spoyled its high roofe of stone;
And windowe, and tower, and winding staire,
They pullid down one by one.

Its tenante now is the boding crowe,
In stedde of the hooded friar;
On its ruinnes the ivy and walle-floure growe,
The ferne and the white-blossomed briar.

Its altar the pilgrim he seeketh no more
From the lande of another sunne,
For Masse, and Prayer, and Confessioun are ower,
And Mattines and Vespers are done.

And the brethren, so holie, are scattered abroad,
To labour, to begge, and to die;
Withouten a frende—but their pittying Lord,
And our Ladie that sitteth on high.

But laughe not, proude Harry, nor joie in thy strengthe,
For thou, too, in Ruinnes shalt falle,
And the pitilesse Spoyler shalle finde thee at lengthe,
Despight of thy stronge pallace walle.

And ruinne to thee shalle be darknesse and shame,
Foulle wormes, crumbling bones, and coulde clay;
While the Abbey, though ruinned, shalle flourishe in fame,
And looke fayre in the swete light of daie.

The Stranger from farre distante shoares shall come here,
Its beauteouse relickes to see,
And shall give to its glories a sighe and a teare,
And a curse, cruelle monarcke, to thee.

[These verses were written by Dr. Greenwood.]

As an accompaniment to the abbey ruins, and, in fact, to every view for many miles about the town, the beholder is presented with a prospect of St. Michael's Tower, built on the very top of the high and steep hill which I have before mentioned. The church to which it belonged, and which was dedicated to St. Michael, has fallen down. It was erected in the place of a still more ancient one, which was totally destroyed by an earthquake in the year 1276.

The town of Glastonbury is divided into two parishes, St. Benedict's and St. John's, each of which has its church. Of these, St. John's is much the handsomest and largest. It contains several curious monuments, which were brought from

the Abbey; and the old sexton showed me a burying cloth of red velvet richly embroidered with gold, but all in tatters, which he said had also belonged to that establishment, and which had been preserved in the church, time out of mind. "My father died sexton of this church," said the man of graves, "when he was between ninety and one hundred years old, and he remembered nothing about it." On a reading-desk in the chancel I observed a black letter copy of Fox's Book of Martyrs, lying open, much thumbed and worn. It was the custom in Queen Elizabeth's reign, to place this book in churches, for the general reading of the parishioners, to keep them in mind of the cruelties of the preceding reign, and to nourish their hatred of popery; indeed, this was done by command of the queen. An inscription on a grave-stone in the church-yard, I thought curious enough to copy. "Here lyeth ye body of William, the only son of Thomas Ayres and Jane his wife, who departed this life July the 14th, 1739, Aged 16 years.

> The Abbey walls on Glaston's earth
> I climb'd for birds, and got my death;
> My bones I broke, my time was spent,
> And left my friends in discontent."

After these followed the well-known and well-

worn lines, "Mourn not for me my parents dear," &c.

April 4. I have stayed thus long in Glastonbury, because I wished to try my hand at sketching; and the weather has been such that I have not been able, till to-day, to remain in the open air with any comfort. It proving quite mild this morning, I finished one view, and, taking the mail at noon, came to Wells, five miles only from Glastonbury. The name of this city is derived from one or two springs which burst up near the bishop's palace. It is pleasantly situated at the foot of the Mendip Hills, and is made extremely interesting to the stranger, not only by its fine cathedral, but by many ancient buildings which are connected with it, and several gates in excellent preservation. The cathedral is certainly the most beautiful which I have yet visited. I thought that the west front of Exeter cathedral was as rich as it could be, but it is plainness and poverty when compared to that of Wells. The images of the former are confined to a screen which projects from the front, and does not reach to half its height; they are, besides, very black and dingy; but those of the latter are set with a prodigal hand in every part of the west end; even the buttresses are full of them, and they are delightfully white and clean, although their worn and jagged outline is proof of their

great antiquity. Some of the figures surprised me by their excellent workmanship, in which they were far superior to any I had before seen, of the same age, and in a similar situation. One female, in particular, with a crown on her head, would by no means have disgraced the chisel of a Chantry. This figure, as well as several others which were in sheltered positions, was in remarkably good preservation. The west front of the cathedral is flanked by two towers, each one hundred and thirty feet in height; and there is a larger one over the intersection of the nave and transepts, whose height is one hundred and sixty feet. I contented myself with the exterior, to-day, as well I might; and, reserving the inside for another opportunity, continued my walk through the town.

East of the cathedral stands the bishop's palace. But you would take it for a feudal baron's castle. The dwellings and offices are surrounded by a high and massy wall, and the wall is girdled by a deep and broad moat, which is still kept full of water by the springs or wells which give the city its name. What must those times have been which could compel a Christian bishop, a teacher of religion, and a shepherd of souls, to dig his moat, and hang his drawbridge, and build his embattled wall? or what, perhaps, I should rather say, must have been the bishop, who, in any times,

could so far forget the nature of his office, and be so ignorant of the influence and power, under almost any circumstances, of a virtuous character, and a mild and peaceable demeanor, as to shut himself up in this way, and adopt such measures as these for defence or security ?

April 5. In my yesterday's perambulations, I had met, by chance, a gentleman, who, with his wife, had been my stage-companion from Exeter to Bridgewater. As, during our ride, I had made myself known as an American, and he had himself been in America, we became considerably acquainted, and he now invited me out to see him, telling me that he lived but a few steps from Wokey Hole, a famous cavern about a mile and a half to the north-west of Wells, where, if I had the curiosity to see the place, he would be happy to accompany me. I accepted his polite offer with much pleasure, and between nine and ten o'clock this morning set off on foot, as the day was fine, and the distance quite within my power of accomplishment, although I never had any reason to boast, and now still less than ever, of my pedestrian abilities. At the end of a small village or knot of cottages, which, from its neighborhood to the cavern, is called Wokey Hole, I came to the house of Mr. G.; a pretty place, retired from the road, and surrounded with shrubs and trees.

After resting an hour and eating a slice of excellent cold roast beef, we set off for Wokey Hole.

The approach and entrance are highly romantic. The path winds on the edge of a cliff, at whose base a stream is brawling, which proceeds from one of the mouths of the cavern; and the arched passage by which you enter is pierced about midway up the perpendicular face of a precipice, which is nearly a hundred feet in height. Our guide, a stout country girl, furnishing each of us with a lighted candle, led the way into the cave. A few yards from its mouth, a great number of bats were hanging from the vaulted roof; and one of them, who had incautiously suspended himself within our reach, we dislodged from his quarters. On holding a candle near enough to singe his hair, he showed his teeth and slowly unfolded his wings, but only for a moment — he had not yet finished his winter's sleep, and was not to be roused. We passed through several grand apartments, the tops of which I could hardly discern with the help of all our light, and whose extent was in proportion to their loftiness, and came at last to one which forbade our farther progress. At its extremity, the stream, of which I have spoken, issued from a low-browed arch, not more than two feet high in its centre from the water's edge. Mr. G. told me that he once brought a boat here, and, lying down

in it, caused himself to be pushed through this opening. He soon came out into an apartment as spacious as any we had seen, about which he paddled to discover, if possible, another passage, but could find none; the water appeared to rise up from the bottom. This cavern is certainly worth visiting.

[NOTE. — The Journal ends here, somewhat abruptly. No record, with the exception of a few slight notes, appears to have been kept after this date. The following letter, it will be perceived, was written a short time after.]

BOSTON, Lincolnshire, June 29, 1821.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

It is curious that I should now be writing to you from the town, after which our own was named; it is rather an out-of-the-way place for a traveller, but as I was within thirty miles of it, I thought that I might as well drop down the little river Witham, on which it is situated, and take a look at it, for its name's sake, or rather for the sake of its namesake. But before I tell you anything about the English Boston, I will just go rapidly over my route from Liverpool to this place, in order to give you some idea of what and how much I have seen and done, in the short space of about a month. I took coach from Liverpool for the north, on the 22d of May. Nothing occurred worth putting into this my last letter, till I arrived at Keswick, in Cumberland, about one hundred

miles from Liverpool, on the 24th. Here, on the banks of the river Greeta, near the lake of Derwent Water, and at the foot of the Skiddaw, which at this late season was covered with snow, resides Mr. Southey. Mr. Everett had kindly given me a letter of introduction to the poet, which I sent with my card and a note from the inn, and in a few moments Mr. S. came to invite me to dinner.

I expected to see a grave-looking, gray-headed, elderly man, instead of which, I saw a sprightly-looking, curly-headed, middle-aged one, full of grace and urbanity, and of the most affable address. I dined with him of course, and staid till pretty late in the evening. We took tea in his study, which is completely filled with fine looking books, and I need not say valuable ones. I was delighted with his family as well as with himself. He is most happy and unexceptionable, as a domestic man. The great work on which he is now engaged, is a history of the war in Spain, or as it is commonly called, the Peninsular War. But he is also at work upon a poem, the scene of which is laid in our part of the world. I left him with regret, and went back on the road about a dozen miles, to see Mr. Wordsworth, to whom Mr. Southey had given me an introductory letter.

Mr. W. looked much older, and more slovenly

and poet-like than his brother poet, but received me with quite as much kindness as I had experienced at Keswick. I stayed with him a whole day and night. His poetry soon became the subject of conversation. I told him that the first piece of poetry which I remembered, and to which I attributed my first love of song, was his beautiful little ballad of "We are Seven," and that my mother used often to make me cry by repeating it to me. This pleased him very much, and in the evening he became so confidential as to read me nearly the whole of a series of sonnets which he is publishing. One in particular he dwelt upon, because in it he alluded to his own mother, and had been reminded of it, he said, by my speaking of mine. I expressed a wish for a copy of it, which he kindly granted; and Mrs. Wordsworth immediately went up stairs to write it off, so that I might have her and her husband's work at the same time. Here is the sonnet. It is called

CATECHIZING.

From little down to least—in due degree,
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
We stood, a trembling, earnest company!
With low, soft murmurs, like a distant bee,
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed,
And some a bold, unerring answer made:
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
Beloved mother! thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie;

> Sweet flowers, at whose inaudible command
> Her countenance, phantom-like, doth reappear—
> O, lost too early for the frequent tear,
> And ill-requited by this heartfelt sigh!

Mr. W. is as simple as a very child, and his poetry is the exact transcript of his character; you cannot be an hour with him without being convinced of it.

To Edinburgh, through Carlisle, Gretna Green, Glasgow and Stirling, was above one hundred and fifty miles more. At Stirling I wrote to ——; and had fully determined to write a second letter to all the children; but I have been so much occupied, and whirled on so rapidly from place to place, that I have found it impossible. So I believe they must be satisfied with my good and sincere intentions, and with being mentioned in this letter; which it is very likely you may not see till after you see me. At Edinburgh and with Edinburgh, I was quite delighted. Mrs. Grant was extremely kind; I saw her every evening. I was in company, too, with many other celebrated folks of this literary city. But we must leave it, for I see the bottom of the page. From Edinburgh I passed through Newcastle, the famous place for coals, Durham, where there is a cathedral; York, where there is another, the finest in the kingdom; and then by the way of Hull to Lincoln, where there is also a cathedral and many interesting an-

tiquities. To-day, a steamboat brought me to Boston, of which place I will only say, that it is a very neat and respectable looking town, by no means discrediting our own bonnie birth-place, and that there is in it the finest parish church in the kingdom.

July 4. I finish this letter in London, after a pleasant journey through Peterborough, a cathedral town, and the far-famed Cambridge. I am again comfortably seated in Mr. B.'s parlor, with him and his wife beside me, and have been telling them immensely long stories, as travellers are apt to do. They are both well. I can hardly realize that I am coming home. But it is a settled thing; I am fully convinced that I am doing right. You will see me, I hope, looking better than when I left you, though there is a part of my animal economy more out of order than it was then. But, on the whole, I am stronger, and know better how to doctor myself. My friends here tell me that I am amazingly improved. So let us thank Heaven for that. My first and warmest wish now is, that I may find you, my dear parents, and my brothers and sisters, in the very best health, and, if changed at all, improved. I know that your love for me will never change, and that you will meet most gladly your affectionate son and brother,

FRANCIS.

ESSAYS.

ESSAYS.

THE VILLAGE GRAVE-YARD.

Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?

BYRON.

In the beginning of the fine month of October, I was travelling with a friend in one of our northern states, on a tour of recreation and pleasure. We were tired of the city, its noise, its smoke, and its unmeaning dissipation, and with the feelings of emancipated prisoners, we had been breathing for a few weeks the perfume of the vales, and the elastic atmosphere of the uplands. Some minutes before the sunset of a most lovely day, we entered a neat little village, whose tapering spire we had caught sight of at intervals an hour before, as our road made an unexpected turn, or led us to the

top of a hill. Having no motive to urge a further progress, and being unwilling to ride in an unknown country after nightfall, we stopped at the inn, and determined to lodge there.

Leaving my companion to arrange our accommodations with the landlord, I strolled on toward the meeting-house. Its situation had attracted my notice. There was much more taste and beauty in it than is common. It did not stand, as I have seen some meeting-houses stand, in the most frequented part of the village, blockaded by wagons and horses, with a court-house before it, an engine-house behind it, a store-house under it, and a tavern on each side; it stood away from all these things, as it ought, and was placed on a spot of gently rising ground, a short distance from the main road, at the end of a green lane; and so near to a grove of oaks and walnuts, that one of the foremost and largest trees brushed against the pulpit window. On the left and lower down, there was a fertile meadow, through which a clear brook wound its course, fell over a rock, and then hid itself in the thickest part of the grove. A little to the right of the meeting-house was the grave-yard.

I never shun a grave-yard — the thoughtful melancholy which it inspires, is grateful rather than disagreeable to me — it gives me no pain to tread

on the green roof of that dark mansion, whose chambers I must occupy so soon — and I often wander, from choice, to a place where there is neither solitude nor society; something human is there; but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the competitions, the pride of humanity, are gone; men are there, but their passions are hushed, and their spirits are still; malevolence has lost its power of harming; appetite is sated, ambition lies low, and lust is cold; anger has done raving, all disputes are ended, all revelry is over, the fellest animosity is deeply buried, and the most dangerous sins are safely confined by the thickly-piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the archangel, and the voice of God.

I never shun a grave-yard, and I entered this. There were trees growing in it, here and there, though it was not regularly planted; and I thought that it looked better than if it had been. The only paths were those, which had been worn by the slow feet of sorrow and sympathy, as they followed love and friendship to the grave; and this too was well, for I dislike a smoothly rolled gravel-walk in a place like this. In a corner of the ground rose a gentle knoll, the top of which was covered by a clump of pines. Here my walk ended; I threw myself down on the slippery

couch of withered pine leaves, which the breath of many winters had shaken from the boughs above; leaned my head upon my hand, and gave myself up to the feelings which the place and the time excited.

The sun's edge had just touched the hazy outlines of the western hills; it was the signal for the breeze to be hushed, and it was breathing like an expiring infant, softly, and at distant intervals, before it died away. The trees before me, as the wind passed over them, waved to and fro, and trailed their long branches across the tomb-stones, with a low moaning sound, which fell upon the ear like the voice of grief, and seemed to utter the conscious tribute of nature's sympathy over the last abode of mortal man. A low, confused hum came from the village; the brook was murmuring in the wood behind me; and, lulled by all these soothing sounds, I fell asleep.

But whether my eyes closed or not, I am unable to say, for the same scene appeared to be before them, the same trees were waving, and not a green mound had changed its form. I was still contemplating the same trophies of the unsparing victor, the same mementos of human evanescence. Some were standing upright; others were inclined to the ground; some were sunk so deeply in the earth, that their blue tops were just visible

above the long grass which surrounded them; and others were spotted or covered with the thin yellow moss of the grave-yard. I was reading the inscriptions on the stones, which were nearest to me; they recorded the virtues of those who slept beneath them, and told the traveller that they hoped for a happy rising. Ah! said I—or I dreamed that I said so—this is the testimony of wounded hearts; the fond belief of that affection which remembers error and evil no longer; but could the grave give up its dead—could they, who have been brought to these cold dark houses, go back again into the land of the living, and once more number the days which they had spent there, how differently would they then spend them; and when they came to die, how much firmer would be their hope; and when they were again laid in the ground, how much more faithful would be the tales, which these same stones would tell over them! The epitaph of praise would be well deserved by their virtues, and the silence of partiality no longer required for their sins.

I had scarcely spoken, when the ground began to tremble beneath me. Its motion, hardly perceptible at first, increased every moment in violence, and it soon heaved and struggled fearfully; while in the short quiet between shock and shock, I heard such unearthly sounds, that the very blood

in my heart felt cold — subterraneous cries and groans issued from every part of the grave-yard, and these were mingled with a hollow crashing noise, as if the mouldering bones were bursting from their coffins. Suddenly all these sounds stopped — the earth on each grave was thrown up — and human figures of every age, and clad in the garments of death, rose from the ground and stood by the side of their grave-stones. Their arms were crossed upon their bosoms; their countenances were deadly pale, and raised to heaven. The looks of the young children alone were placid and unconscious; but over the features of all the rest a shadow of unutterable meaning passed and repassed, as their eyes turned with terror from the open graves, and strained anxiously upward. Some appeared to be more calm than others, and when they looked above, it was with an expression of more confidence, though not less humility; but a convulsive shuddering was on the frames of all, and on their faces that same shadow of unutterable meaning. While they stood thus, I perceived that their bloodless lips began to move, and though I heard no voice, I knew by the motion of their lips, that the word would have been — pardon.

But this did not continue long; they gradually became more fearless; their features acquired

the appearance of security, and at last of indifference; the blood came to their lips; the shuddering ceased, and the shadow passed away.

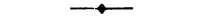
And now the scene before me changed. The tombs and grave-stones had been turned, I knew not how, into dwellings; and the grave-yard became a village. Every now and then I caught a view of the same faces and forms, which I had seen before; but other passions were traced upon their faces, and their forms were no longer clad in the garments of death. The silence of their still prayer was succeeded by the sounds of labor, and society, and merriment. Sometimes, I could see them meet together with inflamed features and angry words, and sometimes, I distinguished the outcry of violence, the oath of passion, and the blasphemy of sin. And yet there were a few who would often come to the threshold of their dwellings, and lift their eyes to Heaven, and utter the still prayer of pardon, while others, passing by, would mock them.

I was astonished and grieved, and was just going to express my feelings, when I perceived by my side a beautiful and majestic form, taller and brighter than the sons of men, and it thus addressed me — "Mortal! thou hast now seen the frailty of thy race, and learned that thy thoughts were vain. Even if men should be wakened from

their cold sleep, and raised from the grave, the world would still be full of enticement and trials; appetite would solicit and passion would burn, as strongly as before; the imperfections of their nature would accompany their return, and the commerce of life would soon obliterate the recollection of death. It is only when this scene of things is exchanged for another, that new gifts will bestow new powers, that higher objects will banish low desires, that the mind will be elevated by celestial converse, the soul be endued with immortal vigor, and man be prepared for the course of eternity." The angel then turned from me, and with a voice, which I hear even now, cried, "Back to your graves, ye frail ones, and rise no more, till the elements are melted." Immediately a sound swept by me, like the rushing wind; the dwellings shrunk back into their original forms, and I was left alone in the grave-yard, with nought but the silent stones and the whispering trees around me.

The sun had long been down; a few of the largest stars were timidly beginning to shine, the bats had left their lurking places, my cheek was wet with the dew, and I was chilled by the breath of evening. I arose and returned to the inn.

ETERNITY OF GOD.



We receive such repeated intimations of decay in the world through which we are passing, decline and change and loss follow decline and change and loss in such rapid succession, that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolation going on busily around us. "The mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones, the things which grow out of the dust of the earth are washed away, and the hope of man is destroyed." Conscious of our own instability we look about for something to rest on, but we look in vain. The heavens and the earth had a beginning, and they will have an end. The face of the world is changing daily and hourly. All animated things grow old and die. The rocks crumble, the trees fall, the leaves fade, and the grass withers. The clouds are flying, and the waters are flowing away from us.

The firmest works of man, too, are gradually giving way; the ivy clings to the mouldering tower, the briar hangs out from the shattered window, and the wall-flower springs from the disjointed stones. The founders of these perishable works have shared the same fate long ago. If we look back to the days of our ancestors, to the men as well as the dwellings of former times, they become immediately associated in our imaginations, and only make the feeling of instability stronger and deeper than before. In the spacious domes, which once held our fathers, the serpent hisses, and the wild bird screams. The halls, which once were crowded with all that taste and science and labor could procure, which resounded with melody, and were lighted up with beauty, are buried by their own ruins, mocked by their own desolation. The voice of merriment and of wailing, the steps of the busy and the idle, have ceased in the deserted courts, and the weeds choke the entrances, and the long grass waves upon the hearth-stone. The works of art, the forming hand, the tombs, the very ashes they contained, are all gone.

While we thus walk among the ruins of the past, a sad feeling of insecurity comes over us; and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we

can hardly speak to them before they bid us farewell. We see them for a few moments, and in a few moments more their countenances are changed, and they are sent away. It matters not how near and dear they are. The ties which bind us together are never too close to be parted, or too strong to be broken. Tears were never known to move the king of terrors, neither is it enough that we are compelled to surrender one, or two, or many of those we love; for though the price is so great, we buy no favor with it, and our hold on those who remain is as slight as ever. The shadows all elude our grasp, and follow one another down the valley. We gain no confidence, then, no feeling of security, by turning to our contemporaries and kindred. We know that the forms which are breathing around us, are as short-lived and fleeting as those were, which have been dust for centuries. The sensation of vanity, uncertainty, and ruin, is equally strong, whether we muse on what has long been prostrate, or gaze on what is falling now, or will fall so soon.

If everything which comes under our notice has endured for so short a time, and in so short a time will be no more, we cannot say that we receive the least assurance by thinking on ourselves. When they, on whose fate we have been meditating, were engaged in the active scenes of life, as

full of health and hope as we are now, what were we? We had no knowledge, no consciousness, no being; there was not a single thing in the wide universe which knew us. And after the same interval shall have elapsed, which now divides their days from ours, what shall we be? What they are now. When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes have been deceived, and a few more changes have mocked us, "we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb, the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us, and every man shall follow us, as there are innumerable before us." All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will be laid low, and every eye will be closed, and every voice hushed, and every heart will have ceased its beating. And when we have gone ourselves, even our memories will not stay behind us long. A few of the near and dear will bear our likeness in their bosoms, till they too have arrived at the end of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of unconsciousness. In the thoughts of others we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, has ceased to vibrate in their ears. A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, when we came here, and when we went away, but even that will soon refuse to bear us record. "Time's effacing fingers"

will be busy on its surface, and at length will wear it smooth, and then the stone itself will sink, or crumble, and the wanderer of another age will pass, without a single call upon his sympathy, over our unheeded graves.

Is there nothing to counteract the sinking of the heart, which must be the effect of observations like these? Is there no substance among all these shadows? If all who live and breathe around us are the creatures of yesterday, and destined to see destruction to-morrow; if the same condition is our own, and the same sentence is written against us; if the solid forms of inanimate nature and laborious art are fading and falling; if we look in vain for durability to the very roots of the mountains, where shall we turn, and on what can we rely? Can no support be offered; can no source of confidence be named? O yes! there is one Being to whom we can look with a perfect conviction of finding that security, which nothing about us can give, and which nothing about us can take away. To this Being we can lift up our souls, and on him we may rest them, exclaiming, in the language of the monarch of Israel, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and

the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure, yea, all of them shall wax old as doth a garment, as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

The eternity of God is a subject of contemplation, which, at the same time that it overwhelms us with astonishment and awe, affords us an immovable ground of confidence in the midst of a changing world. All things which surround us, all these dying, mouldering inhabitants of time, must have had a Creator, for the plain reason, that they could not have created themselves. And their Creator must have existed from all eternity for the plain reason, that the First Cause must necessarily be uncaused. As we cannot suppose a beginning without a cause of existence, that which is the cause of all existence must be self-existent, and could have had no beginning. And as it had no beginning, so also, as it is beyond the reach of all influence and control, as it is independent and almighty, it will have no end.

Here, then, is a support which will never fail; here is a foundation which can never be moved — the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." What a sublime conception! *He inhabits eternity*, oc-

cupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills throughout this boundless dwelling. Ages on ages before even the dust of which we are formed was created, He had existed in infinite majesty, and ages on ages will roll away after we have all returned to the dust whence we were taken, and still He will exist in infinite majesty, living in the eternity of his own nature, reigning in the plenitude of his own omnipotence, forever sending forth the word, which forms, supports and governs all things, commanding new created light to shine on new created worlds, and raising up new created generations to inhabit them.

The contemplation of this glorious attribute of God is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time, and the wrecks of mortality, where everything about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain forever. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on our-

selves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support, because they were so feeble themselves; we can look to the throne of God; change and decay have never reached it; the revolution of ages has never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

And blessed be God, who has assured us by a revelation from himself, that the throne of eternity is likewise a throne of mercy and love; who has permitted and invited us to repose ourselves and our hopes on that which alone is everlasting and unchangeable. We shall shortly finish our allotted time on earth, even if it should be unusually prolonged. We shall leave behind us all which is now familiar and beloved, and a world of other days and other men will be entirely ignorant that once we lived. But the same unalterable Being will still preside over the universe, through all its changes, and from his remembrance we shall never be blotted. We can never be where he is not, nor where he sees and loves and upholds us not. He is our Father and our God forever.

He takes us from earth that he may lead us to Heaven, that he may refine our nature from all its principles of corruption, share with us his own immortality, admit us to his everlasting habitation, and crown us with his eternity.

MILTON'S PROSE WORKS.

THE prose writings of Milton, though they have been praised and recommended by a few who have felt their astonishing power and beauty, are yet but little known among us. We hope, however, that this will not long be the case; and that the excellent edition by Mr. Jenks, will enable many to read the prose of a man with whose poetry they have long been familiar — prose, we will venture to say, hardly inferior to his poetry. As Americans, as lovers of freedom, improvement, and truth, we wish to see these two volumes widely circulated among our countrymen, and deeply read. They are fit manuals for a free people. They are full of those eloquent, soul-stirring, holy lessons of liberty, which do something more than simply persuade and convince the mind; which give it purpose, and principle, and firm resolve; which brace up the heart, while they strengthen the understanding; which render timidity or apostacy impossible; which, at the same time that

they impart the feeling of discipleship, infuse the spirit of martyrdom; because the truths which they inculcate are of such a nature, that those who receive them must contend, and if needs be, must die for them. Therefore it is that we earnestly desire to see the prose works of John Milton generally disseminated; and that we hail with pleasure and gratitude every attempt to make them known. When they are known, it cannot be but that they will produce their impression, and be estimated by many, as they are now estimated by a few, according to their real value.

For ourselves, we can truly say that we never knew Milton, till we were acquainted with his prose writings. We never knew the man till then; never felt how entirely and supremely he was a poet, or, to use his own words, "a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things." We never knew till then, what a noble, high-minded being, what a contemner of littleness and baseness, what a fearless asserter of right and denouncer of wrong, how pure, how virtuous, how incorruptible, how unconquerable he was. How truly the modern poet speaks of him, when he says; "His soul was as a star, and dwelt apart." When we now compare him with his brother stars, we perceive that he has indeed his own separate heaven, where he shines

alone, and not to be approached. If we grant that in the single respect of genius he was second to Shakspeare, and to him alone would we grant him to be second, yet what was Shakspeare's life? What were his occupations, studies, principles? We know nothing of them; they made no impression on the world; they have passed away, and left us no trace; they have procured no respect for the man. We think of Shakspeare's poetry, and not of Shakspeare. His name comes to us as a voice, an abstraction, a beautiful sound. But the name of Milton is inseparably united with the man himself; with the image of his life; with his studious, blameless, brilliant youth; with his diligent, useful, resolute manhood; with his unbroken and undaunted, though blind and neglected, old age; with learning, various, profound, unrivalled; with opinions really liberal, and republican; with convictions which no fear nor flattery could shake; with principles which grew up from the very roots of truth. We will not proceed with other comparisons, which readily suggest themselves to us. They may be pursued by those who are sensible that genius of mind alone ranks far below what may be called genius of life; genius of mind united in admirable consistency with genius of action, genius of purpose, and genius of heart.

There is another thing with which the prose writings of Milton brought us acquainted. We never knew, till we read them, the whole power of our mother tongue. Let him who would understand how rich, how copious, how forcible the English language is, study the prose of Milton, and make himself familiar with his style; but let him not attempt to imitate, let him not hope to equal the master, unless he feel within himself the master's gifts and the master's soul.

But if such is the prose of the great poet, how happens it that it is not more generally known? How happens it that this magazine of just and noble thoughts, high imaginations, and burning words, has been in a manner shut up and unvisited? How happens it, that while the Paradise Lost has been printed in every form and size, in editions without number, for the rich and for the poor, illustrated by the artist, and furnished with notes and commentaries by distinguished scholars, as if it were an ancient classic, that the Areopagitica, The Reason of Church Government, The Animadversions, have been rarely published, and sparingly read?

The two principal reasons of the want of popularity of Milton's prose works, have been usually stated, and truly, to be the peculiarities of their style, and the nature and management of their

topics. Of their style we shall say a few words by-and-by. Of their topics, and the management of them, in which the great cause of their unpopularity is decidedly to be found, we shall speak at once, and more at length.

The prose writings, then, of Milton, are all, both Latin and English, with only one or two exceptions, strictly, and many would say, bitterly controversial. They are theological and political controversies. They wear, therefore, a formidable and forbidding aspect to the generality of readers; for controversy is not a favorite kind of reading; it requires more thought, and a more severe and constant exercise of judgment, candor, patience, and equanimity, than most people are willing or able to bestow and apply; it is rarely conducted by the disputants without more or less asperity; it has acquired a bad name; it is called, by distinction, a thorny path; and many think they cannot walk in it, without danger to their faces and their clothes, and therefore they decline it with terror and aversion. Now we profess ourselves to be great friends of controversy. We regard it with respect and favor, if not absolutely with love. If it is not a pleasant and flowery way, it is the direct road to light and knowledge; and if so, why do we talk about thorns, as if we expected to reach any of the supreme and per-

manent blessings of life, treading all the distance on turf and roses? We are glad that the glorious bard made it his adopted path, and that he pursued it with so untired, so forward, and so firm a step. We would not have had him write on any other subjects but those, which not only singularly involved the destinies of England at the period of his writing, but are inseparably connected with the present, future, lasting welfare of the world. He was peculiarly fitted to elicit and establish truth by controversy; which we are persuaded is its proper, and almost its peculiar office. For the confirmation of this sentiment, we will take the liberty of offering our reasons.

False teachers will arise in all ages, and deceive many; some of them intending to deceive, and others having no such intention. Dreams will be announced as realities, and believed as such; and realities will be scouted as dreams. There is such a perpetual warfare between truth and error in the world, that the old Manichean notion of two great opposing principles of good and evil, who, with their kingdoms of light and darkness, are engaged in constant and tremendous battle, would be little more than an accurate account of the real state of things, if it were stripped of its personifications and oriental imagery. There is a battle between good and evil; there is a struggle between the powers

of light and darkness. Knowledge and virtue are in perpetual conflict with ignorance and vice; and whatever advantages the former may from time to time gain over the latter, the latter are mighty antagonists, who will no doubt maintain the contest obstinately and long.

If the champions of error would in all cases avow themselves to be so; if they would write their name and their purpose on their banners, and send an open defiance, like him of Gath, against the armies of the living God, the contest might be brought to a more certain and speedy issue; but there are few of them who do not profess, either sincerely or insincerely, to be on the side of truth and virtue; and thus they become doubly mischievous by being disguised, and occasion the double necessity of unmasking and overcoming them. Many teachers of what is false and of a pernicious tendency, are as honest as it is possible for self-deceiving humanity to be. They are the first, and most thorough believers of their own dreams; and are fully persuaded that they are dreaming for the cause of truth and the general welfare. The same honest language is held by those who are not actuated by the same pure motives; by those who uphold falsehood for the sake of their own private interests, or through the incitement of their bad passions, but do not confess the influence which

guides and sways them, because they know that interest and passion, however powerful in themselves, are worse than powerless when presented as arguments to others; for he who wishes to be heard with the least patience by his neighbor, must appear to be anxious for his neighbor's good, not merely careful of his own. Tyrants talk of the safety of the state, and the happiness of their people, without saying much about the sweets of absolute power, and the indulgence of all their appetites and luxurious wishes. Indeed, it is not unfrequently the case that interest is louder in its professions of disinterestedness than is disinterestedness itself; for virtue is modest, and hypocrisy is bold; and a part that is acted is likely to be overacted.

To detect error is to overthrow it. But the most desperate antagonists of truth will not allow that they are in the wrong, or, in other words, that they are attacking what really is truth. The world is filled with falsehood, which never calls itself by that name. The diversities of human intellect and feeling, and the influences of education, habit and passion, give rise to innumerable errors, which agree together in two points, in being of a bad tendency, and in assuming the name of truth. On the one hand is falsehood, which thinks itself to be truth; and on the other hand

is falsehood, which is resolved, if possible, to be thought so too, whatever it may think itself. Hence come theories, systems, and plans, varying from each other, and from truth in different degrees; and, just in proportion as they vary from truth, conducing to unhappiness, if not immediately, yet in their remote effects. Wrong opinions and views tend to wrong conduct, and wrong conduct seeks to defend or excuse itself by maintaining plausible and nicely-worded opinions. These are the consequences, natural and inevitable, of human freedom and human imperfection, the bitter fruits of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, plucked from the beginning, and harshly infused into the mingled cup of life. Men are in a state of discipline; and these are the weaknesses, disorders, and rebellions of their pupilage. They are in training for that heavenly harmony which is the end of the Divine government; and these are the sad discords of their inexperience and perverseness, which break in upon the universal melody, and disturb the pure song of the stars.

Surrounded on all sides by bad principles, false opinions, and doubtful disputations, what then is the duty of the sincere, serious, impartial lover of truth? What is his duty, in view of the evils which result from erroneous doctrines, and in regard to those who inculcate them? It plainly

consists in moral courage and intrepidity; in affording a fair and fearless audience to all propositions, and advancing a faithful avowal and defence of his own convictions of truth. To enjoin silence by authority, or attempt to enforce it by penalties, on those who would proclaim their free thoughts, whether for good or evil, is not only a fruitless, but an unwise and an unrighteous expedient. The endeavor to suppress presumed error by physical power, is itself an error of uncommon magnitude; as great as any which it would suppress; and one which the world is beginning to get rid of, by that best of all methods of suppression, consent and dearly-bought experience. Opinions are like certain plants, which thrive, and spread, and weave their roots more firmly together, by being trodden upon and used roughly. The basket which the Corinthian woman set upon the young acanthus, was speedily overtopped and hidden by the rank and resolute leaves which sprung up from beneath it. There is a pride in man which always rises against pressure; and a sympathy in man which takes the part of an oppressed brother. Besides, to punish error is only to proclaim it, and to proclaim without refuting it. Punishment cannot reach the silent and secret thoughts of men; but that which is punished may; and that which is received in secret, will secretly make its progress,

undermining and destroying, like a poison without its antidote; for mere force, or mere denunciation, is no antidote for disorder of the mind.

The only way to deal with error is, to meet it face to face; to examine it critically, feature by feature; to question it boldly, and to answer it fairly. To fly from it, is to tempt it to advance. To fear it, is to acknowledge its power, and to increase it; is to wrong, moreover, the power of truth; to misapprehend the very nature of truth; to doubt the reality of its existence, the divinity of its origin, and the strength and durability of its foundations; to give up the world to the dominion of darkness, and the reign of the evil principle; to deny, practically, that there is anything progressive in intellect, or useful in investigation, or conclusive in reason, or attainable in knowledge. What is it that we fear? Do we fear that God has so constituted the human mind, in relation to whatever is made to concern it, or come before it, that it has no final ability to discern what is good and what is bad; what is stable and what is fleeting; what is and what is not? Do we fear that our Creator has ordained such an affinity between error and the rational part of those whom we are constrained to call his rational creatures, that the two agree more constantly, and always will agree more constantly

and lovingly together, than will the latter and truth? Do we fear that error will naturally bear examination more steadfastly and successfully than truth, or that the human mind necessarily supports what is false, with more ease and vigor than what is real, or that those minds which espouse the cause of evil, are constantly stronger than those which take the good side, or that vice is portioned with such convincing arguments, that virtue cannot answer them? Do we fear these things? Do we apprehend that this is the course and order of the moral world? Then ought our life to be one perpetual fear; we should fear the government of the universe, and the dispensations of eternity.

But if we do not fear that man is made more capable and susceptible of error than of truth, and that error is endowed from above with a permanent superiority here below, then error is not to be feared, but to be faced and opposed. If there is any falsehood which should terrify us, it is that which lives in our own houses, and speaks from our own hearts; and even that, perhaps, is to be handled severely rather than timidly; but that which comes from without, as it must come, and there is no help for it, so let it come. Let the prophet that hath a dream, tell his dream; let us hear it, and know what it is, so that it may be

found to be a dream, and no reality. So long as men will proclaim their fancies, and other men will hear them, let them unburthen themselves; and let them not disperse their spurious ware abroad, till it has undergone its inspection, and received its brand. Error is a disease incident to humanity, and we cannot fly from it; and as there are no means of general prevention, let it develop itself, that we may see it and trace it, and steadily administer its cure. Fear and ignorance go together; and those who timidly shrink from error, are in the way of losing the opportunity of much truth; for truth is often descried by comparison, and the manifestation of that, which among many things presented, is the most worthy. By sifting the dust we discover the diamonds; which, though hidden in the earth, and crusted over with earth, are diamonds still.

Let every ambitious imagination, therefore, take its own course, and come out and show itself. And let not its consequence be needlessly increased by a vain and unreasonable terror, which refuses to confront and rebuke it. It would be a pity, indeed, if all the zeal, and all the courage, and all the alertness, were to be exhibited on the wrong side, and cowardice and torpor alone were to be seen on the right.

At the same time that it is our duty, and also

our policy, to be fearless in regarding error, it is our duty to be intrepid in declaring the truth. If truth is of any value, we should maintain it as if we valued it. If it is of any certain benefit to mankind, we should proclaim it, as the well-wishers of our race. If it is the cause of Heaven, we should plead for it earnestly, as the partakers of a spiritual existence, and the heirs of immortality. If we believe that infinite wisdom and rectitude govern the world, we should join ourselves to its interests, and contend for its rights, as for the course which will finally and completely triumph. He who is convinced that he has the living word within his bosom, has no right to keep it shut up there, pining and drooping for air and light and action. It must go forth and do its work, which is to oppose every false invention of man, and bring it to trial and to condemnation. He who thinks that error and vice are destructive of the best interests of society, and of his own too, as connected with and forming a part of them, what has he to do, but to be the faithful advocate of religion and virtue, if he thinks that religion and virtue are contrary to error and vice, and to be preferred before them? If a man has no settled principles of right, why does he talk about error, or even pretend to fear it? Neither error nor truth is anything to him. But if he is possessed

of settled principles, why does he suffer fear, or fashion, or any motive in the world, to shake his confidence, or prevent him from declaring his convictions ?

Even in questions which are called doubtful, because they divide honest and well-meaning opinions, the lover of truth is to pursue the same course, whenever he has taken his side candidly and with understanding ; and he always will take his side, as soon as he is satisfied that the subject is of sufficient importance to claim his decision. These questions generally grow less and less doubtful every day, the more they are examined and discussed, and the more liberally they are handled. Experience is a principal test of truth ; and as truth is founded on reality, or rather is reality itself, it will sooner or later be made manifest by that test. Sooner or later ; for, in speaking of so long-lived a thing as opinion, which dies not with one generation of men, but enjoys a spiritual and transmitted existence, we must not confine ourselves to short periods of time, but extend our view far behind and far before, — back even to the day when man was created, and forward to any limit within the bounds of probability. We are too apt to become impatient, when we cannot see favorite opinions confirmed in our own lifetime. Our own lifetime is but a moment ; is but

a single beat of the pendulum which measures out the solemn and majestic progress of the ages. We must not attach so much importance to the period of our life. The epochs of mind and morals must be regarded in conjunction with the life of our world; nor must even that life be considered as a long one, as it respects that part of it which is past. The days of its years have as yet, probably, been few, in comparison with those which are still to be numbered. In the mean time, our lives, though short, compose the age of the world, and our labors and inquiries, by their accumulation, must bring about the world's improvement, and add, however gradually, to its experience. The duty involves a struggle, but it is not therefore to be avoided.

Thus thought Milton; and as he thought, so he acted. Not the shadow of a doubt seems ever to have passed over his mind, of the worth and the might of truth; and he scorned with a lofty indignation all aids to her cause, but those which were offered by God's good spirit, and man's free mind. "For who knows not," says he, "that truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she

sleeps; for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound."

With these convictions, Milton never hesitated in his course. Living in a time of great mental as well as physical conflict and distraction, and conscious of the talents which, like powerful engines of warfare, had been given into his trust, he plunged into the mid battle of political and theological controversy, as if it were at once his place and his privilege to contend for the rights of mankind. Though he loved peace, he loved truth more; he loved the souls of men; "which is the dearest love, and stirs up to the noblest jealousy." He preferred his duty before his rest. He knew the toil and danger which awaited him; but he knew also that he had taken his part in "the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat." His great soul was in itself gentle and open as day, and in gentler times would not have appeared in so warlike a guise. He would willingly have framed his measures to the concords of peace; "but," to use again his own matchless speech, "when God commands to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say, or what he shall conceal." The voice of duty, and the testimony of conscience, were to him the

command of God; he did take the trumpet, and blow a blast, "of which all Europe rang from side to side;" a blast which even yet is not silent, but has come echoing down from year to year to us of the present, and will still go sounding on, clear toned and thrilling, through the unknown depths of future time, and from region to region of the globe, till nations will hear and be roused up, that now are dead, and the heart of the whole world shall beat, like the heart of a single champion, at the summons of truth and liberty.

The two principal objects of Milton's attack, were the dignities, dogmas, and ceremonies of English prelacy and kingly forms of government. In his victorious career he met and overthrew all arguments from prescription, antiquity, and a false prudence and caution. He was awed by nothing human; he despised all temporizing and halfway expedients in matters of great moment, all timid recipes of confections and potherbs for violent and critical disorder; and he was not afraid of going too far in the direction of truth, or of announcing her dictates too boldly.

His opinions were evidently in advance of the age, — too much so to be generally received. They are even now in advance of the world, and for a long time to come, perhaps, will continue to be so. On the subjects of toleration, religious

liberty, civil and political rights, education, and the duties and prospects of men, he will forever be on an equal line with the most improved age; for he marched forward at once to the utmost boundary of truth. His treatise on the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," notwithstanding the side which it takes, is in its whole tendency favorable to purity and virtue. The domestic unhappiness with which he himself was afflicted, led him to consider this subject, and no doubt had its influence on his views of it. He convinced himself, and endeavored to convince others, that divorce should be granted on the grounds of opposition of sentiments, habits, temper, and feelings between the parties. But with whatever learning and fervor and skill he maintained this opinion, the convictions of the wisest, most virtuous, and most liberal of mankind have been decidedly against it, and have pronounced it false. We look on this instance as a remarkable proof of the grand principle which pervades all his works, that truth will at last prevail. It has prevailed over eloquence like his.

THE SEA.

——— and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

THOMSON.

"THE sea is his, and he made it," cries the Psalmist of Israel, in one of those bursts of enthusiasm and devotion, in which he so often expresses the whole of a vast subject by a few simple words. Whose else indeed could it be, and by whom else could it have been made? Who else can heave its tides, and appoint its bounds? Who else can urge its mighty waves to madness with the breath and the wings of the tempest; and then speak to it again in a master's accents, and bid it be still? Who else could have poured out its magnificent fulness round the solid land, and

"Laid as in a storehouse safe its watery treasures by?"

Who else could have peopled it with its countless inhabitants, and caused it to bring forth its various

productions, and filled it from its deepest bed to its expanded surface, filled it from its centre to its remotest shores, filled it to the brim with beauty, and mystery, and power? Majestic ocean! Glorious sea! No created being rules thee, or made thee. Thou hearest but one voice, and that is the Lord's; thou obeyest but one arm, and that is the Almighty's. The ownership and the workmanship are God's; thou art his, and he made thee.

"The sea is his, and he made it." It bears the strong impress of his greatness, his wisdom, and his love. It speaks to us of God with the voice of all its waters; it may lead us to God by all the influences of its nature. How, then, can we be otherwise than profitably employed while we are looking on this bright and broad mirror of the Deity? The sacred scriptures are full of references to it, and itself is full of religion and God.

"The sea is his, and he made it." Its majesty is of God. What is there more sublime than the trackless, desert, all surrounding, unfathomable sea? What is there more peacefully sublime than the calm, gently heaving, silent sea? What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea? Power, resistless, overwhelming power, is its attribute and its expression, whether in the careless, conscious grandeur of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath.

It is awful when its crested waves rise up to make a compact with the black clouds, and the howling winds, and the thunder, and the thunderbolt, and they sweep on in the joy of their dread alliance, to do the Almighty's bidding. And it is awful, too, when it stretches its broad level out to meet in quiet union the bended sky, and show in the line of meeting the vast rotundity of the world. There is majesty in its wide expanse, separating and enclosing the great continents of the earth, occupying two-thirds of the whole surface of the globe, penetrating the land with its bays and secondary seas, and receiving the constantly pouring tribute of every river, of every shore. There is majesty in its fulness, never diminishing, and never increasing. There is majesty in its integrity, for its whole vast substance is uniform; in its local unity, for there is but one ocean, and the inhabitants of any one maritime spot may visit the inhabitants of any other in the wide world. Its depth is sublime; who can sound it? Its strength is sublime; what fabric of man can resist it? Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged song of its ripple or the stern music of its roar; whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves, or thunders at the base of some huge promontory, or beats against a toiling vessel's sides, lulling the voyager to rest

with the strains of its wild monotony, or dies away with the calm and dying twilight, in gentle murmurs on some sheltered shore. What sight is there more magnificent than the quiet or the stormy sea? What music is there, however artful, which can vie with the natural and changeful melodies of the resounding sea?

"The sea is his, and he made it." Its beauty is of God. It possesses it, in richness, of its own; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows, as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many-colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own — a soft and sparkling light, rivalling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface, leave streaming behind a milky way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It im-

parts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven. What landscape is so beautiful as one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of its loveliness is from the waters, where it dwells and rests, singing its spells, and scattering its charms on all the coast. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious as those which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves, and fields, and dwellings are so enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea?

If we could see the great ocean as it can be seen by no mortal eye, beholding at one view what we are now obliged to visit in detail and spot by spot; if we could, from a flight far higher than the sea eagle's, and with a sight more keen and comprehensive than his, view the immense surface of the deep all spread out beneath us like a universal chart, what an infinite variety such a scene would display! Here a storm would be raging, the thunder bursting, the waters boiling, and rain and foam and fire all mingling together; and here, next to this scene of magnificent confusion, we should see the bright blue waves glittering in the sun, and while the brisk breezes flew over them, clapping their hands for very gladness — for they do clap their hands, and justify by the life, and almost individual animation which they exhibit, that remarkable figure of the Psalmist. Here,

again, on this self-same ocean, we should behold large tracts where there was neither tempest nor breeze, but a dead calm, breathless, noiseless, and, were it not for that swell of the sea which never rests, motionless. Here we should see a cluster of green islands, set like jewels, in the midst of its bosom; and there we should see broad shoals and gray rocks, fretting the billows and threatening the mariner. "There go the ships," the white-robed ships, some on this course, and others on the opposite one; some just approaching the shore, and some just leaving it; some in fleets, and others in solitude; some swinging lazily in a calm, and some driven and tossed, and perhaps overwhelmed by the storm; some for traffic, and some for state; and some in peace, and others, alas! in war. Let us follow one, and we should see it propelled by the steady wind of the tropics, and inhaling the almost visible odors which diffuse themselves around the spice islands of the East; let us observe the track of another, and we should behold it piercing the cold barriers of the North, struggling among hills and fields of ice, contending with winter in his own everlasting dominion, striving to touch that unattained, solemn, hermit point of the globe, which ships may perhaps never visit, and where the foot of man, all daring and indefatigable as it is, may never tread. Nor are

the ships of man the only travellers whom we shall perceive on this mighty map of the ocean. Flocks of sea birds are passing and repassing, diving for their food, or for pastime, migrating from shore to shore with unwearied wing and undeviating instinct, or wheeling and swarming round the rocks which they make alive and vocal by their numbers and their clanging cries.

How various, how animated, how full of interest, is the survey! We might behold such a scene, were we enabled to behold it, at almost any moment of time on the vast and varied ocean; and it would be a much more diversified and beautiful one; for I have spoken but of a few particulars, and of those but slightly. I have not spoken of the thousand forms in which the sea meets the shore, of the sands and the cliffs, of the arches and grottos, of the cities and the solitudes, which occur in the beautiful irregularity of its outline; nor of the constant tides, nor the boiling whirlpools and eddies, nor the currents and streams, which are dispersed throughout its surface. The variety of the sea, notwithstanding the uniformity of its substance, is ever changing and endless.

"The sea is his, and he made it." And when he made it, he ordained that it should be the element and dwelling-place of multitudes of living beings, and the treasury of many riches. How

populous and wealthy and bounteous are the depths of the sea! How many are the tribes which find in them abundant sustenance, and furnish abundant sustenance to man. The whale roams through the deep like its lord; but he is forced to surrender his vast bulk to the use of man. The lesser tribes of the finny race have each their peculiar habits and haunts, but they are found out by the ingenuity of man, and turned to his own purposes. The line and the hook and the net are dropped and spread to delude them and bring them up from the watery chambers where they were roving in conscious security. How strange it is that the warm food which comes upon our tables, and the substances which furnish our streets and dwellings with cheerful light, should be drawn up from the cold and dark recesses of the sea!

We shall behold new wonders and riches when we investigate the sea-shore. We shall find both beauty for the eye and food for the body, in the varieties of shell-fish, which adhere in myriads to the rocks, or form their close dark burrows in the sands. In some parts of the world we shall see those houses of stone, which the little coral insect rears up with patient industry from the bottom of the waters, till they grow into formidable rocks, and broad forests whose branches never wave, and whose leaves never fall. In other parts we shall

see those "pale glistening pearls" which adorn the crowns of princes, and are woven in the hair of beauty, extorted by the restless grasp of man from the hidden stores of ocean. And, spread round every coast, there are beds of flowers and thickets of plants, which the dew does not nourish, and which man has not sown, nor cultivated, nor reaped; but which seem to belong to the floods alone, and the denizens of the floods, until they are thrown up by the surges, and we discover that even the dead spoils of the fields of ocean may fertilize and enrich the fields of earth. They have a life, and a nourishment, and an economy of their own, and we know little of them, except that they are there in their briny nurseries, reared up into luxuriance by what would kill, like a mortal poison, the plants of the land.

"There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

"There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea."

I have not told half of the riches of the sea. How can I count the countless, or describe as they

ought to be described, those companies of living and lifeless things which fill the waters, and which it would take a volume barely to enumerate and name? But how can we give our minds in any degree to this subject; how can we reflect on a part only of the treasures of the seas; how can we lend but a few moments to the consideration of the majesty and beauty, the variety and the fulness of the ocean, without raising our regards in adoration to the Almighty Creator, and exclaiming, with one of the sublimest of poets, who felt nature like a poet, and whose divine strains ought to be familiar with us all, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayst give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good."

We must not omit to consider the utility of the sea; its utility, I mean, not only as it furnishes a dwelling and sustenance to an infinite variety and number of inhabitants, and an important part of the support of man, but in its more general relations to the whole globe of the world. It cools

the air for us in summer, and warms it in winter. It is probable that the very composition of the atmosphere is beneficially affected by combining with the particles which it takes up from the ocean; but, however this may be, there is little or no doubt, that were it not for the immense face of waters with which the atmosphere comes in contact, it would be hardly respirable for the dwellers on the earth. Then, again, it affords an easier, and, on the whole, perhaps, a safer, medium of communication and conveyance between nation and nation, than can be found, for equal distances, on the land. It is also an effectual barrier between nations, preserving to a great degree the weak from invasion and the virtuous from contamination. In many other respects it is no doubt useful to the great whole, though in how many we are not qualified to judge. What we do see is abundant testimony to the wisdom and goodness of Him who in the beginning "gathered the waters together unto one place."

There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomed, and perhaps unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains, are there, to which the fountains of the earth are in comparison but drops? Who

shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt, which so impregnate its waters, that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them? What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes, may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek, the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been ingulfed by the insatiable and reckless waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this uncounted and idle wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep?

And, oh! yet more affecting to the heart and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiem? What shrouds were wrapped round the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that secret tomb? Where are the bones, the relics of the brave and the fearful, the good and the bad, the

parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother, the sister, and lover, which have been tossed and scattered and buried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea? The journeying winds may sigh, as year after year they pass over their beds. The solitary rain-cloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which lie strewed in that unwonted cemetery. But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulchre? It is mystery all. When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but he to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; he who shall one day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and there shall be "no more sea."

FEMALE LITERATURE.

We hold it to be a fortunate thing for any country, that a portion of its literature should fall into the hands of the female sex; because their influence, in any walk of letters, is almost sure to be powerful and good. This influence appears to us to be so peculiar in its nature, and so important in its action, that we venture to demand the attention of our readers to some remarks upon it, however unworthy of the subject our exposition may be.

To speak first of the influence of female literature on females themselves, we presume that the mere fact of the existence of such a literature produces a very sensible effect on the mental character of those, whom, if it were only for gallantry's sake, we must call the best part of our race. A woman feels a laudable pride in the knowledge that a sister has distinguished herself in an intellectual career; has won a prize in the competition of mind; has vindicated for her sex that equality

with the other, which has been both doubted and denied. Her success is an argument which can be wielded at pleasure, and doubtless with pleasure, against all who would underrate feminine capacity. And it is something more and better than an argument. It is a stimulus; acting on the generous ambition of the whole sex; prompting all to an exertion of their highest faculties; inducing a general disposition to read, to study, to think; making something desirable beside personal attraction, and something enviable, which shall last longer, and be more attainable, than beauty. The objects of pursuit will be exalted and refined. The consciousness of power will produce self-respect, and self-respect will lead to improvement.

Nor will this be the end. Woman, at the same time that she is thus raised in her own estimation, will be necessarily lifted up in the good opinion of man. He will acknowledge her claims on his respect, for the sake of the proofs she has offered of her spiritual endowments; and his behavior will tell her that he regards her neither as the queen nor the plaything of an hour, but as the real companion of his life. Then look at the happy light of this sentiment, as it is reflected back on the man. How much his own worth is increased, by

he better opinions and more respectful feelings which he is obliged to entertain towards woman, and by the deportment and conduct which will be the natural result of those opinions and feelings. How much more estimable, useful, enlightened, he is like to be with an accomplished fellow-creature, than with a brainless idol in his house and in his bosom. How different a being must man be, according as he is united to a companion, or tied to a plaything!

And who perceives not that the influence of woman, thus stimulated and directed, extends yet further, and acts on another generation; on the future men and the future women who are now infants under her care? Who can estimate the power of a mother over the mind of her offspring; and who will say, that this power will not be exerted with far happier prospects and probable consequences, if she is capable of becoming the instructer, than if she is only the nurse of her child?

If we have reasoned justly, it follows that the successful literary efforts of a few females, have a direct tendency to raise the whole mass of human intellect, in a manner, and to a degree, which could not otherwise be accomplished, and which are not to be estimated by common rules of calculation. That some bad consequences may follow a sudden taste or fashion for literature, is nei-

ther to be denied nor wondered at. That two or three females may make themselves exceedingly troublesome to their acquaintance by the annoying perseverance of their high discourse at all times and tides; that a few more may prove too often and too glaringly how little good their reading has done them, by the questions they ask and the answers they give; and that a very few indeed may culpably and ruinously neglect their domestic duties for the circulating library or the goose-quill, are matters of undoubted fact and sad experience; but in a general view of the subject, their importance is inconsiderable. They are hardly worth an estimation, when we are weighing the quantity of good with which they come mixed up, the unavoidable refuse and dust. Who will be so uncourteous and ill-natured as to refuse to make for them a due allowance? Who so perverse as to prefer a stupid and stationary ignorance without these evils, to a state of diffused cultivation and intelligence with them? Will any one forego all the advantages which must necessarily accrue to himself and society, from the intellectual improvement of those who sustain the high and responsible relations of wives and mothers, merely through the fear of a little pedantry or pretension? And is pretension confined to one sex alone? Are there no male pretenders? Are all the smatterers

and idlers in literature women? Not if our ears have given us a true report of the matter. Listen to a beau and a belle discussing one of Sir Walter's novels, or mayhap some graver book or subject, during a morning call, or the pauses of a cotillon; and you will find, where both parties are not on a melancholy equality, that, half the time at least, the advantage in judgment, discrimination, taste, and pertinent remark, will be on the side of the fair one. Throw us into promiscuous society anywhere, and for an hour's literary talk we are quite willing to take our chance with the ladies. The truth is, that wherever literature is at all in vogue, there will be literary pretenders and literary nothings; but the gentlemen will furnish a full quota of both.

We have not yet spoken of the character of female literature, but only of its existence; for its existence alone, whatever may be its character and objects, is capable of exerting, and does exert, all the influences which have already been noticed. A Carter and a Dacier may exalt the whole mental standard of the sex to which they belong, although few or none of those who feel the honor of their celebrity may be able to enter into their studies, and examine the grounds of their reputation as classical scholars. It is enough that their merit is allowed and respected; enough

that their fame is shared with their sex, that emulation is kindled, and that attention is directed to intellectual acquisitions, employments, and pleasures.

But when the impetus has been given, and the noble pride of mind is brought into action; when an authoress is no longer a rarity, and many a titlepage has borne a female name, it will then appear, that female literature has its proper walks; that it is peculiar in its nature and distinct in its influence; and it will appear, too, that these walks are exactly those in which the greatest moral power may manifest and most directly exert itself. Into the paths of abstruse learning few of the sex will bend their steps. Their situation, habits, and feelings lead them not there. They will be found in greener and more pleasant places, whither their own inclinations and capabilities will most naturally conduct them, and where their enchantments will exercise the most potent sway. A single glance at the library of female writers, which, by the way, is now a large as well as a respectable one, will satisfy us, that it comprises two main divisions; the instruction of youth, and what is called, though in some respects improperly and unjustly, the lighter kinds of literature. Books for the nursery and the school will occupy a conspicuous station on one side, while on the other

we shall see novels, tales, essays, and poetry. And if we were asked to point out those descriptions of literature which are the most directly and extensively active on the manners, principles, and tastes, mental and moral, of a community, we think that these are precisely the kinds which we should name.

The power which well-adapted books may exert on the minds of children can hardly be stated in extravagant terms, and will be allowed by every one to be great. And when we consider further, that early impressions, though often weakened, are seldom entirely erased; that good seed on good ground affords an abundant return at the harvest time; that "the child is father of the man;" that a strong direction once given is long, and, in a majority of cases, always retained; and, to put the subject in one other point of view, when we consider that the mother's influence, which, next to the influence of Heaven itself, is the best and dearest and most heavenly, and has been the most frequently and gratefully acknowledged by its objects, may be so effectually aided in its operations by the hints which the parent receives, and the stores of auxiliary instruction and entertainment which are placed at her disposal, in judicious books for children, we shall regard such books not with pleasure alone, but with respect; we shall

esteem it no act of condescension in ourselves, in any one, to turn over their pages; we shall perceive more solid instruction, more beauty, truth, power, in many a little work stitched up in colored paper, bearing a simple wood cut on each side, and thrown about the nursery with as much freedom of dissemination as the most ardent republican could desire, than in many a proud octavo, redolent of Russia, and tenacious of its standing on shelves of mahogany.

Such being the importance of juvenile books, who are the best qualified to make them? and who do make them? To the first question we answer, Women. They are the best qualified to make books for children, who are most in the company of children; who have almost the sole care of children; whose natural sympathies unite them most closely with children, even such of them as have never been mothers themselves; who best know the minds, the wants, the hearts of children; and whose tenderness and gentleness gracefully bend to the ignorance of children, and assimilate most easily and happily with their soft and confiding natures. The child, in its earlier years especially, has no guardian like woman, no friend like woman, and can therefore have no instructer like woman.

And, when we come to answer the next ques-

tion, Who have really devoted their best talents and most anxious care to the education of children; who have written the best books for and about children; we are thankful that we again can answer, Women. Thirty years ago (if we had been in existence then) we could not have answered thus. We should have been compelled to say, There are no books for children; these important members of the human family are destitute; this immensely valuable and infinitely fertile field lies neglected and runs to waste; no seed has been sown there for the propitious skies to mature; the grain is yet to be deposited; the weeds are yet to be eradicated; both man and woman pass it by, and take their labor to other places, and think not of redeeming it, nor know that by care and culture it may be made to blossom like the rose, and fill the earth with its fruits. This we should at that time have been obliged to say. But now we can say, that those whose part and province it was to do this work, have done it, and done it well. We can point to the names of Barbauld and Edgeworth, Taylor and Hoffland, and confidently ask, where there are worthier Men talk of eras in literature. The era of the two first named of those ladies, the era of the "Hymns for Children," and the "Parent's Assistant," was a golden era, pure and bright, and

full of riches, and deserving of a rank among the most glorious dates of improvement. Since that time laborers have been fast coming into the same field, and have worked well; though we must still say, that those who came first worked best. Our own countrywomen have been neither tardy in advancing to this delightful task, nor inefficient in their services. We believe that the best children's books which we have — and we have many which are excellent — are the composition of females; and if we felt ourselves at liberty to do so, we could repeat an honorable, and by no means a scanty list of the names of those who have earned something better than mere reputation, by contributing to form the minds and hearts of our children. Those who are conscious that they belong to the catalogue, have little to ask of fame, and certainly nothing to receive from it half so valuable as that which they already possess — the gratulations of their own hearts.

The department of juvenile literature, then, is almost entirely in female hands. Long may it remain there! Long, for the interests of virtue, and the improvement of our kind, may it be in the heart of woman to nurture the growth, and watch over and direct the early puttings forth of youthful intellect and feeling. While she retains the office, so delightful in itself, and so grave and mo-

mentous in its ends, and even adds to its beautiful dignity by the graceful and effectual manner in which she has hitherto performed its duties, she inspires us with an admiration of a deeper, and more lasting, and, we must also believe, more flattering character, than was the most glowing and romantic love of the days of chivalry. Talk not to us of chivalry, unless it be in poetry, and with the usual latitude and license of poetry. In truth, and in prose, the most refined devotion of knighthood and chivalry is no more to be compared, in purity and elevation, to the sentiments which female excellence now commands, than are those fair ones who then presided at the great duels which we read of under the poetical name of tournaments, and who by their presence and plaudits animated the legalized and courtly slaughter which was raging and struggling beneath them, to be compared to the females of our own time, who, as beautiful, no doubt, and accomplished as they, find it their more appropriate privilege and pleasure to stimulate the fresh powers of childhood to the competitions of knowledge and virtue, and to hold out the meed of approbation to the exertions of innocent and ingenuous minds.

To pass from this department of woman's literary labors to the other, we come to a field, which, though she does not occupy it so exclusively, she

occupies with honor, and in which she has done much good, and still may do more. It is a field, too, which, in common with the former, has been undervalued. We shall not stop to argue with those who contend that novels, and romances, poems and plays, should not be read. It is enough that people will read them as fast as they are written; that beyond other kinds of literature, they are widely diffused, and caught up with an unsatisfied avidity. In one sense, if in no other, they are truly light; for, like those seeds to which nature has given wings, they fly abroad with the four winds, rejoicing in their buoyancy, and disseminating themselves through every land. This lightness is of itself a vast advantage, and the true inquiry is, not whether the advantage shall be used — for that we cannot help — but how it may be best used. As thistle down, and nettle seed are in full possession of it, we ought to turn our attention to those worthier plants, whose seeds are also winged, and favor their culture, and encourage their maturity. The interest, the natural, irrepressible interest, which the passions of men will always take in lively descriptions of passion; the absorbing heed which their affections will render, while the world stands, to writings which address and excite them, should be turned to virtuous ends by all those who love virtue, to useful ends by all

those who honor truth; and every patriot and every philanthropist, every well-wisher to his country or his kind, should rejoice whenever he sees those, who, with the magic wands of poesy and fiction and the potent spells of genius, might lead the spirits of men almost whither they would, and who yet would rather snap their wands asunder, and abjure their spells forever, than wield them for a moment in league with the powers of darkness; who would rather die, than lure men, by any charms of theirs, from the paths of uprightness and life.

The purity and the goodness of woman have here done their proper work. They are seen and felt in the elegant literature of the times. They have greatly contributed to chasten the morals of literature, and establish a code of laws, by which offences against decency are condemned as offences against taste. We would hazard the opinion, that to their absence the prevailing licentiousness of old English literature is in some degree to be ascribed. There were no female authors in those days when ribaldry was deemed essential to the drama, if to no other species of writing; and when a novel was thought none the worse, perhaps all the better, for describing scenes, which we trust would now be the proscription of any book whatever. They have now come in, follow-

ing the conduct of their own taste and peculiar powers, to try their skill in providing the intellectual entertainment of society; and a chaster tone of public sentiment has been, in part, the consequence of the trial. We would not give an unreasonable share in the reformation to the influence of female literature; but we have no doubt whatever, that the coöperation of that with other meliorating influences has been of the utmost importance to the final effect. How should it be otherwise? Why should not the modesty and delicate feeling of woman refine and soften the character of society as much in her writings, as in her manners and conversation and life?

That some females seem to have forgotten their sex, and to have prided themselves on throwing off their peculiar qualities, and adopting the coarser habits of men, in their literary performances, is true. But such cases are happily, and as we think, necessarily rare. The masquerade is out of nature, and gives no pleasure to those whose approbation is valuable. It is like the occasional adoption of masculine attire by heroines of the stage. All may not be disgusted with the metamorphosed individual, but certainly none can respect, and few can approve.

If there is a poison more subtle, more deadly, and, alas, more palatable, than all others, it is the

poison of passion, which is communicated far and wide through the medium of books of amusement. If there is a medicine more healthful, pleasant, and precious than others, it is the antidote of virtuous principle conveyed through the same medium, acceptable to all tastes, and spreading wherever the poison had spread. The hand of woman has been doing its proper office in largely administering the healing potion. The gentle and faithful nurse of our bodily sicknesses has extended her care to our mental and moral constitution, assiduously and with success. Both services belong to her, and in both capacities she is at home. She cannot be false to her nature. The cause of virtue must always find in her an advocate. While she uses the pen, she must always use it to inculcate the graces which she loves, and in which she herself excels. If our literature needs a preservative against the deleterious infusions of licentiousness and folly, we look confidently to her, for we shall find it in the enthusiasm of her heart, and the strength of her good principles. But if our confidence should prove to be misplaced; if our anticipations should be disappointed; if woman should ever turn recreant to her own interest, her own happiness, her own nature; if she too should begin to blot the fair page of letters with unseemliness, and make the mind and soul instruments of

their own degradation; then, though we are not apt to despair of anything that is good, then we should either give up the cause, or look for direct interposition from above, for vain would be the help of man.

MORAL EDUCATION.

We have abundant reason for gratitude to Heaven, and to those instruments in the hands of Heaven, our worthy ancestors, for the numerous and excellent institutions of learning, and means of education which we in this country enjoy. For the most part, we evince our gratitude for them by the value which we set upon them; though we are not yet grateful enough, for we do not yet value them highly enough. We do not value them highly enough, because we do not correctly appreciate, nor universally understand, the great purpose and end of instruction. Many among us are not in the habit of regarding this purpose as a moral purpose, and this end as a moral end. We are afraid that, from the poorest to the richest of us, the mind is considered as the principal object of education, and the information of the mind as education's peculiar and ultimate design. Though there exists very remarkably in our country, or at least in this part of our country, a great

desire in parents to secure an education to their children, and a general willingness to spend their money for this gift, yet we believe that it is common for the poor to bestow what means of education they can on their children, under the sole idea of preserving them from the disgrace and the inconvenience of ignorance, and for the rich to furnish their children with every accomplishment which wealth can command, with the predominant impression and hope that they are qualifying them to push their way in the world, and make a figure in the eyes of society. They do not seem to extend their views, or if at all, not with a due anxiety, to that far nobler and more important office of education, which is simply and beautifully described in the words of the prophet Ezekiel. They seem not to apprehend that it confers its best and most finished endowment on their offspring, only when it has taught them "the difference between the holy and profane, and caused them to discern between the unclean and the clean."

This is education's perfect work. When it has done this, it has done everything; and till it has done this, it has done nothing effectually. Who has a finished education, as far as any education may be called finished? Not he who is often complimented by the world on its possession.

Not he who has been through all the most expensive schools, and yet without learning his duty to God and his neighbor. No; if he is master of all accomplishments; if his brain is filled to its remotest cell with all manner of knowledge, and still he does not discern, or does not act as if he discerned, between the unclean and the clean, his education is not finished in the most important respect; it is imperfect; it has stopped short of its destination; for it has stopped short of true wisdom, and the pupil is as yet immature, superficial, unfurnished. Who has a finished education? He has it, who, though he may have only learned to read and write, has learned, beside, the difference, the immense difference, between the holy and profane; has cultivated his moral capacities; has acquired sound opinions, and firm principles, and good habits; has preferred and chosen the paths and the rewards of virtue. His education is really finished, for its true end is attained; it has given him the wisdom to perceive, the ability to discharge, his personal, his social, his religious obligations; it has placed him as a column in the great fabric of human relations; and though he may not adorn that fabric, to the eye, as much as some other columns which art has more carefully enriched, he supports it quite as well in the simple beauty of strength and durability.

We mean not to say that everything which informs, and enlarges and embellishes the mind, has not a natural tendency to educate the heart, and establish the character on enduring foundations. We cannot be such recreants to the noble cause and holy faith of letters. We believe that education, in all its fulness, and all its variety, has a powerful and beneficial influence on morals. It is precisely because we believe this, that we say it is never finished till it has exerted that influence; morals being its end. Mind is its first object, but it is not its only, nor its final object. Through the mind it must reach the moral sentiments and convictions, or it reaches not its mark. That is but a partial education, which does not lead its pupil to the knowledge and the practice of duty. That is a complete education, the education of a man, which makes a man feel himself one; an accountable creature of God; a free and a noble spirit, discerning the difference between the holy and profane, the unclean and the clean, and renouncing the evil and embracing the good, for his own sake, for society's sake, and for God's sake.

That by such an education, and in no other way, or in no other way so well, some of the greatest blessings of life are to be widely and permanently secured, we have no doubt. If

such an education is impracticable to any greater extent and degree than has already been attained, then, with all our faith in human improvement, we should be obliged to acknowledge that no further improvement was to be hoped for, in this world. A few remarks on some of the advantages which can only result from a general and thorough system of moral education, will best explain our reasons for attributing to it so great an importance.

We must be permitted to say, then, that we know not in what other way the best political blessings are to be secured to our country. We are as prosperous, as powerful, and as free as we are, chiefly because we have been thus far, and comparatively speaking, an intelligent and a moral people; because knowledge has been remarkably diffused among us, and our habits have been simple, and for the most part virtuous and religious. But luxury has increased with our wealth, corruption with our numbers, and ambition with our strength. The virtue which carried us through the time of our tribulation, may relax and be dissolved in the time of our prosperity. Those principles of honesty, and justice, and freedom, which we only wrapped the more closely about us while the storms of persecution and poverty were blowing, may be loosened, and perhaps

thrown off, under the warm suns of plenty and ease. It was a day of peril and of trial, when, to guard their rights and liberties against an arrogant and superior force, our fathers stood on the brink "few and faint, yet fearless still," and dared and suffered the worst; but, if we are not greatly mistaken, our country may see a day more perilous and trying than that; the day when it will have to contend with the passion, and the pride, and the lust of its own children. If it escapes from such a trial safely and with honor, it will be only owing to the prevailing moral sentiment of the people, diffused through their mass by all the efforts and means of a moral education.

We form a republic. We are all politically equal. The right of government is shared by every individual in the nation; and Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise. But this right of government must be delegated somewhere. We must have rulers like other nations. We appoint these rulers ourselves, and in their hands we place in trust much of our happiness. What is to secure to us good rulers, rulers who will respect and watch that sacred deposit, but the widest diffusion of correct opinions and feelings through the influences of a moral education? What is to secure us against unprincipled rulers, but a deep respect for principle, and a stern, uncompromising de-

mand for men of principle, and a universal determination to bestow no confidence on talent alone without principle? What is to secure us against the winding, specious, flattering arts of political quacks and demagogues, but an understanding sufficiently informed to detect those arts, and a virtue sufficiently elevated to despise them? What, in fine, is to carry the best men to the highest and most responsible places, but the existence and the predominance in the community of worth, of moral worth, which will appreciate and sympathize with, and seek out worth like its own, for honor, office and trust? And how shall we secure this moral worth in the community, unless it is instilled, guarded and confirmed by all the influences and appliances of a moral education universally diffused.

And what, again, we ask, is to preserve us from a national passion for war and the deeds of war, an admiration of military fame, a love of dominion, a thirst of conquest? What is to preserve us from these things, which have been among the deepest stains and curses of the world from the world's childhood, but a general sentiment, which, with purged and undazzled eyes, shall view war rather as a scourge, a judgment, than as a theatre of glory? Why should we not go on, as other nations have gone on, extending our posses-

sions by the sword, and losing them by the sword, attacking and attacked, spoiling and spoiled, and devoting treasure, talent and life, to the insane purpose of fighting with the rest of the world, and entailing on ourselves that misery, be it splendid or otherwise, which is always entailed by ambitious war, unless we are taught by experience and religion to regard war as that last, terrible resort, which good men in all ages, though not, alas! the multitude, have considered it to be? If we feel and think on this and kindred subjects as other nations have thought and felt, why should we not take the path of other nations, and stride on through luxury, and what is called glory, to ruin and oblivion?

Everything depends, under Providence, on the education, and intellectual and moral habits of our people. Where each man has, as here, a voice and a vote, the fate of the whole hangs on the disposition and character of the majority. If the majority, the great mass of the nation, are brought up to entertain sober views, to regard consequences, to suspect their passions and respect their reason, to divest themselves of sectional prejudices, to study the things that make for peace, to know and to feel the difference between the holy and profane, and to value virtue more than fame or eloquence, or anything else

that can be named, then there can be no fear for our liberty, our prosperity, our union, or stability; no fear of enemies without or factions within, no fear of bad rulers, or misguided mobs, or any permanently evil influence, for power will be righteous, and righteousness will be all powerful; there will be a natural junction of right and might which nothing human can overcome and disturb. But if the majority are to grow up uninformed, undisciplined, discerning nothing but the present, and that but partially and passionately, overflowing with local and petty antipathies, south against north, and east against west, easily inflamed, easily led, and always most easily by the most interested guides, then fear may augur the worst.

These remarks are made without any reference to the present promises or prospects of the country, which we are willing to believe are of a favorable description. We have merely been drawing inferences from the nature of our government. We, the people, govern ourselves. The main object of our solicitude, therefore, an object of far more importance than any temporary question of party politics, should be, to know *how* to govern ourselves, or, which with us amounts to the same thing, how we ought to be governed. In other words, our first political duty

is a moral self-education, as thorough as possible, and as widely diffused. If we faithfully attend to this duty, it requires little sagacity to predict that our destiny is a truly glorious one, the most glorious that has yet been achieved on earth. If we neglect it, it requires as little to foresee, that if our fortune is not to be more melancholy than that of other nations has been, it will differ but little from the common course; we shall follow in the beaten track, and pursue the accustomed trade,

> "A wild and dreamlike trade of blood and guile,
> Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!"

But we will pass from this topic, which may be thought to be of too general a nature, and touch upon one or two others which are more special and definite.

Let us speak of the influence of a moral education in suppressing or checking a vice which has been said, but we hope not truly, to be more common in this country than in any other. Whether more common or not, it is fearfully prevalent, and comparison is altogether unnecessary to impress us with a vivid sense of its magnitude. We mean the vice of intemperance. We need not describe it, its nature, character, or consequences. We need not tell how odious and degrading it is in

itself, and how often it becomes the parent of other vices, as bad, or worse. Its ravages have been so extensive and terrible, that within a few years the public attention has been most seriously directed to it, and various measures have been proposed and tried with the design of arresting its progress. For this purpose, societies have been formed, sermons have been preached, tracts have been distributed, newspapers have been established. These means have in some degree, perhaps we should say, in a great degree, effected their end. Let them not be sneered at because they have not effected everything. There was never a society formed yet, by sensible men, with a moral object in view, which did not accomplish something toward that object. United thoughts suggest expedients, and united efforts arrest public attention. Thus much has been done, if no more, by the societies which have been formed for the suppression of intemperance. From the nature of the case, this is about all which they can do, or ought to be expected to do. Much remains to be done by education, by moral education, which nothing but a moral education can do. The lessons of moderation must be particularly enforced on the young. They must be made to see the sure connection between intemperance and shame and misery. They must be made to consider a

spectacle of intoxication in the street, as a subject, not of mirth, but of pity and dread. They must be taught that there are other and better social pleasures than that of drinking; that there are other and more effectual consolations in sorrow than that of drinking; and those pleasures and those consolations must be placed before them, and within their reach. They must be taught to feel that they have a nature too high and heavenly in its origin and capacities, to be enslaved to an indulgence lower than brutal. They must respect it, and fear to wrong and insult and debase it. They must be led to exercise self-government; to know their own strength, and to rejoice in it; to feel themselves superior to a poor temptation of appetite; to feel it to be impossible that they could ever sacrifice their respectability, their substance, their health, their talents, the feelings of their friends, and the favor of their God, to the vile solicitations of intemperance.

These are lessons which can and must be taught more assiduously than they ever yet have been. These lessons of wisdom, prudence, and duty, begin at the beginning, and by preventing the vice, do better than cure it. They may be inculcated by various instructers, and in ten thousand different ways. They may be taught to the poor, as well as to the rich. There is nothing chimerical

in the idea of such instruction. If there is, the idea of any improvement in this respect is chimerical. One thing appears to us very evident, which is, that nothing but lessons of morality and soberness, well taught and well learned, will make us a sober people; for nothing but a moral elevation will raise us above a moral reproach; and those who are low in their thoughts, sentiments, and principles, will be also low, and you cannot help it, in their pleasures and tastes.

There is another subject on which we would say a few words in this connection, because it is also one which has occupied considerable attention in this portion of the country. We refer to the observance of the Lord's Day as a day of rest. The reason for the attention which has been lately paid to this subject, is not that the Lord's Day has not been observed here, but that it has hitherto been observed with such extreme strictness, that any deviations from the former course have been regarded by many as alarming proofs of degeneracy. The truth is, that the Christian Sabbath is remarkably well kept in this section of the country; but as population increases, variety of pursuits will keep pace with it, some of which will be incompatible with the strict observance of the day of rest. Travelling, for instance, of all kinds, will increase, and of course necessary travelling, and

all the means, facilities, and appendages of travelling. To make a law which should distinguish between necessary and unnecessary travelling and their accompaniments, would be impossible. Nor would the people long submit to any law on the subject; nor ought they; it would be reversed, or it would fall into disuse. The only provisions which can be made with regard to it, are the provisions of moral education. We have begun well. We are in a good path. We have inherited from our forefathers a respect for the Lord's Day, its duties and its rest. We devoutly hope that the inheritance may never be undervalued or dissipated; that the feeling may never be diminished. But we are sincerely of opinion, that the only method of insuring so desirable an object, is to keep up, and indeed greatly to confirm and spread abroad, the moral habits of the people, by making a moral education our chief concern. If we cherish among us a regard for religious privileges, for order, for peacefulness, for duty, we need not tremble for the Christian Sabbath. A day, which in its quiet observance harmonizes so beautifully with these blessings, and contributes so much to their security, will always be well observed. Man will see that it is made for him, for his use and for his good, and he will keep it holy. But if the public moral sentiment, and perception of obliga-

tion, and love of quiet happiness and intellectual occupation, are not fostered; if boisterous pleasures come to be preferred to peaceful ones, and dissipation to improvement, the Lord's Day, so long hallowed by us, and endeared to us, will be desecrated, as a matter of course, and a volume of laws could not prevent the desecration. We do not permit ourselves to harbor the fear that such an event will take place; but if it should, our Sabbath bells, which have heretofore rung out, on every first day of the week, their cheerful call to rest and praise and prayer, might well be taught to toll a knell throughout the land for the death of ancient virtue.

Why should we say more? The simple fact that the course and the fate of this country depend, under Providence, on the character of the mass of its inhabitants, is proof sufficient to my mind, that the moral education of all classes, and all ages, but more particularly of the poor and the young, is the one thing needful. If the people are lifted up into knowledge, virtue, and respectability, their course will be an elevated one; if not, it will be a vulgar, and finally a miserable one; for they will take their own way.

If we are asked, what are the means of moral education, and how they are to be applied, and who shall apply them, we answer, the means are

numberless, and they are to be applied in many various ways, and by many descriptions of persons, a few only of which we have time to specify.

Schools are to be supported with liberality, and multiplied to the extent of the demand. Too many children should not be crowded together in one school, nor more pupils be placed under one master than he can well attend to. Our good opinion of a town always rises, according to the number of schools which it contains in proportion to the number of its inhabitants.

The office of instructer of youth should always be regarded as an important and dignified office, and treated accordingly. Instructers of the best acquirements should always be sought for; and when found, should be honored and well supported. You certainly do not wish to look down on him as an inferior, who has the care of the minds of your children. But you cannot avoid doing so, unless his talents and attainments really entitle him to your respect; and you cannot think of obtaining one thus respectable, unless you afford to his labors that remuneration which they would secure in other professions. It is poor policy and poor economy, to look out for the cheapest schoolmaster who is to be had; for the cheapest is generally the dearest, because he is generally the least worth what is given for him. A good education, a really

good education, is the best legacy which you can leave to your children; and it becomes you to be sparing in anything rather than in that. We do not mean that you should be extravagant, even in education; but, we adjure you, parents, by all that is worthy and respectable, by the honor and happiness of your children, and by your own hopes for them, do not consider education the least of necessaries, or the least of comforts; do not put it down among the lowest of your expenses; do not make it the last of your indulgences, but rather the first. It is, as we have said, the best legacy. It has no wings, like riches. It does not pass away with youth. It cannot be alienated, and it only increases in value with years. Let the instructers of your children, therefore, be well qualified to instruct them. Above all, see that they are unimpeachable in their moral character; for no other qualification will supply the absence of this. The air of a school-room is tainted and poisoned by the presence of an immoral teacher; let not your children breathe it.

Books of instruction are to be carefully examined and selected, that they may always inculcate the soundest and purest views of life, conduct, and happiness, and inculcate them in the most engaging and convincing manner. Children receive many of their first and deepest impressions from

school-books. It is highly important that these impressions should be of a virtuous stamp, and that they should also be associations of pleasantness.

No change in the modes of education, which promises to be a real improvement, should be slighted. We must not permit our attachment to old methods to prevent our adopting new ones which are better. Experiment is the natural pioneer of improvement, and should not be discouraged in its vocation and duty. Education has already been made to bear closely and powerfully on the mass. We should leave no means untried to make it bear still more closely and powerfully. Lyceums have done and are doing much in our villages. Public lectures have done and are doing much in our cities and towns. We have it from unquestionable authority, that crowds of young men attend constantly and with interest on these means of information, who, a little while ago, spent their evenings at places of resort, which are always very questionable, often fatal. This change cannot operate otherwise than to produce great and general benefit.

Parents — what a weight of responsibility there is upon them! How much the moral education of their children depends on their efforts, advice, and example! What a power they have over the

character of the coming generation! How deeply does it concern them to inculcate on those entrusted to their care, the necessity of virtue and religion, and to show forth their beauty and glory by the whole course of their example! Vain will be the teaching of schools, if they are not confirmed at home. Vain will be the lessons of the tutor, if they are not seconded by the precepts and conduct of the father and the mother. The child must not only read of goodness and purity in the books which are placed before him; he must read of them in the looks, the words, and the actions of those whom nature directs him to imitate, and habit brings him to resemble. There is hardly a sight so distressing, so alarming, to the real patriot and philanthropist, as the sight of parents, who, whatever they may teach with their lips, are teaching their children, day by day, in the constant tenor of their lives, to be selfish, to be frivolous, to be worldly, to be deceitful, to prefer earthly things to heavenly, to cherish the body and to forget the soul.

Parents and instructers should not only select good books for those who are committed to their oversight, but should qualify themselves for this and other kindred duties, by reading and digesting the best books on education, and thus instruct themselves. Much is doubtless to be left to the

good sense and daily experience of those who have the guidance of the young; but we should be far from respecting the self-confidence of any one who should think himself above deriving assistance from such books. He should have the care of no child of ours. And yet we should dislike a literal bigot to any particular system of education, as much as we dislike a bigot to a set of theological articles, or any system whatever.

As moral education is nearly connected with general education, the instruction which is given to all classes of society should be as generous and liberal, as various and elevated, as means and circumstances will allow. In a country like this, if you would have a moral people, you must have an educated people, a people who are taught something more than to read and write. Do not fear that education will make the poor vain and pedantic. Be assured that the more they know, the less vain they will be of their knowledge. And even if a variety of information should have the effect upon them which is feared, it is far better that they should be vain and pedantic, than coarse, sensual, and criminal. There is no reason to apprehend that any considerable number of those who are to gain their living by their toil, will quit their tools and their shops, and turn

knights-errant in a dim and visionary quest of literary adventure. A few individuals, peculiarly constituted, or peculiarly influenced, may do so; but common sense and necessity will keep all the rest to the work or employment to which they are bred, and for which they are fitted, and in which, whatever it may be, every one may raise himself above want and above contempt. The great evil to be apprehended is a want rather than an excess of a disposition to mental exertion and improvement. For what are the principal causes of crime? They are inconsiderateness and idleness. They are the want of habits of reflection, and the want of innocent and interesting employment. Both of these wants are supplied by education. Teach people to reflect and give them the means of mental occupation, and in general they will avoid crime, because they will be aware of its miserable consequences, and will have something better to think of and to accomplish. Every exercise of the mind which causes it to know how to use itself, and every species of information which furnishes it with objects of employment, is a more powerful security against crime, than any physical durance which can be devised.

Let everything be taught, then, for which there is time and opportunity. Away with that libel and insult on the mind of man, that it was not

formed for improvement, and that knowledge is not good for it. Pour down instruction on the land, even on our land, like rain, for even yet it is dry and athirst. "Let the ridges thereof be watered abundantly. Let the showers drop upon the pastures and the wilderness, till they rejoice on every side, and shout and sing!"

RELIGION OF THE SEA.

"In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to thee!
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide."

J. NEWTON.

THE ocean is wonderful and divine in its forms and changes and sounds, in its grandeur, its beauty, its variety, its inhabitants, its uses and its mysteries, in all that strikes the sense and is immediately apprehended by the understanding. But besides all these, and lying deeper than all, it possesses a moral interest, which is partly bestowed upon it, and partly borrowed from it, by the mind of man. The soul finds in it a fund of high spiritual associations. Analogies are perceived in it, which connect it most affectingly with our mortal life, with dread eternity, and with Almighty God himself, the source and end of all. And thus it

becomes a principal link in that great chain of purpose and sympathy, with which the Creator has bound up all matter and mind, together with his own infinite being, in one consenting whole.

The sea has often been likened to this our life. Poetry is fond of remarking resemblances between it and the passions and fortunes of humanity. Our contemplations launch forth on its capacious bosom, and gather up the images and shadowings of our existence and fate, of what we are, and what is appointed to us. Do we see its multitudinous waves rushing blindly and impetuously along wherever they are driven by the lashing wind? They remind us of the tempest of an angry mind, or the tumult of an enraged people. Are the waves hushed, and is a calm breathed over the floods? It is the similitude of a peaceful breast, of a composed and placid spirit, or a quiet, untroubled time. Doubts, anxieties, and fears pass over our minds, as clouds do over the sea, tinging them, as the clouds tinge the waters, with their deep and threatening hues. Does a beaming hope or a golden joy break in suddenly upon us, in the midst of care or misfortune? What is it but a ray of light, such as we sometimes behold sent down from the rifted sky, shining alone in the dark horizon, a sun-burst on a sullen sea?

Then how often are the vicissitudes of life com-

pared with the changes of the ocean. Who that has been abroad on the sea, who that has heard or read anything of its phenomena, does not know that to the most propitious winds and skies which can bless the mariner, frequently succeed those which are the most adverse and destructive; that the morning may rise with the fairest promises, bringing the favoring breeze, and smiling over the pleasant water, and ere the evening falls, or before high noon is come, the scene may be wrapt in gloom, the steady gale may be converted into the savage blast, the gay sunbeams may be followed by the blue lightnings, and the floods above be poured down on the floods below, as if together they were determined, as of old, to drown and desolate the world? And do not these things take place in the voyage of human life? Who knows not how often youth sets sail with flattering hopes and brilliant prospects, which are changed before manhood, into dreary disappointment or black despair? Who knows not how often and how suddenly the sun of prosperity may be covered up from sight, and its glowing rays be quenched in the coldness and darkness and fearfulness of howling adversity? Who knows not that in the midst of joy and peace, the billows of affliction may all at once rise up, and roll in upon the soul? "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," cries

the mourning Psalmist; and again he complains, "Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves." And there is not, perhaps, in all literature, sacred or profane, a more striking image of dank, weltering, utter desolation, than is contained in the exclamation of the prophet Jonah: "The depth closed me round about," says he; "*the weeds were wrapped about my head.*"

Though no voyage, on the sea or in life, is free from vicissitudes, yet the same changes happen not to all, nor do all suffer the same or equal reverses. Our barks are all abroad on the wide surface of existence, and some experience more severe and frequent storms, or more baffling winds than others. For some, the gales of prosperity appear to blow, as we may say, tropically, so fair and steady is the course of fortune into which they seem to have fallen; while others appear to have encountered, almost at the outset, an unfavorable vein, which has opposed, wearied and persecuted them to the very end. To that end they all arrive, sooner or later. The ocean has many harbors; life has but one. It is safe and peaceful. There the tempests cease to rage, and all the winds of heaven fold up their wings, and rest. There the mariner reposes from all his toils, and

forgets his perils and fears, his watchings and fatigues. The billows are without; they foam and toss in vain. The sails are furled, and the anchors are dropped. "We sail the sea of life," says the poet,

> "We sail the sea of life — a calm one finds,
> And one a tempest — and, the voyage o'er,
> Death is the quiet haven of us all."

Thus discourses the ocean on the great themes of mortality — the eloquent ocean, sounding forth incessantly, in its deep-toned surges, a true and dignified philosophy; repeating to every shore the moral and the mystery of human life.

But it does something more. It is so vast, so uniform, so full, so all-enveloping, that it leads the thoughts to a sublimer theme than life or time, to the theme of dread eternity. When contemplations on this subject are suggested by it, human life shrinks up into a stream, wandering through a varied land, now through flowers, and now through sands, now clearly and now turbidly, now smoothly and quietly, and now obstructed and chafed, till it is lost at last in the mighty ocean, which receives, and feels it not. There is nothing among the earthly works of God, which brings the feeling — for it can hardly be termed a conception — the feeling of eternity so powerfully to the soul, as

does the "wide, wide sea." We look upon its waves, succeeding each other continually, one rising up as another vanishes, and we think of the generations of men, which lift up their heads for a while and then pass away, one after the other, for all the noise and show they make, even as those restless and momentary waves. Thus the waves and the ages come and go, appear and disappear, and the ocean and eternity remain the same, undecaying and unaffected, abiding in the unchanging integrity of their solemn existence. We stand upon the solitary shore, and we hear the surges beat, uttering such grand, inimitable symphonies as are fit for the audience of cliffs and skies; and our minds fly back through years and years, to that time, when, though we were not, and our fathers were not, those surges were yet beating, incessantly beating, making the same wild music, and heard alone by the overhanging cliffs, and the overarching skies, which silently gave heed to it, even as they do now. In the presence of this old and united company we feel on what an exceedingly small point we stand, and how soon we shall be swept away, while the surges will continue to beat on that very spot, and the cliffs and the skies will still lean over to hear. This is what may be called the feeling of eternity. Perhaps the feeling is rendered yet more intense,

when we lie on our bed, musing and watching, and hear the sonorous cadences of the waves coming up solemnly and soothingly through the stillness of night. It is as the voice of a spirit — as the voice of the spirit of eternity. The ocean seems now to be a living thing, ever living and ever moving, a sleepless influence, a personification of unending duration, uttering aloud the oracles of primeval truth.

> "Listen! the mighty being is awake,
> And doth with his eternal motion make
> A sound like thunder, everlastingly."

Where are the myriads of men who have trodden its shores, and gone down to it in ships? They are passed away. Not a single trace has been left by all their armaments. Where are the old kingdoms which were once washed by its waves? They have been changed, and changed again, till a few ruins only tell where they stood. But the sea is all the same. Man can place no monuments upon it, with all his ambition and pride. It suffers not even a ruin to speak of his triumphs or his existence. It remains as young, as strong, as free, as when it first listened to the Almighty Word, and responded with all its billows to the song of the morning stars.

> "Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
> Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

It is this immutability, which, more than any other of the attributes of ocean, perhaps, impresses our minds with the sentiment of eternity, and gives to it its character of superiority among the works of God. Earth never frees itself entirely from the subjection of man. It constantly receives and covers his fallen remains, indeed, but is made to bear memorials of the victor, even after he is vanquished. All over the world, we see the vestiges of former generations; their caves, their wells, their pyramids, their roads, their towers, their graves. But none of these things are on the sea. Its surface is unmarked but by its own commotions; and when it buries man or man's works, the sepulture is sudden and entire; a plunge, a bubble, and the waters roll on as before, careless of the momentary interruption of their wonted flowing. Thus immutable, thus unworn and unsullied is ocean. To what shall it be compared, but to the highest subjects of thought, to life and to immortality? It allies itself in its greatness more with spirit than with matter. It holds itself above subjection or control. It seems to have a will, a liberty, and a power.

As these are high associations, they readily lead us up to Him who is above all height. There is a natural connection between all sublime and pure sentiment, and the conception of Deity. All

grandeur directs us to him, because we have learnt that he is greatest. We cannot stop in the creature, after we have received any true ideas of the Creator. And thus God himself comes, as if by an influence of his spirit, into our minds, when we are looking upon the sea, or listening to its roar, and imbibing the emotions which it is so powerful to excite. Where he comes, he reigns. The conception of God, when it enters, takes the throne of authority among the other thoughts, and brings them into easy subordination. And then we think how inferior and dependent are all might and majesty, compared with his. The eternity of ocean becomes a brief type of the eternity of him who made it, and all its grandeur as a passing shadow of his. It does not, however, lose any of its interest, by this kind of inferiority. Nothing is lessened to the pious mind, by being esteemed less than the Supreme. It retains its connection with eternity and God, and is exalted by its glorious dependence. It puts on the aspect, and speaks with the added solemnity of religion; telling us that all its power and magnificence are from the Maker, and that if it is full of beauty, and life, and usefulness, and mystery, it is because the Maker is good and wise and infinite. The sea has been called the religious sea. It is religious, as it suggests religious thoughts and emotions. And as

the feelings excited by a noble object in a contemplative soul, are always in some degree reflected back upon that object, the sea will appear to be in its own self religious; to know that it is lying in the hollow of the Almighty's hand; to chant loud anthems to his praise in the noise of its rushing floods, and to send up its more quiet devotions in the breathing stillness of its calms. In short, we know nothing of the sea as we ought to know, we feel nothing of its best and sublimest inspirations, unless we receive from it, and communicate to it, the thoughts and feelings of religion; unless we grow devout as we gaze, and return from contemplating it with the consciousness that we have entered into a nearer union with God.

The moral associations which have now been described as naturally arising from the soul's converse with the sea, are all in a great degree definite. The deep is, as it were, freighted and laden with them, and bears them richly to our receiving bosoms. And when we look out upon the ocean, without fixing on either of these associations as the direct subject of thought, it is the union of several or of all of them, which, almost unconsciously to us, produces such a strong impression within us. But besides these sentiments, which can be traced and numbered, there are feelings suggested by

that magnificent object, which cannot so well, if at all, be defined. I believe that no one, who loves nature, has let his soul go out on the sea, without experiencing emotions which he could not possibly explain, but which were as real as any that he ever felt. All that he can tell of them, is, that they are elevating and refining. Further than this he cannot communicate them, for they baffle all description and search. It seems to him, sometimes, as he waits and watches on the shore, that the great Spirit himself moves, as in the beginning, on the face of the waters, and speaks to him holy words, which, though he hears and imbibes, he cannot fully understand; which he knows not now, but will know hereafter. They come like whispers of that communion, intelligence, and consent which pervade creation. They teach us something of our unrevealed connections, something of the unseen and unimaginable future; and, if so be that we are disposed to bring down all our faith and trust to that alone which we can touch and clearly define, they gently rebuke us for our coldness, and intimate to us that there are more, many more things in heaven and earth and sea, than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

I have spoken as I was able, and not as I could have desired, of the "great and wide sea." Let the rest be learnt by each one, where it can be

learnt much better than from me, from the sea itself. If I have induced a single individual, who has hitherto regarded it as a barren collection of waters, or a medium of traffic merely, to look upon it as something more wonderful, divine, and useful than this, I am satisfied. If his curiosity is at all excited, let him go to the sea-shore, and get wisdom. If his devout affections are at all moved, let him go to the ocean, and worship.

> "His choir shall be the moonlight waves,
> When murmuring homeward to their caves;
> Or, when the stillness of the sea,
> Even more than music, breathes of Thee!"

Every object in nature yields instruction to the teachable and listening mind; but some objects utter a voice more powerful, more commanding, more thrilling, than others. If we may find, as one of the best English poets tells us we may, "sermons in stones," in lifeless stones, what eloquent and soul-stirring addresses may we not hear from the living, glorious, beautiful, eternal sea!

FALLS OF THE NIAGARA.

THERE is a power and beauty, I may say a divinity, in rushing waters, felt by all who acknowledge any sympathy with nature. The mountain stream, leaping from rock to rock, and winding, foaming, and glancing through its devious and stony channels, arrests the eye of the most careless or business-bound traveller; sings to the heart and haunts the memory of the man of taste and imagination, and holds, as by some undefinable spell, the affections of those who inhabit its borders. A waterfall, of even a few feet in height, will enliven the dullest scenery, and lend a charm to the loveliest; while a high and headlong cataract has always been ranked among the sublimest objects to be found in the compass of the globe.

It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that lovers of nature perform journeys of homage to that sovereign of cataracts, that monarch of all pouring floods, the Falls of Niagara. It is no matter of surprise, that, although situated in what might

have been called, a few years ago, but cannot be now, the wilds of North America, five hundred miles from the Atlantic coast, travellers from all civilized parts of the world have encountered all the difficulties and fatigues of the path, to behold this prince of waterfalls amidst its ancient solitudes, and that, more recently, the broad highways to its dominions have been thronged. By universal consent it has long ago been proclaimed one of the wonders of the world. It is alone in its kind. Though a waterfall, it is not to be compared with other waterfalls. In its majesty, its supremacy, and its influence on the soul of man, its brotherhood is with the living ocean and the eternal hills.

I am humbly conscious that no words of mine can give an adequate description, or convey a satisfactory idea, of Niagara Falls. But having just returned from a visit to them,[1] with the impression which they made upon my mind fresh and deep, I may hope to impart at least a faint image of that impression to the minds of those who have not seen them, and retouch, perhaps, some fading traces in the minds of those who have. And if I can call the attention of any to this glorious object as a work of God, and an echo of the voice of

[1] The visit was made with some friends, in July, 1831.

God; if by anything which I may fitly say of it, I can quicken the devotion of one breast, I shall feel that I have fulfilled a sacred duty, and that I have not unworthily expressed my sense of obligation for having been permitted to behold it myself.

I will not begin my description with the cataract itself, but take you back to the great lake from which the Niagara flows, so that you may go down its banks as I did, and approach the magnificent scene with a knowledge regularly and accumulatively gained of its principal accessories. For the river and the lake, nay, the whole superb chain of rivers and lakes, should be taken into view, when we would conceive as we ought of the falls of Niagara.

As we approach the town of Buffalo, which is situated near the eastern extremity of Lake Erie, that wide-spread sheet of water opens to the sight. If the traveller has never seen the ocean, he may here imagine that he sees it. If he has, he will say that it is a sea view which here lies before him. As he looks to the west, the horizon only bounds the liquid expanse; and it is not till he descends to the shore, and marks the peculiar, quiet, and exact level of the even and sleeping lake, that he will find anything to remind him that he is not on the coast of the salt and swelling sea.

Four miles north from Buffalo, we come to the village of Black Rock;[1] and it is here that the boundaries of the lake contract, and its waters begin to pour themselves out through the sluiceway of the Niagara river. The river is at this place about a quarter of a mile broad; and, as I gazed on its dark and deep and hurrying stream, I felt a sensation of interest stealing over me, similar to that which I have experienced in reading of the preparations of men for some momentous expedition. Opposite Black Rock, on the Canada side, is the village of Waterloo, to which we were ferried over, and from which we commenced our ride down the river, which runs north into Lake Ontario. There is also a road on the American side, from Buffalo to the Falls, a distance, either way, of about fifteen miles.

From Waterloo we pass on by a level road, immediately on the western bank of the Niagara, and observe that the river continually becomes wider, till at length it divides into two streams which sweep round an island several miles in length. They then unite again, forming one stream as before, only that it is increased in breadth and

[1] According to Mr. Featherstonhaugh, editor of the Monthly American Journal of Geology and Natural Science, the "seams and patches of dark-colored chert, contained in the beds of carboniferous limestone," have furnished its name to this village.

swiftness. And now the interest thickens, and begins to grow intense. Hitherto we had been travelling on the side of a large river, it is true, but one not much distinguished otherwise, either by its motion, its shape, or the beauty of its borders. We are obliged to call on ourselves to consider where we are, and whither we are going; for Niagara itself seems unconscious of the grand associations with which it is freighted. It moves as if unmindful, or as not caring to put the traveller in mind, that its waters have come down through the whole length of Erie from the far away Huron, Michigan, Superior; that they are just about to rush over the wondrous precipice below, and then are to hasten forward into another majestic lake, and from it are to pass through the portals of a thousand islands, and the alternate rapids and lakes of a noble and romantic river, washing the feet of cities, and so to flow on into the all-receiving sea. We are obliged to remember this, I say; for the unpretending waters, though pressing forward continually and intently, have thus far told us nothing, themselves, of their long pilgrimage behind, or the yet more eventful journey before them. But here, as they are meeting round Grand Island, they break their silence and speak, and the whole scene becomes full of spirit and meaning. Here, about three miles from

the Falls, you see the white-crested rapids tossing in the distance before you. Here, even in the most unfavorable state of the weather, you hear the voice of the cataract, pervading the air with its low, monotonous, continuous roar. And here you see a column of mist rising up, like a smoke in distantly burning woods, and designating the sublime scene over which it is immediately hanging. I know not that I was afterward more strongly affected, even by the Falls themselves, than I was by the sight of this ever-changing and yet never absent guide, this cloudy pillar, this floating, evanescent, and yet eternal testimony, which pointed out to me the exact spot which had been for so many years as a shrine to thousands, which I had heard of and read of so long, and which I had myself so often visited, though not in person, yet with my reverential wishes, with my mind, and with my heart. Childhood came back to me, with its indistinct, but highly wrought and passionate images; maps were unrolled; books were opened; paintings were spread; measurements were recalled; all the efforts which the art of man had made, all the tributes which his spirit had offered, at the call of the great cataract; all these associations, with other dreamlike thoughts of the wilderness, the lake, and the stream, rose up unbidden and with power within me, as I stead-

fastly regarded that significant, far-off mist, and knew that I, too, was soon to stand on the consecrated spot, and see, and feel.

A mile or two is soon passed, and now we turn a little from the road to the right, in order to have a near view of the rapids. These occupy the whole breadth of the river, from shore to shore, and extend half a mile back from the Falls, and are formed by the rush of the entire body of waters down a rough bed, the descent of which in the course of this half mile is fifty feet. Here all is tumult and impetuous haste. The view is something like that of the sea in a violent gale. Thousands of waves dash eagerly forward, and indicate the interruptions which they meet with from the hidden rocks, by ridges and streaks of foam. Terminating this angry picture, you distinguish the crescent rim of the British Fall, over which the torrent pours, and disappears. The wilderness and the solitude of the scene are strikingly impressive. Nothing that lives is to be seen in its whole extent. Nothing that values its life, ever dares venture it there. The waters refuse the burden of man, and of man's works. Of this they give fair and audible warning, of which all take heed. They have one engrossing object before them, and they go to its accomplishment alone.

Returning to the road, we ride the last half mile,

ascending gradually, till we come to the public house. A footpath through the garden at the back of the house, and down a steep and thickly-wooded bank, brings us upon Table Rock, a flat ledge of limestone, forming the brink of the precipice, the upper stratum of which is a jagged shelf, no more than about a foot in thickness, jutting out over the gulf below. Here the whole scene breaks upon us. Looking up the river, we face the grand crescent, called the British or Horseshoe Fall. Opposite to us is Goat Island, which divides the Falls, and lower down to the left, is the American Fall. And what is the first impression made upon the beholder? Decidedly, I should say, that of beauty; of sovereign, majestic beauty, it is true, but still that of beauty, soul-filling beauty, rather than of awful sublimity. Everything is on so large a scale; the height of the cataract is so much exceeded by its breadth,[1] and so much concealed by the volumes of mist which wrap and shroud its feet; you stand so directly on the same level with the falling waters; you see so large a portion of them at a considerable distance from you; and their roar comes up so moderated from the deep abyss, that the loveliness of the scene, at first sight

[1] The height of the Horseshoe Fall is 150 feet; its breadth 2376 feet.

is permitted to take precedence of its grandeur. Its coloring alone is of the most exquisite kind. The deep sea-green of the centre of the crescent, where it is probable the greatest mass of water falls, lit up with successive flashes of foam, and contrasted with the rich, creamy whiteness of the two sides or wings of the same crescent; then the sober gray of the opposite precipice of Goat Island, crowned with the luxuriant foliage of its forest trees, and connected still further on with the pouring snows of the greater and less American Falls; the agitated and foamy surface of the waters at the bottom of the Falls, followed by the darkness of their hue as they sweep along through the perpendicular gorge beyond; the mist, floating about, and veiling objects with a softening indistinctness; and the bright rainbow which is constant to the sun — altogether form a combination of color, changing too with every change of light, every variation of the wind, and every hour of the day, which the painter's art cannot imitate, and which nature herself has perhaps only effected here.

And the motion of these Falls, how wonderfully fine it is! how graceful, how stately, how calm! There is nothing in it hurried or headlong, as you might have supposed. The eye is so long in measuring the vast, and yet unacknowledged height,

that they seem to move over almost slowly; the central and most voluminous portion of the Horse-shoe even goes down silently. The truth is, that pompous phrases cannot describe these Falls. Calm and deeply-meaning words should alone be used in speaking of them. Anything like hyperbole would degrade them, if they could be degraded. But they cannot be. Neither the words nor the deeds of man degrade or disturb them. There they pour over, in their collected might and dignified flowing, steadily, constantly, as they always have been pouring since they came from the hollow of His hand, and you can add nothing to them, nor can you take anything from them.

As I rose, on the morning following my arrival, and went to the window for an early view, a singular fear came over me that the Falls might have passed away, though their sound was in my ears. It was, to be sure, rather the shadow of a fear than a fear, and reason dissipated it as soon as it was formed. But the bright things of earth are so apt to be fleeting, and we are so liable to lose what is valued as soon as it is bestowed, that I believe it was a perfectly natural feeling which suggested to me for an instant, that I had enjoyed quite as much of such a glorious exhibition as I deserved, and that I had no right to expect that it would continue, as long as I might be pleased to

behold. But the Falls were there, with their full, regular, and beautiful flowing. The clouds of spray and mist were now dense and high, and completely concealed the opposite shores; but as the day advanced, and the beams of the sun increased in power, they were thinned and contracted. Presently a thunder shower rose up from the west, and passed directly over us; and soon another came, still heavier than the preceding. And now I was more impressed than ever with the peculiar motion of the Fall; not, however, because it experienced a change, but because it did not. The lightning gleamed, the thunder pealed, the rain fell in torrents; the storms were grand; but the Fall, if I may give its expression a language, did not heed them at all; the rapids above raged no more and no less than before, and the Fall poured on with the same quiet solemnity, with the same equable intentness, undisturbed by the lightning and rain, and listening not to the loud thunder.

About half a mile below the Horseshoe Fall, a commodious road has lately been cut in a slanting direction, down the side of the perpendicular cliff, and through the solid rock, to the river. Here we find a regular ferry, and are conveyed in a small boat across the stream, which is now narrowed to a breadth of about twelve hundred feet,

to the American side. The passage is perfectly safe, and, though short, delightful, as it affords a superb view of both the Falls above, and of the dark river below. The current is not very rapid, and near the American side actually sets up toward the Falls; by the help of which eddy the boat regains what it had lost in the middle of the stream. We land almost directly at the feet of the American Fall, and by walking a little way to the right, may place ourselves in its spray. Now look up, and the height will not disappoint you. Now attend to the voice of the cataract, and it will fill your soul with awe. It seems as if the "waters which are above the firmament" were descending from the heights of heaven, and as if "the fountains of the great deep were broken up" from below. The noise, which permits free conversation to those who are on the bank above, is here imperative and deafening. It resembles the perpetual rolling of near thunder, or the uninterrupted discharge of a battery of heavy ordnance, mingled with a strange crashing and breaking sound. This resemblance to the roar of artillery is heightened by the sight of the large bodies of spray, which are continually and with immense force exploded from the abyss. The impression of superior height is gained, not so much from the fact that the American Fall is actually ten or

twelve feet higher than the British, as from your having a complete *profile* view of the one, from brink to base, which you cannot well obtain of the other.

Flights of secure wooden steps bring us to the top of the bank,[1] where we again stand on a level with the descending Falls. We soon found that the greatest variety of interest was on this, the American side. The village of Manchester is situated on the rapid, just above the Fall. A bridge is thrown boldly over the rushing and "arrowy" rapid to a small island, called Bath Island, where there are one or two dwellings and a paper-mill; and from this spot another bridge runs with equal boldness to Goat Island. The whole breadth of the space thus traversed is one thousand and seventy-two feet.

Goat Island is a paradise. I do not believe that there is a spot in the world, which, within the same space, comprises so much grandeur and beauty. It is but about a mile in circumference,

[1] On this bank, near the ferry-house, there is a stone embedded in the ground, rudely carved, on which there has lately been discovered, by removing the moss which had grown over it, the following inscription: I. V. 1747. This is by far the most ancient date to be found in the vicinity. I. V., whoever he was, when he looked upon the Falls, must have been surrounded by a perfect wilderness. What poet will speak in his name, and describe his feelings, and record his thoughts, as he stood here alone with God?

and in that mile you have a forest of tall old trees, many of them draperied with climbing and cleaving ivy; a rich variety of wild shrubs and plants; several views of the rapids; an opportunity to pass without discomfort under the smaller American Fall, and the very finest view, I will venture to say, of the great Crescent, or Horseshoe Fall. Turn to the left, as you enter this Eden, and you come out into a cleared and open spot, on which you discern a log-hut, with vines round its door and windows, and a little garden in front of it, running down to the water's edge; a flock of sheep feeding quietly, or reposing pleasantly, under scattered clumps of graceful trees; while, beyond this scene of rural repose, you see the whole field of the rapids, bearing down in full force upon this point of their division, as if determined to sweep it away. Or, turn to the right, and threading the shady forest, step aside to the margin of the smaller American Fall,[1] and bathe your hands, if you please, in its just leaping waters. Then, pursuing the circuit of the island, descend a spiral flight of stairs, and treading cautiously along a narrow footpath, cut horizontally in the side of the

[1] This is separated from the greater Fall by a diminutive island, covered with trees, which tenaciously maintains its terrible position, in emulation, as it were, of Goat Island. This lesser Fall, small as it is, compared with the others, would of itself be worth a journey.

cliff, enter the magnificent hall formed by the falling flood, the bank of which you have just left, and command your nerves for a few moments, that, standing as you do about midway in the descent of the Fall, you may look up, eighty feet, to its arched and crystal roof, and down, eighty feet, on its terrible and misty and resounding floor. You will never forget that sight and sound.

Retrace your steps to the upper bank, and then, if your strength holds out, proceed a short way further to the enjoyment of a view, already referred to, which excels every other in this place of many wonders. It is obtained from a bridge or platform, which has recently been thrown out over some rocks,[1] and is carried to the very brink of the Horseshoe Fall, and even projects beyond it; so that the spectator at the end of the platform, is actually suspended over it. And if he is alone, and gives way to his feelings, he must drop upon his knees, for the grandeur of the scene is overpowering. The soul is elevated, and at the same time subdued, as in an awful and heavenly presence. Deity is there. The brooding and commanding Spirit is there. "The Lord is upon many waters." The heights and the depths, the shadows and the sunlight, the foam, the mist, the rain-

[1] These are called the Terrapin Rocks.

bows, the gushing showers of diamonds, the beauty and the power and the majesty all around and beneath, environ the spirit with holiest influences, and without violence compel it to adore. "Deep calleth unto deep." The cataract, from its mysterious depths, calleth with its thunder, back to the deep lake, and up to the deep sky, and forward to the deep ocean, and far inward to the deep of man's soul. And the answer of the lake, and the answer of the sky, and the answer of the ocean, are praise to the Maker, praise to Him who sitteth above the water-flood, praise to Almighty God! And where is the soul, which will not also hear that call, and answer it even with a clearer and louder answer, and cry, Praise to the Creator, praise to the infinite and holy and blessed God!

These Falls are not without their history; but, like their depths, it is enveloped with clouds. Geologists suppose, and with good apparent reason, that time was when the Niagara fell over the abrupt bank at Queenstown, between six and seven miles below the place of the present Falls, and that it has, in the lapse of unknown and incalculable years, been wearing away the gulf in the intermediate distance, and toiling and travelling through the rock, back to its parent lake. The abrupt termination of the high bank and table land at Queenstown; the correspondence of the

opposite cliffs to each other all the way up to the Falls; the masses of superincumbent limestone, which both the American and Canadian cataracts hurl, from time to time, into the boiling abyss,[1] all seem to favor this supposition. But when did the grand journey begin? When will it end? How vain to ask! How momentary human life appears, when we give our minds to such contemplations! Where was the cataract toiling in its way, when none but the awe-struck Indian came to bow before its sublimity? Where was it, when the moss-buried trunk, which now lies decaying by its borders, was a new-sprung sapling, glittering with the spray-drops which fed its infant leaves? Where was it, before the form of a single red man glided through the forest? Where was it, when lofty trees stood by it in the intimate sympathy of centuries, which long since have been resolved into earth? Where was it when winds and clouds were its only visiters; and when the

[1] Within a few years, several pieces of the upper stratum have been thus thrown down. The waters, however, are now obliged to act upon a surface three times wider than that which formerly sustained them, and the limestone is becoming more and more compacted with the harder chert, as they approach Black Rock. Their retrocession must therefore be slow, beyond the power of computation. Beneath the limestone strata, there is a layer of loose shale, which is easily washed away, and which is always first hollowed out, before the limestone falls.

sun and blue heaven by day, and the moon and stars by night, alone looked down and beheld it, the same as they behold it now? And is not science blind and foolish, when she does not learn to be humble? Is she not miserably blind and foolish, when, being in her elements and leading-strings, she lisps impiety, instead of prayer?

Four days flew by us, like the waters of the rapids, while we staid here, and then came our time for departure. As we rode down to Lake Ontario, on the bank of the river, and turned every moment to catch glimpses of the Falls, we were favored, when between two and three miles on our way, with a full view of the whole cataract, through an opening in the woods. We stopped and alighted, in order to enjoy the melancholy pleasure of contemplating it for the last time. It looked softer and gentler in the distance, and its sound came to the ear like a murmur. I had learned to regard it as a friend; and as I stood, I bade it, in my heart, farewell.

Farewell, beautiful, holy creation of God! Flow on, in the garment of glory which he has given thee, and fill other souls, as thou hast filled mine, with wonder and praise. Often will my spirit be with thee, waking, and in dreams. But soon I shall pass away, and thou wilt remain. Flow on, then, for others' eyes, when mine are closed, and

for others' hearts, when mine is cold. Still call to the deeps of many generations. Still utter the instructions of the Creator to wayfaring spirits, till thou hast fulfilled thy work, and they have all returned, like wearied travellers, to their home.

SPIRIT OF REFORM.

WHAT is the spirit of reform? What is it that has animated and enabled men from time to time to become reformers, not disturbers, but true reformers; and not religious reformers alone, but moral reformers of all descriptions? Has it not been a sense of independence and personal responsibleness, and of superiority to what are usually termed existing circumstances and the spirit of the age?

A very large proportion of the evil which has always existed in society, may be traced to the want of personal independence, and disregard of personal responsibility. We do not mean by independence, that fiery essence of pride and selfishness, which is quick to resent a slight or wrong; which is always ready to meet aggression more than half way; and which delights to show itself in rudeness or haughtiness, as its condition may happen to be low or high. For such independence we have little sympathy and less respect, and so far

from thinking that there is a want of it in the world, can only lament that there is such a superfluity. By independence we mean another and a far different thing. We mean the resolution which adopts, and maintains, and obeys its own standard of right and wrong; which refuses to render an unquestioning homage to the voice of the many; which, being based upon principle, is not to be driven to and fro by the popular breath, even should that breath rise into a whirlwind; which, acknowledging allegiance to a higher than any mortal authority, will not forfeit it at the behest of any. This is the independence which leaves to a man his own views and convictions, his own conscience, and his own conduct. Without inciting or suffering him to be forward or boisterous, it makes him steadfast and sure. Without obliging him to feel an uncharitable scorn of public opinion, it offers a rule to his admiration and observance which is alone worthy of his serious study, and entitled to his faithful submission, — the great rule of right, the solemn law of God. It teaches him to consider himself as responsible for his thoughts and actions, in the first and highest place, not to the multitude, but to his Maker; and in the second place, not to the multitude, but to his own soul. It leads him into a safer, happier, and more glorious path, than the broad, dusty,

soiled, and soiling road, which is beaten by the multitudinous and crowding world. It sets his feet and his heart at liberty, and breathes into his soul the consciousness of individual existence and value, and the sense of individual duty.

This is the independence, to the want of which may be traced and referred very much of past and existing evil. Not possessing it, men lose themselves, their accountability, their dignity, all that constitutes them men, in the absorbing mass; where they acquire the color, and motions, and tendencies of the mighty vortex which has engulfed them. Instead of uttering a voice of their own, they wait for an acclamation, and then they join in; instead of having opinions of their own, they listen for the prevalent opinions, and then they repeat them; instead of having a morality of their own, a religion of their own, they are content to be just as moral and just as immoral, just as religious and just as irreligious, as other people; taking the tone of the world around them, which is seldom the highest, and imbibing its sentiments, which are not always the purest. They do not test and try opinions by any self-instituted process. They do not examine manners and actions according to a fixed and exalted standard. They trouble themselves with nothing of the kind. They fall in with the great procession, without

inquiring whither it is going, upwards or downwards, to a good end or a bad one; it is enough for them that they are going with it. And thus it comes, that there are so many slaves to custom and fashion; and that there are so many expensive and monstrous sacrifices to custom and fashion. Thus it comes, that those who ought to be economical are extravagant, and those who ought to be industrious are idle, and the rich so often grow poor, and the poor so often keep themselves poor, or grow poorer, and strip themselves to destitution. Thus it comes that so many think evil is metamorphosed into good, when they see the multitude practise it, and good is turned into evil, when they see the multitude slight, or forsake, or forbid it. And thus it comes, that the amount of evil is so vastly increased, because there are so many who blindly and carelessly, or cowardly, without using their own eyes to observe, or their own minds to prove, follow the multitude to do it.

But must we be singular? Must we be eccentric? Must we do nothing that others do; say nothing that others say? Must we be perpetually quarrelling with society about its usages and habits? No. We are to do none of these things. It is best that we should follow the many in all ways which are indifferent; perhaps it is best that we should follow them in some ways which are

inconvenient; but we must not follow them to do evil." "Thou must not follow a multitude to do evil." That is the simple commandment. It is very true that singularity and eccentricity, when they come from a causeless, wilful, diseased principle of opposition to general custom and sentiment, are no virtues; but even then they partake no more of the nature of sin, than does a servile acquiescence in general custom and sentiment. Without doubt, public opinion, on most points, is worthy of respectful attention and examination; but, after you have examined it by the great and permanent light within, after you have weighed it in the balance of truth and the gospel, and found it false and wanting, reject and oppose it, and if your decision is to be called singularity and eccentricity, let it be called so, and, in the name of all that is true and holy, be singular and eccentric. We are not required to dispute with the world step by step; we are not required to be solitary and to forsake the world; we are rather called upon to do all the good we can in it, and receive all the good we can from it. But we are required to recognize a higher authority than the world's will; to obey a more sacred commandment than the world's law. We are required to form moral and religious principles of our own, and to regulate our commerce with the world by our princi-

ples, and not borrow our principles from our commerce with the world. If we will not do this, we shall do evil; for we shall do whatever the multitude does, and the multitude often does evil. The very reason why so many follow a multitude to do evil, is, not that they take any particular pleasure in evil, but that they are in the weak and silly habit of following a multitude, as a matter of course, without considering whether it is for evil or good. That is to say, they want moral independence, and do not hold themselves individually accountable to their own spirit, or to the Father of spirits.

This want of independence is manifested by some, who yet would repel the charge of following a multitude. We care not for the multitude, say they. We are not governed by the popular voice, or the popular taste. We acknowledge no such vulgar dominion. We go with the select few, and not with the many, whom we avoid and despise, and feel no disposition to follow.

Such persons are to be told, that their distinction is merely verbal. Their select few, or the fashionable world, or whatever else it may be termed, is to all intents and purposes a multitude, for it is a multitude to them, acting upon them by all the influences of a combination, and with all the despotism of general example. So that we

surrender our conscience, and our right of judging, deciding, and acting, it matters not whether the surrender is made to a well-clad or an ill-clad collection of people, to the fashionable or unfashionable world. These precious powers and dignities we are not to lay at the feet of any body of men, be they kings, priests, or common people. We are to resist improper influences, at all events and from all directions; whether they come down from palaces or up from hovels. A multitude is not necessarily a mob. Any number or circle of people, be it large or small, genteel or ungenteel, to whose dictates we yield an Eastern homage, whose maxims we obediently adopt, and in whose ways we implicitly tread, is our multitude, with all the power and associations of a multitude; and they carry their chains with them, be they gold or be they iron; and if we are bound, if we cannot stir but in a certain mode and to a certain extent, of what consequence is it what our fetters are made of? We are not at liberty. We have parted with our birthright We have suffered ourselves to be divested of the privilege of self-control. We follow our multitude, and, when it runs to evil, to evil; and evil is of such a homogeneous character, that it is of little moment whether it is coarse or refined. No kind of evil is genteel in the eyes of the really upright and good. They are essen-

tially the subjects of a kingdom, the only one, we believe, where evil, in any dress, is always out of fashion; the kingdom of righteousness and heaven.

Are there those, who say that they are not in bondage, or that their bondage is a voluntary one; that they do not act by compulsion; that it is their will and pleasure to follow a multitude, and follow it anywhere? The amount of this assertion is, that, instead of doing evil with the rest of the world thoughtlessly or unwillingly, they do it wilfully and willingly; that, instead of disobeying the commandment of God blindly or with reluctance, they disobey it readily and fearlessly. They take the offered fetters gladly, and put them on with their own hands. They are proud of them, and desirous of wearing them. They do not intend to inquire what is good or what is evil. They only intend to do as others do, whether what they do is evil or good. This alacrity and satisfaction in parting with their independence, and denying a supreme law of right and wrong, and submitting to an earthly direction, bears a character of explicitness and reckless hardihood, and that is the best that can be said of it. It is no extenuation of the offence, but the contrary. If they declare that it gives them pleasure to follow a multitude, and that they mean to follow it, they only declare

that they are more completely and in spirit servile, than he is who says, that he cannot help following the multitude, that he dislikes the bondage, but cannot throw it off.

We have shown that the great danger of disobeying the divine law lies in the habit, so easily, and, unless carefully guarded against, so inevitably formed, of following a multitude; of giving up our sentiments and conduct into the hands of those around us, instead of keeping them in our own; of having no permanent rule of action, above the authority of a multitude, and beyond their power; of permitting ourselves to be dependent on a multitude, and to forget all other and higher accountability. Our main duty, therefore, is, as it will be our great safeguard and defence, to have a fixed standard, to acknowledge a supreme rule, and to refer to this standard, and observe this rule, firmly and regularly, let the multitude go as they will.

It has all along been intimated where the great and sacred law is to be found. God has written it on our hearts, and he has revealed it in the Scriptures. We have a sense of right and wrong; and we should heedfully attend to its unperverted monitions. We are gifted with reason, that divine light within; and we should use it in determining what is profitable and what is unprofita-

ble; what is hurtful to our nature and what is helpful to it; what is a useful and dignified employment of our time and faculties, and what is a waste and abuse of them; what will contribute to exalt, and what to degrade us.

From the same Eternal Source and Supreme Authority we have a light and a law in the Bible. The word is written there against all sin and all manner of defilement. Unequivocal precepts of righteousness are laid down there, which it is impossible to misconstrue, and concerning which there can be no controversy.

And then there is the example of the Saviour, who practised the purity, integrity and holiness which he came to teach; and whose life can be no more misapprehended than his moral doctrine can be; a life of piety, a life of truth, a life of singular, independent excellence, a model of living for all the sons of God.

Behold, then, the law, the testimony, and the life which are to be our standard and rule, as men and as Christians. Let these be erected above the world's highway, — far above it. Let these be obeyed and followed before the world's commandment and example, — far and long before them. Then shall we not follow a multitude to do evil, because we shall follow, first of all, and rather than all, those divine dictates, and that divine ex-

ample, which are clothed with the highest authority, which beam with the clearest light, which call us to our own true happiness, and can only lead us to do good.

The above remarks have been made, and principles laid down, preparatory to the consideration of the correctness of some ideas which are commonly entertained with regard to the nature and power of circumstances.

When we are reviewing the history of a generation, the character and conduct of ancestors, or the biography or writings of individuals, it is the constant habit to account for, and at the same time to extenuate, and almost to justify, some of the worst of their faults and sins, by imputing them to the circumstances of the age in which they lived. Let there be gross inconsistencies, glaring errors, burning shames in the scene, the broad veil of circumstances is only to be dropped before them, and it covers, conceals, or, at least, shades them all.

Now, it is not to be denied that the circumstances of the times and manners of the age are in a certain degree palliative of vices, irregularities, and excesses which grow out of them, or go to constitute them. That is to say, the mighty force and sway of general example, for evil as well as for good, are to be duly allowed in estimating the

movements of society. The proneness of individuals to follow a multitude, and of the constituent members of a multitude to follow each other to do evil, is a fact in our moral nature which is not to be overlooked, and which, in some cases, and with respect to the very ignorant and benighted, amounts to nearly a full palliation of offences. But it is not to be allowed, that circumstances are the complete justification of offences in all cases, which they are often asserted to be. It is not to be allowed that a bad example, however general, cannot be resisted; that a man, by exercising his reason, speaking to his courage, and putting forth his strength, cannot break away from the enthralling influence of the many. We therefore think that the usual estimate of what are called circumstances, as excuses of corrupt morals and fatal principles, is superficial, delusive, and of injurious tendency.

What are circumstances? With many, they seem to mean a sort of fate; an undefinable, incomprehensible, and irresistible combination of agencies, which take into their hands the moral government of the world; an overhanging cloud, under the oppressive shadow of which all men must grope; an external power, with the mysterious action of which men have no concern but that of obedience. This vague notion of circum-

stances, is, as we conceive, at war with the important truth of each man's responsibility, and with some other truths and facts, as may be briefly and easily shown.

Circumstances, then, we say, are not external and overwhelming powers, but the effects of the free actions and opinions of men themselves, both as individuals and as the constituent parts of society; and the influence of circumstances is, for the most part, nothing more than the influence of prevalent example; which we have already allowed to be great, but not almighty and resistless.

From this definition we of course except physical circumstances, such as a cold or a warm climate, a maritime or an inland situation; but the other class, which we may term moral circumstances, and which are not constant, but continually varying in the same climate and country, are nothing more than what we have already stated them to be, the effects of the free actions and opinions of men themselves, for which men themselves are to be held accountable. What are called unpropitious circumstances, are the manifestations and influences of something bad in the character of a people, which, by a reference to a pure and existing standard, might have been better. To yield to such circumstances, to be governed by them, is to follow the multitude to do evil; which

is to evince a common and yet culpable want of independence and resolution. A law and a standard have always been set up before the faces of men, by observing which they might have kept in a more excellent way than that which the world has usually or ever pursued. That they might have kept in it, is proved by the fact that some always have kept in it. In all ages, we are made acquainted with individuals, who, like Noah, and Lot, and Joshua, have resolved, with their houses, to serve the Lord, let others serve whom they would. In all nations, there have been those who have worked righteousness and been accepted; who have listened to the still monitions of their bosoms, in preference to the noise of the multitude; and have walked by the light of heaven, whether it shone from within or beamed from the written word, rather than by the delusive and perishing fires which were kindled by the passions and perversities of the crowd. Have such persons any merit? If they have, have not the multitude, and those who follow the multitude, any sin? If those who stand aloof from surrounding corruption are to be praised, are not those who permit themselves to be swallowed up in it to be blamed? We had always thought that it was the prerogative, the dignity, and the duty of men to resist circumstances, even physical circumstances,

certainly the circumstances manufactured for them by men like themselves, the vicious fashions, habits, and systems set up for their worship by the idolatrous world. And we had consequently thought that the human prerogative was yielded, and the dignity lost, and the duty neglected, when the soul submitted and the knee was bent.

Is it said that the general sin is a necessary result of the general ignorance, and that when men have no light, it is no wonder that they stray? The answer is, that there has always been a light above the darkness, and if the darkness has been preferred, it has been more or less the fault of those who have preferred it; and whenever the light has been preferred, it has been more or less the glory of those who have preferred it. And surely, since the rising of the Sun of righteousness, there has been light enough. Since the promulgation of the Christian code, there has been a sufficient law, and a satisfactory standard. And the fact is, that those who have enjoyed the most light, have often wandered the widest, and have made circumstances worse than they found them. Must these be defended, too, on the score of circumstances and the manners of the age? Must they who pervert their superior powers to administer to the popular wickedness, and so make it greater, must they, too, be sheltered under the convenient mantle of

the spirit of the times? We repeat it, they make circumstances, and in different degrees and ways we all make circumstances; for it appears as plain to us as anything which we behold, that circumstances do not come up from the ground or fall down from the sky, but are made, actually made, by the ever-operating wills of men. If a generation or class of men are remarkable for laxity of manners, sensuality and grossness, it is not because they do not know that there is a divine blessing pronounced upon the pure in heart, and a woe against the unclean, but because, knowing, they choose to slight both blessing and ban, and indulge appetite in defiance of law. Again, if they are quarrelsome, revengeful, and warlike, it is not because they are not commanded, and do not know that they are commanded, to love one another, but because they determine to give loose to their fiery passions, and send them forth to burn, waste, and destroy; and because one man follows his neighbor, and follows the multitude to do evil, without giving the heed which he ought and very well might to his own steps, that they should be found in the way of righteousness. Thus are circumstances created; and as they are created, so can they be resisted and destroyed, — even by the wills and energies of men. The command always exists, Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do

evil; and it can always be obeyed; for it cannot be considered as issued to those who are absolutely unable to obey it.

An illustration or two may help us in the consideration of this subject. Open the works of one of the English dramatic writers of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. They are full of scenes and passages which you acknowledge are not fit to be read by man, woman, or child. But you say, the author was a fine genius, and while his writings are certainly not to be recommended in all respects, he himself ought not to be charged with the faults of his age? Why is he not to be charged with the faults of his age? And why is not the age to be charged with its own faults? They had a law; the same law which we have, uttering the same language which it does now, clothed with the same sanctions. And yet, knowing this law, and knowing that it called on them to put away the works of darkness, and distinctly specified what those works of darkness were, the crowd, both the well-dressed and the ill-dressed crowd, could demand such plays as were then written, and the fine geniuses could write them; and people, who had Bibles in their houses, or at least heard them read in the churches, could go to the theatre, and listen to the grossest stuff which was ever penned

or spoken, without a murmur or a blush. Are those playwrights to be excused for their indecency and profaneness, because the spirit of the age excused and even required such things? We cannot see why either they or the age are to be excused; why the age is to be considered innocent in having such a spirit, or the playwrights are to be absolved for affording it its congenial nutriment. The divine law did not excuse them, and they knew it did not. And here is the great point in this case. They sinned, both the multitude and those who followed them, against a known commandment. A light was shining, and they did not heed it. A standard was erected, and they did not recur to it. No circumstances can furnish a full excuse for such sinning as this, especially when the sin and the circumstances are one and the same; the sin being the circumstance. To defend such writings as we are speaking of, therefore, by a slight recurrence to the spirit of the age, is a loose and dangerous way of treating moral subjects of this moment. That age was a Christian age, a polite and advanced age, and its spirit ought to have been better. All sin, indeed, which is indulged in by numbers, may admit of the same excuse. You may call it the spirit of the age, if you please, but unless you can show that there was no corrective principle existing, no loudly ut-

tered law against it, you cannot maintain that the spirit is necessary and blameless, for you cannot prove that a sin is no sin when many partake in it, and follow one another to commit it.

Then it is further to be considered, that in those very times to which our attention has been directed, there were those who had the independence and the true wisdom to bring the existing state of morals and habits into comparison with a standard which they revered, and which was worthy of their reverence, and to see the fearful opposition in which the former stood to the latter. And they courageously refused to be governed by the circumstances to which others submitted, that is to say, to be enslaved by the reigning vices; and they resisted the spirit of their age, and by resisting reformed it. In other words, they made new circumstances, or greatly modified the old ones. We allude not only to the noble army of Puritans, whose utter abhorrence of the spirit of the age, led them into such harsh but very natural extremes, but to many others, who, though they did not nominally join the Puritans, kept themselves pure amidst impurity, and thus contributed to bring about a chaster style, a more moral taste, and a more serious and practical religion. Are these men worthy of praise? You will readily allow that they are. Why, then, must you not

also allow, that those others from whom they separated themselves, writers and readers, corrupters and corrupted, the makers of fashion and the slaves of fashion, are deserving of blame? And allowing this, will you not grant, that as moral circumstances may be thus formed and changed by men, yielded to or opposed by men, they are in the power of men, being the opinions and customs of men themselves, and therefore not irresistible fates compelling men to certain courses, and depriving them of their accountableness?

Perhaps there is no sin which has called more frequently for this excuse of circumstances, and plead more successfully in its defence the spirit of the age, than the sin of religious intolerance. Catholics and Protestants, Churchmen and Puritans, must all be acquitted of the guilt of fiery passions and horrible persecution, because persecution was the fashion of their times, and religious toleration and liberty of opinion had not yet been invented. Strange, indeed, that sixteen hundred years after the law of charity and love had been proclaimed to the world, men had not come to the understanding and obedience of it. But some did understand and obey it. Are they to be put on the same level in the moral scale with those who did not? Is Archbishop Laud to take rank among the peacemakers and sons of Christian liberty,

with Roger Williams, William Penn, and Lord Baltimore? Are circumstances and the spirit of the age really to be permitted to have this equalizing power? Are the passionate and the peaceful, the forgiving and the revengeful, to be thus jumbled together, because a great majority of their contemporaries were passionate and not peaceful, revengeful and not forgiving? If it is said that the asserters of full liberty of conscience were really no better men than the advocates of persecution, but were taught their principles by the imposed lessons of dire experience, we shall not take the trouble of disputing the assertion, though we do not believe it; but even then, granting it to be strictly true, we say that it was some credit to the former that they were docile, that they could be taught at all, taught by anything, while they were surrounded by the latter, who, subject to the same dire experience, suffering under the same discipline, could be taught by nothing. It is much, we repeat, in a man's favor, that he can be taught.

If this is a just exposition of the nature and power of moral circumstances, it follows that it is one of our first and gravest duties, to do whatever we can to resist and overcome bad circumstances, and to create good ones. This double-fronted duty, as it may be called, looks behind and before,

to the past and to the future. It enjoins upon us a steady warfare with the false notions, injurious customs, and all the unpropitious circumstances which may have come down to us, and among which we find ourselves; and it requires us to prepare favorable circumstances, by the performance of good works, and the exhibition of a good example, for those who are to come after us. It may be a hard thing, and doubtless is for most of us, to contend resolutely and perseveringly with prevalent and allowed immoralities. We have not said that it is easy to resist perverse circumstances, but that it is practicable and is our duty. A man with a heavy burden on his shoulders, cannot be expected to rise with as much facility as if he were not thus laden, and therefore his burden is some excuse for him, if he sits still, or sinks prostrate; nevertheless, if by vigorous exertion he is able to rise, his burden does not justify him for neglecting or refusing to exert himself and rise up on his feet.

If we are aware that resistance to the opposing current of circumstances is hard, and that yielding to it is perilous and sinful, so much the more earnestly should we brace ourselves up to the encounter, both for duty's sake and the sake of those who are to take their turn of duty when we are called to our account. Let us do all we can for

them to diminish their danger and their toil, and still they will have enough left to do themselves, and will see no time lying idle on their hands, if they would carry forward the great work of human improvement, and leave the world better than they found it.

We have already spoken of the duty of regarding and obeying a law of right in preference to the example of the multitude. We have also spoken of the duty of resisting those circumstances which may be resolved into the evil influence of general example, and also of the corresponding duty of forming good circumstances as far as lies within the compass of each man's ability. We will conclude the subject, by stating the kind of exertion which seems to be requisite in the performance of these duties. How are we to treat the circumstances by which we are surrounded? How are we to oppose those which are of a bad tendency, and how are we to create new and good ones? Such are the questions which we propose to answer.

First of all, a reflecting and investigating habit is important. Having a law and a standard, we must keep them steadily in view, and bring other authorities and influences to the test of comparison with them. With the very best dispositions, we may frequently follow the multitude to do evil, if

we are not wakeful and watchful, and do not ponder well our ways. We must examine circumstances, and not be satisfied that they are innocent because they are familiar, or because they are introduced to us by friends. We must not take for granted that opinions are true or customs correct and harmless, because they are held and practised by many whom we have much cause to respect and love. Respect and love are supremely due to God and his word; and our great care and constant care should be to try all propositions by the highest and not an inferior rule. If such and such persons, whom we esteem, do such and such things, it is exceedingly pleasant, to be sure, to bear them company, — much more pleasant than to stand apart or go on alone, provided those things are good — but that is a point which we are bound previously to settle by a holier authority than their example; for though estimable, they are not infallible. We never ought to lull our suspicions of the rectitude of a course by repeating the names of those who pursue it. It is a bad precedent, though a royal one, to have any keepers of our consciences, which we ought to keep and guard ourselves. There is exceeding danger in indulging a careless, indifferent, pains-hating temper, which acquiesces in all usual and established injunctions, and avoids the trouble of moral inves-

tigation and personal decision. It is a proof of weakness, and of a poor understanding of our duty, to say, I form this engagement, I partake of this amusement, I adopt this fashion, because my friends and acquaintance do the same. The proper interrogatives to be put to ourselves, are, Is this engagement consistent with my known and positive duties? Can I enter into it with safety, and come out of it unembarrassed, and without a breath on that mirror which reflects to me the image of my inner self? Does this amusement interfere with none of the more serious allotments of my time? Does it help or hurt me in the process of self-cultivation? Is it a relaxation or a temptation? Does it relieve or dissipate my mind? Is it perfectly innocent? And if innocent now, will it be so by-and-by; or if innocent to my neighbor, is it so to me? And how is it with regard to this fashion? Is it only one of the varieties of taste, or is it in itself preposterous? Can I afford to adopt it? Will a compliance with one of the caprices of the day be of no injurious consequence to my health, my real comfort, or my fortune? And, finally, will a participation in any engagement, amusement, or fashion, which is presented to me by the consent of those about me, make me less respectable in my own eyes, and less worthy in the sight of the omniscient and omnipresent Judge?

Considerations of this sort we should bring before us very often in our intercourse with the world; for if we do not, we shall be very apt to slide into that easy, careless habit above mentioned, and be ready to receive whatever comes with the broad seal of society affixed to it, and join in with a multitude, whichever way they are flocking.

That the want of that reflection and discrimination, the importance of which we have been urging, is quite a common want, may be perceived in the conversation of numbers, who, from the way in which they talk, evidently entertain the conviction, that there really is no authority above and beyond the general voice and example, and no such duty as that of examining, for themselves, the validity of the world's law and the propriety of an established usage, before they consent to them, and obey them. It never seems to have entered their heads that a custom of fair repute is a thing to be questioned or sifted, or compared with anything else; and by the unsuspecting, definitive manner in which they say "It is the fashion," you see that their meaning is the same as if they had said, "It is right, and of complete and final obligation." Hence it is that old practices are suffered to continue, till some who are wiser than others take up the task of examining them, and then it is found, perhaps, and acknowledged,

that these practices had been preying on the vitals and drinking up the life-blood of the community. Was not this the case with many of the details, for instance, connected with the prevalent vice of intemperance? Twenty years ago, nobody thought of inquiring into and arraigning the custom of displaying and using a variety of spirituous liquors at all times, in all forms, and on all occasions, before dinner, and with dinner, and after dinner, and in the evening, and just before bedtime, and for all meetings of men, even those which solemnized the obsequies of the dead. Though the mournful victims of excess were everywhere about us, no one thought of tracing the ruin, in part, at least, to the simple fact, that the means of excess were everywhere about us, too, — thrust into our way, and by ourselves thrust into the way of others, as an indispensable mark of hospitality and kindness, wherever we could turn. This was the universal custom, and therefore, as in our sleepy, dreaming state we concluded, it was all right. But presently some of us woke up, and woke others up, and we began to see that it was all wrong, and that it was a mistake to have supposed that the general practice could have ever made it right. Thus it has been with all past reformations, and thus it will probably be, in time, with some present practices, which we think we

must follow, or at any rate allow to exist, because they have never been probed and investigated. Hereafter they will be tested, and their vanity or iniquity be fully revealed, and they will be discountenanced and repudiated. Then it will be found that the circumstances of society have been changed, — and how changed? Changed, we answer, by the reflections of the thoughtful, the examinations of the discerning, the comparisons instituted by the wise and good between the ways of the world and the laws of reason and of God. Some men have changed the habits and practices of other men, and there is a better general example than there was before, and this is a change of circumstances. Thinking men, and virtuous and religious men, owning a supreme law, have taken circumstances into their own hands, and have changed them. If they had been left entirely in the hands of the unreflecting and the vicious, of those whose only law was the law of passion or of custom, they would never have been changed, except from bad to worse, and from one folly to another.

The first step in the treatment of circumstances, then, is the cultivation of a habit of thinking, examining, and comparing for ourselves. With this habit to befriend us, we shall be little likely to follow the multitude to do evil blindly, because it

will be a usual inquiry with us, whither they are going, what is the direction of their path, and where will be its end.

In the second place, having measured the general example or custom by the eternal standard, and found it deficient; having examined circumstances by the true and steady light, and determined that they are corrupt and baneful, it becomes our duty to act up to our convictions with courage and perseverance.

It is no easy thing to withstand the general rush of long perverted opinion; no easy thing to face out reiterated discharges from the battery of ridicule; no easy thing to be content to be called singular, and visionary, and romantic, and millennial; no easy thing to dare the hazard of being dragged into the newspapers. But all this must be done and dared, if we are going to do our duty as good members of society and opposers of vicious practices and customs. Then we must sometimes be ready to appear to be interfering with the rights and domains of others, — observe that we say, *appear to be interfering*, for really to interfere with them, is a sin great enough to vitiate the merit of our best intentions. But the hosts of wickedness, the tempters of youth, the doorkeepers of the house of death, when they see their base interests in danger, are always ready to talk of their rights, and

place themselves in the predicament of injured and persecuted citizens. And what are their rights? the rights, we mean, about which they make all this pretension? They are, almost universally, rights to do wrong, which, to say the best of them, are very imperfect rights. And why may not an honest man, who feels that his happiness is going to wreck all about him, through the exercise of such rights, say to those people, "Sirs, I do not recognize your rights. You have no right to entice away, by the preparation of the most dangerous blandishments, from duty, from happiness, from home, and from me, those who are dearer to me than life. You have no right to sell poison and death to my children, even for the support of your own. And if I can find a way, a legal way, of breaking down the intrenchments which you call your rights, my wrongs call on me to take it, and I shall take it. Be virtuous, sirs, be honorable, be innocent, and then your rights will be perfect ones, and no one will be disposed to molest them, no one can take them away." If true Christian courage will prompt some to go forward, and say such things, the same courage should prompt others to support them and countenance them. And it must either be an unworthy temporizing, or a strange mode of reasoning, which could allow us to hold back, and leave the bold

few alone. For our own poor part, we hope we shall always have the heart and mind to say in behalf of those who now, or at any time, are boldly and lawfully advancing any real, generous reform, here or elsewhere, we hope we shall always have the heart and mind to say, in public and private, in the pulpit and in the closet, for our own sake and for our children's sake, "God speed them, and God bless them!"

But we must be prudent, considerate, rational, and careful, surely, as well as courageous. If we are not, indeed, our courage will probably be of small avail. We have already said, that abuses, customs, fashions, and prevalent notions must be examined; and we can hardly do this without acquiring thoughtfulness, and a habit of looking at things on all sides. A restless, meddlesome, prying temper, never at ease, and never suffering others to be at ease, is not the best calculated for changing circumstances, or for effecting improvement. There are some who are fond of busying themselves with the private and domestic concerns of their neighbors; who intrude their advice, and perhaps their embarrassing help, where they are not asked, and are not wanted; who like to get up an excitement, if it is only to have something to do, to show themselves, or to get their names printed. This petty, meddlesome disposition,

ought to be discountenanced, as it commonly is. It is very different from the judicious, energetic, brave spirit, which arrays itself against evil circumstances, and which alone can resist them with any permanent success.

And, finally, the very best rule, as a universally applicable one, for the resistance of evil circumstances, is, the silent and steady opposition to them which each one who pleases may manifest in his own behavior and life. There are those, singular as it may seem, who are exceedingly sensitive to the extravagances and follies of the times, and declaim much against false notions and absurd fashions, and yet go along with them all, in their own practice, exactly the same as if they were entirely pleased with them. Such conduct as this is not only no help, but a great hindrance, to improvement. We must be reformers and puritans at home. Let a man take care of himself in the first place, and of those over whom he has a natural and just influence in the second place, and his and their life will, of itself, be of incalculable benefit to the good cause. If a fashion or custom appears to you a bad one, follow it not, adopt it not, keep it away from your own doors, let it not take a seat by your own hearthstone, and then your own resistance, your own simplicity, your own prudence, must have some influence, — and if they should

have none, you and yours will be blameless of the great offence, — and that surely is something, is everything, to creatures holding themselves accountable to God, and looking for a righteous judgment.

STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy
Even in a bush the radiant Deity.

COWLEY.

THE love of nature, and the knowledge of natural history, are two different and distinct things, though the one frequently leads to the other. We may admire the objects of nature fervently and sincerely, and yet know nothing about them beyond their form and color, and some of their most obvious properties. But we can hardly make ourselves acquainted with the construction, the organization, the habits and the classification of these objects, without admiring them also, and admiring them the more. This is the superiority of those who know, over those who merely love nature. And yet it has not been uncommon for the lovers of nature to look down on men of natural science as narrow-minded, technical plodders, without enthusiasm, without soul; the former, forgetting that it

might be a more intense and abiding love of nature than their own, which led the latter to investigate, to collect, to arrange, or, as they please to term it, to plod and be technical. Another thing which the general lovers of nature are apt to forget, is, that they who study nature minutely, observe many things which are wholly overlooked by others, and therefore as they see more, must admire and love more, simply because they have more to admire and love. When they who love nature, entertain so true and constant a love, that they begin to study nature ever so slightly, they will from that moment be convinced that study is the fruit of love, and will be ashamed that they ever disparaged study, if in moments of uninstructed presumption they ever did.

I will speak first, of the advantages of an acquaintance with natural history to those who are in situations where the works of nature, rather than of men's hands, are around them. Let us take, for example, the case of those who retire from the city into the country, during the warm season, when the city is languid and panting, and the country is in all its pride. Motives of different kinds induce the removal. Some are operated on by a sense of uneasiness and a love of change; others by the force of habit imperceptibly acquired; others by a regard for health; and others by

the authority of fashion, the poorest motive of all. But in general it is a desire to escape from heat and dust, to freshness, verdure and freedom, which leads men out from the close streets into the open fields. The sense of escape, and the enjoyment of pure air, and the sight of growing things, and the sounds of whispering trees, flowing waters and singing birds, are for a few days, pleasure and occupation enough. But is it so after those few days are past? It is to a small number, perhaps; though the delight of that small number would be greatly enhanced by knowledge. But the majority become listless and uneasy again. The wild flowers spring up and blossom with all their wonted beauty; the trees, waters and birds, join in melody as sweetly as before. Why are they not seen and heard as at first? Where is the charm that made them to be seen, and heard, and felt?

> "Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

The pleasure is gone, because there was no intelligent observation to detain it. The interest dies away, because it was not kept alive by knowledge and study. The view has been superficial, comprising only the more general and obvious features of the landscape, and the eye has been

soon satisfied with seeing. The fields have been looked upon as verdant or flowery carpets merely, and though that is a poetical way of regarding them, who can be interested long by the sight of a carpet, however splendid and varied its colors? The flowers come and go, according to their times and seasons; they bear the distinctive marks of their separate families; they have their peculiar habits and various properties, and uses; but all these sources of pleasure are unvisited, and to the uninstructed eye they are undistinguished flowers; flowers the last month, and flowers this, or rather a confused mass of coloring, taking the place of snow and death in the spring of the year, and giving place to death and snow in the winter. A walk through the roads, lanes and meadows of the country, soon becomes, by repetition, as uninteresting as a walk through the well-known streets and squares of the city, and indeed more so. The shelter of the house is less frequently quitted, day by day, because it is now too warm to go out, and now too windy, and now too wet. In short, the country grows very dull.

Am I not truly, and not at all too strongly, describing the experience of numbers; of many, even, who think they love nature and the country, and who do so, if love means an admiration extremely transient and easily tired? But this love

would have ripened into true love, if the proper means had been taken. This admiration would have become fixed and abiding, if it had been placed on the foundations of observation and science. Let any one branch of natural history be attended to, botany, ornithology, entomology, and only leisurely attended to, according to one's entire convenience, and nature wears a more attractive aspect, and is seen with other eyes. Every walk discloses some new beauty. You are among friends, whose qualities you know, and whose characters you esteem. Acquaintances peep out from under the stone walls, or sing to you from the trees, or buzz among the bushes. You learn to address them by their names, their christian and sur-names; and you ascertain their periods of arrival and departure, and some particulars of their business; and you bid them welcome when they appear in their gaiety and freshness; and when, poor transitory things, they fade or fly away, you bid them farewell. And, perhaps, as you do so, your thoughts recur to other beings, much nearer to yourselves, who come as sweetly and as joyously, and who go as sadly and as soon.

And is it not something to know what plants are medicinal, and what are used in the arts, and what are innocent, and what are poisonous? Is it not something to know the names of the earths

and minerals? Is it not something to know where the birds come from, and where they go to, and how they subsist, and how with varied art they build? Is it not something to know what the little insects are about, and to find out, as we investigate more and more, what a large place they fill in the kingdom and economy of nature, how important are the occupations of many of them, how curious are the works and habits of all, of how much use and how much injury they are to man?

With these resources of knowledge, and objects of inquiry within his reach, a man's hours in the country cannot be vacant or profitless. What is learned will assist and gratify, and what is to be learned will continually excite. Fact will lead to fact, and be added to fact. His time will be filled; his mind will be informed; his sense of the value of existence will be increased.

And suppose he goes to a part of the country which lies by the sea-side. The ocean is so grand and imposing; the motion and the music of the waves so fill the eye and the ear; there is a quiet and majestic solitariness in the firm rocks, and the broad sands, and the deep waters, which so sympathize with the soul of the visiter, that he thinks he can never weary of such noble, such spiritual scenery. But the intensity of his interest will be diminished by familiarity with its objects, though

it may be from time to time renewed. His eyes cannot be forever out upon the sea, nor studying the prominent features of the shore. If nothing else demands his attention, heavy hours will creep over him, and it will come to pass that often will the waves lift up their voices unheard, and the shores will watch for the visits of his heart in vain. There are times, tedious times, in which he feels, though he may not confess, that the borders of the sea, as well as the inland hills and vales, may be dull, very dull.

But why should he not here also observe nature in detail, as well as in mass? Is there nothing in the sea but waves? Is there nothing on the shore but rocks and sands? Have the briny fields no flowers? Are there no habitations along the coasts but the scattered huts of fishermen? Why should the clustering sea-plants wave and glow unseen? Why should the tribes of shell-fish be neglected? The sea and the shore teem with life, with industry, with art. Why should we not know something about them? Let the visiter possess himself of a few of the outlines of marine botany. Let him collect the brilliant and delicate Algæ. Let him watch the habits of the testaceous tribes, and gather specimens of their dwellings. Let him interest himself by the simple process of observation, in what is growing and doing about him, and

it may be that he will think the longest summer days too short for his inquiries; and when the sea is covered with a heavy impenetrable fog, or the clouds are plentifully returning their borrowed rain, he will have materials for occupation and research within doors, the harvest of his sunny hours, when the resources of others are exhausted.

Nor is there any cause for fear that this observant and systematic attention to nature in the detail, will in the least degree disturb or diminish the delight inspired by her grander and more extensive aspects. The knowledge of the parts will assist the comprehension of the whole. The soul of the student will rise up as often to the call of the deep sky, the varied landscape, the sweeping river, or the mysterious ocean, as it did before he studied. He has gained much; he has lost nothing. He hears when others hear, and often when others do not; for he hears the whispers and undertones of nature. The entrances to his heart stand as wide open as ever, inviting the sweet airs of heaven to come in, and course through its halls and chambers, and sing their wild melodies at will. To him

> "The innocent brightness of a new-born day
> Is lovely yet;"

and none the less so, because he knows the tribes of earth and air which burst into being with it.

The stars will not despise him for noting the least thing which they shine upon. His converse with them will be as earnest as before. Kind nature will not requite unkindly the attention which he pays to any of her children. She will adopt him the more entirely as her own.

More might easily be said to enforce the truth, which I fear is not regarded as it ought to be, that leisure time may be delightfully and profitably filled, that the pleasure and interest of a summer retreat, or vacation from business, may be preserved without fading or diminution; that what is called the tedium of life may often and often be wholly avoided, by even a moderate acquaintance with natural history. But let us pass to the consideration of some other views of the subject.

Some knowledge of the objects and nomenclature of natural history is an essential aid in several of the paths of literature. Geography and natural history are closely united. The description of the earth's surface is incomplete, without a description of its productions. In reading books of travels, easy and pleasant as this kind of reading is, the facility and pleasure are not unfrequently interrupted by the want of knowledge of natural history; by our not understanding what many objects are which the traveller saw, and was evidently gratified, perhaps overjoyed, to see, and of which

he gives the names, to us useless names. I refer not to those books of travels, standing on the lowest shelf of literature, composed of gossiping anecdotes, frothy speculations, accounts of roads, inns, dinner-parties and theatres, and showing nothing so clearly as the egotism and emptiness of the writers; for, as they have little to do with natural history, natural history can have little to do with them. Nor do I mean to say, that excellent books of travels may not be written, and have not been published, containing sound views and interesting descriptions of men, and manners, and scenery, and not a word of natural history, or a term of science. But it is well known that many of the best, that almost all the standard works in this department, are the narratives of men of science, who were able to describe the natural objects belonging to the countries which they visited, and thus contribute essentially to the stock of human knowledge. But this communication is not for those who are unprepared to receive it. This valuable, perhaps most valuable, portion of their works, is completely hid from us, if we are ignorant of natural history. Its terms are to us a strange language. They convey to us no idea. We skip over the pages that bear them, to us so blank and unprofitable, to others so full of instruction and pleasure. But if we possess some ac-

quaintance with natural history, which need not be for this purpose profound, we carry with us a torch which lights up what is otherwise so obscure, with a clear and beautiful light, and we travel where the author travels, and whatever he sees we see also. Does he tell us that in the forest he meets with such and such trees and shrubs, and hears the song or the scream of such and such birds? We see them, we hear them. We know their forms. Unless they are entirely new, he need not paint for us their foliage or their plumage. Does he name rare flowers which are profusely blooming amidst untrodden solitudes? Their names come to us glowing with their own colors, and loaded with their several odors. Does he say that, in roaming on the sea-beat shores of some tropical island, he found scattered along the beach specimens of this shell and of that? There they lie distinctly on the sand before our mind's eye; we are acquainted with them; perhaps we covet them. In short, we understand the book completely; we go along with the traveller without halting or weariness.

Do we travel ourselves, and travel with our eyes open? Have we any curiosity, any taste? Do we see in our path a splendid plant, a bright or singular insect, a curious shell? Perhaps we wish to give others an idea of what has pleased us, and

we enter, being unacquainted with its name, upon a description of it, in writing or in words. It is an equal chance whether we make ourselves intelligible or not; whether we do or do not convey to readers or hearers a knowledge of the object we mean. If we do not, our labor is in vain. If we do, two words would have answered as well as the whole of our description.

As to the toil of acquiring the nomenclature of any branch of natural history, it is in a great measure imaginary. It is appalling enough to glance at an apparently interminable list of Latin and Greek names, when we are entirely unacquainted with the objects to which they belong, and the classifications of the science which embraces them. But let a person once seriously apply himself to study the science and collect or examine its objects, and the difficulty of the nomenclature disappears; nay, he will find it an indispensable help. Some labor must be given at first, it is true, but I should like to know what science it is, which is to be learned without labor. If objects are to be classified, they must have names. And if naturalists of different countries are to communicate their observations, these names must be drawn from a common language. If each nation insisted on having the terms of science in its own language, then, instead of being obliged to learn them in one

language only, the Latin or Greek, we should first have to acquire the English words, which would be about as much exercise for the memory, and then the French, Italian, German, and so on. The learned nomenclature is by far the easiest and best for any branch of natural science.

In writing on various subjects, an acquaintance with natural history diminishes the liability of writers to be mistaken in matters of fact. They will not, thus guarded, be apt to speak, for example, of a substance used in the arts, as supplied from one source, when it comes from another far different. They will not attribute to one animal what belongs to another. They will not fix on the land that which is drawn up from the sea. They will not mention as strange and new something which is common and very well known. Mistakes of this kind are not unfrequently committed by the best authors. Perfect correctness is not, indeed, to be expected; but a slight acquaintance with natural history would very often secure correctness where now it is wanting; and every writer must desire to be as correct as possible, because every error is a blemish of greater or less magnitude.

The study of any branch of natural history induces or strengthens the important habit and faculty of discrimination, by obliging the student to

perceive and note those small differences in objects which are the marks of wide distinctions. To the unobserving, who are the multitude, a rock is a rock, everything that flies in the insect kingdom is a fly, or a butterfly, or a bug, and all creeping things are worms. But there is as much difference between insects as between quadrupeds, though bounded within smaller dimensions, and consequently less obvious. Let those differences be detected, and the mind grows quicker in remark, and more discerning of variety and of resemblance. Every one who attends to the operations of mind, knows of how great advantage is this enlargement of faculty. A friend of mine, settled as minister in a small and remote village, having turned his attention to entomology soon after his ordination, is now one of the best entomologists, and owns one of the most complete cabinets of insects in this country. In the mean time he has not neglected his proper professional duties. The children of his parish come in for a large share of his attention. Among other good lessons he teaches them to regard with love and respect the works of God. They observe the interest taken by their teacher in the insect tribe. Of their own accord, and with the hope of making themselves useful to him, many of them have become his assistant collectors, and have rendered

him essential service; for, like other boys, they are quick of eye, ear and limb; and that must be a smart insect which can escape, in the long run, from the clutches of a smart boy. And they not only catch the insects, but they know something about them. Insensibly they acquire a tolerable acquaintance with entomology. I am told that some of them, unconscious of possessing any remarkable learning, will give the names of insects, like so many professors, and know a new or rare insect as well as their minister does, and when they find such a one, will take it immediately to him. In this way they not only are really advancing in some degree the cause of science, but they are improving their own minds, and that, too, while they are exercising their bodies. They are strengthening the important faculty of discrimination, and their health at the same time.

Again, the pursuit of natural history in almost any way, as a study or an amusement, is both indicative and productive of gentleness, refinement and virtue. I know of no indication which would sooner predispose me in favor of a person with whom I might be accidentally thrown in a stage-coach, than a familiarity manifested by him with any branch of natural science, or an intelligent love evinced for its objects. If he could tell me the names of the flowers by the roadside, or the in-

sects as they flitted by us, I should be exceedingly surprised if he ran into the bar-room for liquor at every stopping-place, or let fall from his lips an oath or an indecent word. I should know that he occupied some of his hours with the observation and study of the sweet and tranquillizing features of nature. I should judge that he preferred a quiet walk to a noisy revel; that when among men, he chose the society of good men, and that he was fond of books, which are the choicest portions of the spirits of men. And if I should see in one who had been led astray, sadly astray, by the force of passion or the tendencies of bad example, if I should see in such a one the love of any department of nature, the disposition to cultivate any branch of natural science, I should hail it as a spring in the desert, and trust that through the "scent of that water" his life would bud again, "and bring forth boughs like a plant." And why should I entertain that trust? Because I should know that some of his tastes at least were pure, that some of his pleasures were innocent, that some of his pursuits were calm, that he was not wholly given up to sensuality. I should argue that there was a delicacy in his mind which excess had not rooted out, that there was a sacred principle in his heart which survived amidst corruption; and I should go on to argue that this deli-

cacy, that this principle would be made to thrive and grow by study, by the direction of the thoughts to their culture, till at last the desert place would become a garden.

But the study of nature has its religious as well as its moral uses. I cannot say that all those who cultivate a taste for natural history, cultivate in conjunction religious affections and convictions. Men will sometimes perversely separate those things which God intends to unite, and which always flourish better when that intention is fulfilled. Nor do I mean to say that men cannot be religious and pious unless they study nature and natural history. Piety has more sources and supports than one. If one source fails, piety does not necessarily dry up, because it is still fed from other fountains. If one support is deficient, yet piety may not fall, because there are other foundations to hold it up. Happy for us that it is so. It is nevertheless true, most true, that the study and contemplation of nature leads directly and by an easy and excellent way to the adoration and love of nature's God; that the examination of the living, varied and exquisite mechanism about us, constructed not by human hands, may be the daily means of our beholding and acknowledging the planning, forming, ruling hand of the Almighty. Testimony to this truth has been borne abundantly

by the best and wisest of men; by poets, naturalists, philosophers. "*To see all things in God*," say Kirby and Spence, in the preface to their valuable and delightful work on Entomology, "has been accounted one of the peculiar privileges of a future state; and in this present life *to see God in all things*, in the mirror of the creation to behold and adore the reflected glory of the Creator, is no mean attainment; and it possesses this advantage, that thus we sanctify our pursuits, and, instead of loving the creatures for themselves, are led by the survey of them and their instincts to the love of Him who made and endowed them."

The Poet of the Seasons has grown somewhat old-fashioned, and though he still holds his rank among poets, is not often quoted. Let him however be a witness here.

> "And yet was ever faltering tongue of man,
> Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
> Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
> E'en in the depth of solitary woods,
> By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
> And to the choir celestial Thee resound,
> The eternal cause, support, and end of all!"

There are many, I know, and belonging to the opposite classes of men of the world and men of religion, who are disposed to regard this alleged connection between natural science and piety, be-

tween the creation and the Creator, as a mere matter of poetry, well enough for some to sing about and show off a little enthusiasm, but as a practical thing, not worth their attention as sensible or as Christian persons. Now it is precisely as a practical thing that its claims to attention are to be pressed. And it is because it is not put into a course of practice, that it is not regarded as practical and is thus undeservedly slighted. Days like those in which "Lady Glanville's will was attempted to be set aside on the ground of lunacy, evinced by no other act than her fondness for collecting insects, and Ray had to appear at Exeter on the trial as a witness of her sanity;" days too, like those in which Bishop Horsely voted against Sir Joseph Banks, as president of the Royal Society, "because he was a collector of cockle-shells and bugs," are probably gone by, both in England and here; but the days are not yet come when an attentive and minute observation of nature shall cease to be regarded by a large number of sensible and good men, and by, perhaps, the majority of society, as an undignified, frivolous, useless pursuit; and instead of this, be generally considered, what it really is, as an elevating, refining, religious exercise of the mind and heart. When those days do come, they will be happy days for religion, for men will be more generally, more deeply, more

practically convinced than they now are, that they are really living and moving in God's world and among God's creatures.

I have already given two quotations in testimony of the strict connection between nature and religion, the one from a naturalist, and the other from a poet. In conclusion of the subject, I will offer a third from a philosophic divine; both because the name of the cool and rational Paley must be admitted as an authority by the cool and rational, and because the argument is set forth with his accustomed clearness and force.

"In a moral view, I shall not, I believe, be contradicted when I say, that if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a Supreme Intelligent Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of everything which is religious. *The world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continual act of adoration.* The change is no less than this, that whereas formerly God was seldom in our thoughts, we can now scarcely look upon anything without perceiving its relation to him. Every organized natural body, in the provisions which it contains for its sustentation and propagation, testifies a care on the part of the Creator, expressly

directed to these purposes. We are on all sides surrounded by such bodies; examined in their parts, wonderfully curious; compared with one another, no less wonderfully diversified. So that the mind, as well as the eye, may either expatiate in variety and multitude, or fix itself down to the investigation of particular divisions of the science. And in either case, it will rise up from its occupation, possessed by the subject in a very different manner, and with a very different degree of influence, from what a mere assent to any verbal proposition which can be formed concerning the existence of the Deity — at least, that merely complying assent with which those about us are satisfied, and with which we are too apt to satisfy ourselves, will or can produce upon the thoughts."

DUTIES OF WINTER.

"In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And ermine robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together."

MARY HOWITT.

As each age of our life has duties belonging to it, which are in a measure peculiar to itself; as a child is bound to some acts, to which a man is not equally bound; so each season of the year has duties, which differ in degree or kind from those of the other seasons, and Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter are distinctly marked by these human duties, as well as by the signs of the zodiac.

The two principal duties, which, though belonging to all the seasons, seem to be peculiarly attendant on the season of winter, are those of instruction and of charity; and of these duties I would now speak.

First, of instruction. In the warm portion of our year, when the sun reigns, and the fields are carpeted with herbs and flowers, and the forests are loaded with riches and magnificence, nature seems to insist on instructing us herself, and in her own easy, insensible way. In the mild and whispering air there is an invitation to go abroad which few can resist; and when abroad we are in a school where all may learn, without trouble or tasking, and where we may be sure to learn if we will simply open our hearts. But stern winter comes, and drives us back into our towns and houses, and there we must sit down, and learn and teach with serious application of the mind, and by the prompting of duty. As we are bidden to this exertion, so are we better able to make it than in the preceding season. The body, which was before unnerved, is now braced up to the extent of its capacity; and the mind which was before dissipated by the fair variety of external attractions, collects and concentrates its powers, as those attractions fade and disappear. The natural limits of day and night, also, conspire to the same end, and are in unison with the other intimations of the season. In summer, the days, glad to linger on the beautiful earth, almost exclude the quiet and contemplative nights, which are only long enough for sleep. But in the winter the lat-

ter gain the ascendency. Slowly and royally they sweep back with their broad shadows, and hushing the earth with the double spell of darkness and coldness, issue their silent mandates, and — while the still snow falls, and the waters are congealed — call to reflection, to study, to mental labor and acquisition.

The long winter nights! Dark, cold and stern as they seem, they are the friends of wisdom, the patrons of literature, the nurses of vigorous, patient, inquisitive and untiring intellect. To some, indeed, they come particularly associated, when not with gloom, with various gay scenes of amusement, with lighted halls, lively music, and a few (hundred) friends. To others, the dearest scene which they present is the cheerful fireside, instructive books, studious and industrious children, and those friends, whether many or few, whom the heart and experience acknowledge to be such. Society has claims; social intercourse is profitable as well as pleasant; amusements are naturally sought for by the young, and such as are innocent they may well partake of; but it may be asked, whether, when amusements run into excess, they do not leave their innocence behind them in the career; whether light social intercourse, when it takes up a great deal of time, has anything valuable to pay in return for that time; and whether

the claims of society can in any way be better satisfied than by the intelligence, the sobriety and the peaceableness of its members? Such qualities and habits must be acquired at home; and not by idleness even there, but by study. The winter evenings seem to be given to us, not exclusively, but chiefly, for instruction. They invite us to instruct ourselves, to instruct others, and to do our part in furnishing all proper means of instruction.

We must instruct ourselves. Whatever our age, condition, or occupation may be, this is a duty which we cannot safely neglect, and for the performance of which the season affords abundant opportunity. To know what other minds have done, is not the work of a moment; and it is only to be known from the records which they have left of themselves, or from what has been recorded of them. To instruct ourselves is necessarily our own work; but we cannot well instruct ourselves without learning from others. The stores of our own minds it is for ourselves to use for the best effects and to the greatest advantage; but if we do not acquire with diligence, from external sources, there would be very few of us who would have any stores to use. Let no one undervalue intellectual means, who wishes to effect intellectual ends. The best workman will generally want the best tools, and the best assortment of them.

We must instruct others. This duty belongs most especially to parents. All who have children, have pupils. The winter evening is the chosen time to instruct them, when they have past the tenderest years of their childhood. Those who have school-tasks to learn, should not be left to toil in solitude; but should be encouraged by the presence, and aided by the superior knowledge, of their parents, whose pleasure as well as duty it should be to lend them a helping hand along the road, not always easy, of learning. While the child is leaning over his book, the father and the mother should be nigh, that when he looks up in weariness or perplexity, he may find, at least, the assistance of sympathy. They need not be absolutely tied to the study-table, but they should not often hesitate between the calls of amusement abroad, and the demands for parental example, guidance and companionship at home. They will lose no happiness by denying themselves many pleasures, and will find that the most brilliant of lustres are their own domestic lamp, and the cheerful and intelligent eyes of their children.

But all have not children; and the children of some are too young to be permitted to remain with their parents beyond the earliest hours of evening; and the children of others are old enough to accompany their parents abroad. For all those

who think they could pleasantly and profitably receive instruction of a public nature, and for this purpose spend an hour or two away from their homes, there is, happily, a plenty of instruction provided. Winter is the very season for public instruction, and it must be said to their honor, that our citizens have excellently improved it as such. Opportunities for gaining useful knowledge have been provided, and they have not been neglected by those for whom the provision has been made. The fountains of waters have been opened, and the thirsty have been refreshed. Though home instruction is to be placed at the head of all instruction, yet there are numbers who have not instruction at home, and numbers who have none at home to whom they may communicate instruction; and there are numbers who find it convenient and useful to mingle public and domestic instruction together, or alternate the one with the other. And when it is considered that the public lectures referred to are charged with little expense to the hearers; that they are delivered by the best and ablest men among us; that hundreds of youth resort to them, many of whom are in all probability saved from idleness, and some from vice and crime; and that to all who may attend them they afford a rational employment of time, we may look to the continuance of such means of knowledge

and virtue as one of the most inestimable of benefits.

I come now to the second great duty of winter, that of charity. Winter is the peculiar season of charity. The sun, that generous friend of the poor, is summoned to withdraw his heat, and seems to say to us that we must keep our hearts the warmer toward them till he returns with it again. The piercing cold finds an easy entrance through the broken panes and wide seams of the day-laborer's room or hovel, and little fire on his hearth to tame its severity. The price of fuel is high. The children fall sick from cold, and scantiness of clothing, and insufficient food; and by-and-by the father or the mother is obliged to give up labor and lie down on the bed of pain. This is the season for charity. If they who are in plenty, think not now and act not for those who are destitute, I believe that they will one day rue their insensibility. I know that difficulties surround this whole subject. I know that the benevolent are frequently imposed upon by the most outrageous falsehoods; I know that improvidence, intemperance and multifold vices are the prolific causes of pauperism and misery. I know all this well, because I have seen it. I know that if we give ever so cautiously, we shall sometimes give to the undeserving. I have been imposed upon myself,

and perhaps laughed at by the objects of my pity. Every one has been imposed upon who has listened to the suggestions of his heart; and if he has not been imposed upon at all, I believe that he has greatly imposed upon himself. I would rather be deceived once, twice, thrice, than to know that through my neglect, or my excessive caution, a fellow-being had been frozen or starved, or had suffered severely through cold and hunger. It is certainly our duty to examine as well as to give, and make a wide difference, both in our regards and donations, between laziness and crippled industry, between the vicious poor and the virtuous poor. But when the most degraded cry out for food and clothing and fire, shall they be refused? Surely they err in every point of view, when they forsake the path of honesty and truth; for they inevitably lose by it. But ignorance, dark ignorance, is some excuse, and pinching want is a strong and present temptation. And then how stands our own account with Heaven? Are we ready that our own offences should be strictly marked, and severely visited?

These circumstances are all worthy of consideration, as are others connected with the same subject, which I have no time even to hint at. And after all our views on this side and on that, after all our doubts, and weighings, and balanc-

ings, the prevailing arguments for immediate action are in the season, on the duties of which we are speaking. Frost, and ice, and snow, and sickness make forcible appeals. When the loud winds preach of charity, and the frequent storms call for alms, they must be heard.

And they are heard. There are many who hear them. Witness the large number of charitable associations which have been formed, and are pleading for means with those who possess means, almost every week through the winter, by addresses, and sermons, and circulars; and witness, too, those more private societies and circles, who make no public appeals, but carry on their work of charity in God's domestic temples, their own homes. Some are wont to complain of this multiplication of societies; but how is it to be well avoided in a large and increasing population? The subdivision of charities becomes, like the subdivision of labor, necessary; it *is* a subdivision of labor; and while the widows and the fatherless are both numerous and both to be visited, there is no reason why the wants and the sufferings of the one should not be attended to by one society, and those of the other by another. No doubt these charities also are sometimes abused; but perhaps not so often as some vexatious instances we have known or heard of, may lead us to suppose.

What good thing should we attempt, if the probability of its abuse were to stop our proceedings? What good thing should we receive from the Source of good, if that consideration should stop the blessings which are flowing down to us in perpetual streams? Certainly it is very bad that a poor self-forsaken being should take the pittance which is given to him for food or clothing, and purchase with it the intoxicating draught. It is almost too bad for charity herself to bear — did not charity bear all things. But there are greater abuses than this. I must say it plainly, though with no sentiment, I trust, stronger than that of sorrow, that a case of far greater abuse is the case of him who is in the possession of every comfort and luxury, and who devotes them all to the pampering of self, and bestows little or no thought on those who would bless him for his crumbs and leavings, and are shivering and sickening for the want of them. As I am in the presence of God, I had rather be the former than the latter to stand before him in judgment.

I have no immediate purpose in these remarks. I am writing for no charitable occasion. My only object is to lead feeling and sober reflection to the general duty of charity at this season.

Is it asked, where will be the end of all these efforts and of the demands for them? "The poor

ye have always with you." Heaven and earth will pass away before that word. Poverty will always exist; and yet its amount in comparison with population, may be constantly decreasing in extent, or severity, or both. It must decrease in some proportion with the diffusion of knowledge, and the judicious efforts of charitable men. More is to be hoped for from the diffusion of knowledge, particularly of religious knowledge, than from anything else whatever. But this is too wide a field to enter upon now. One position may safely be assumed, — that were not aid extended in the mean time to the poor; were not food and fuel bought for them, and clothing made for them, and medicines and medical attendance provided for them; there would be a scene of desperation, violence and death around us too terrible to think of. It would be well for those who sneer at societies, and at the same time will make no personal exertion or sacrifice, to consider this, and admit the possibility, to say the least, that those whose efforts they are deriding, are contributing not a little to secure to them the possessions which they love so dearly.

If some things are dark and perplexing in relation to this subject, one thing seems to be very clear, which is that we should help one another through the short season of this our life. The

winter of death will soon shut in upon the brightest and warmest prospects of the gayest and most flourishing. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth forever." If we look for a renovating and perpetual spring to chase the gloom, it must be in sole reliance on the word and power of God. The ice of that winter is so fast that nought but his breath may loosen it. "He sendeth out his word and melteth them; he bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow." What will procure us the enjoyment of that eternal spring? What will bring our souls into the full and gladdening beams of life's Source and Sun? What can it be, but obedience to his great law of charity?

THE HOLY LAND.

The land which is spoken of by the prophet Ezekiel, as "the glory of all lands," still retains its preëminent character in the eyes of those who thoroughly consider its claims. It may not now flow so plentifully with milk and honey, as it then did, though there is no reason to suppose that its natural fertility is impaired; but while its climate probably, and its extraordinary geographical position certainly, remain as they were, spiritual associations of the sublimest character have been added to those which it possessed in the days of the prophet, and a glory encircles it, higher than earthly, toward which the hearts of men are turned in homage, and so will be turned, till the end of the world. This supremacy is not affected by the character of its inhabitants, and cannot be overthrown by any future revolutions. The people of God have been driven from the land which he promised and gave them; but still it is the Holy Land. The people of other lands have become

civilized and refined, while barbarians have been roaming over Palestine; but Palestine is still, and ever must be, reverenced, as the country in which refinement and civilization had their most copious and effectual source. The wild Arab may lurk for plunder among the ruined cities of Judea, and the Turk may rule on Mount Sion, and give the law in the city of the great king; but they cannot rob Bethlehem of its cradle, or Calvary of its cross, or one hill, or stream, or wilderness, of its sacred story; neither can they interfere with the authority of that divine law which goes forth from Israel, or touch with a finger that spiritual sceptre which is stretched out from the land of patriarchs, prophets, and Christ, over the most enlightened portions of the globe.

Most peculiarly is the land of Canaan the land of the soul; the land which seems to be nearest heaven of any spot on earth, to those whose hopes are in heaven as the destination and rest of souls. How can it be otherwise, when it is recognized as the land in which the great dispensations of God were made known to men; on which the Son of God descended from heaven, and from which he ascended to his Father again? But look at it with a view to its geographical position alone, and see what a conspicuous place it occupies on the map of the world. Washed by the

ultimate waves of the Mediterranean, the very name of which sea denotes its central locality, Palestine looks down over the long extent of its surface, glancing at the whole southern coast of Europe on the right, and the whole northern coast of Africa on the left. Near, on the right hand, are the shores and islands of classical Greece. Near, on the left hand, are the plains and pyramids of Egypt, wrapped in the clouds of ancient mystery, and never shadowed by the rain-clouds of heaven. Above, on the north, lies the great Syrian domain. Behind, toward the east, are the countries which are watered by the Euphrates and Tigris. Below, to the south, is the expanse of the Red Sea, cleaving its way through Egypt and Arabia, up within sight almost of the walls of Jerusalem, as if to offer a passage down its length to the whole Oriental world. Look on a map of the world as known to the ancients, and you perceive that the Holy Land occupies nearly the mathematical centre of that world. Look on a map of the round world as known to us, and you perceive that the Holy Land stands at the very threshold, by the avenues of the Mediterranean and Red Seas, between the European and American continents and the rich empires of the East.

As Palestine lies between the thirty-first and

thirty-fourth degrees of north latitude, its climate is favorable to many of the vegetable productions of both temperate and tropical countries. The districts lying on each side of the river Jordan, which flows through nearly its whole length, joining the Lake of Gennesareth with the Dead Sea, are almost spontaneously fertile. The whole country might be made at any time as productive as it once was, under the hands of industrious cultivators; and ancient history, profane as well as sacred, bears abundant witness to its former productiveness. The principal character, however, which seems stamped on the surface of this land, is that of solemnity, as if it were intended from the first to be a Holy Land. Mountains, which are God's altars, mountains, rocky, precipitous, and stern, rise up in all its extent. The majestic sweeps and summits of Lebanon guard its northern border; Tabor and Hermon and Carmel, with other hills of holy name, stand on their everlasting foundations among the tribes of Israel; and Jerusalem, built upon hills, is encompassed by them, as by a second and heaven-built wall. The beauty of the Lake of Galilee is also made solemn by the mountains which hang over it and shut it in; the stream of Jordan flows through a succession of rich but silent plains, and deep, twilight wildernesses of forest, such as that in which

John urged a nation to repent; while the Dead Sea, in which the sacred stream is lost, tells by its name alone, the story of buried cities, forever hidden in its awful beds, and by the stillness, the weight, and the bitterness of its waters, and the intense solitariness of its shores, of the abiding judgments of God.

But what a history has this land! What an important portion of man's spiritual history is concentrated within its not extensive borders! Originally settled by the sons of Canaan, from whom it derives one of its appellations, — Canaan, the son of Ham, and the grandson of Noah, — it afterwards became the adopted country of Abraham, the father of the Jewish family, to which he emigrated from Chaldea, and in which he obtained possessions. It was the native country of Isaac, of Jacob, and of the sons of Jacob, the patriarchs of the twelve tribes. Here they had their dwellings, and altars, and pastures, and wells, and tombs. From this land, when a sore famine was in it, Jacob and his sons, with their families and their flocks and herds, went down into Egypt. Back again towards this land did their descendants return, under the conduct of Moses and Aaron, and a mightier Hand than theirs. — "Thou leddest thy people like a flock, by the hand of Moses and Aaron," — journeying through the

intervening wilderness, and sojourning in it for the period of forty years; and, finally, under the captainship of Joshua, did they enter this land, and establish their separate tribes in their ancient home.

Then came the times of the judges; and then the splendid reigns of the shepherd-king and monarch-minstrel David, and of his son Solomon, so wise in his youth, so foolish in his age. During these periods the divine institutions of Moses were in full operation; the bounds of Israel's possessions were enlarged; his commerce extended to remote India; and his name was known and respected among the nations. The glorious temple was built at Jerusalem, whither all the tribes went up to worship Jehovah; and those unequalled Psalms were sung there, which are now sung in so many languages and in so many lands.

Next we have the decline of morals and of power; the revolt and separation of the ten tribes; those mournful captivities; the country ravaged; Jerusalem overthrown and desolate; the temple profaned, its walls shattered, its altar cold, its courts empty, its music silent. Yet through this period it is, that we hear those wonderful strains of prophecy, modulated according to the demands of the times, now persuading, encouraging, and

blessing in tones of sweetest poetry; now threatening and denouncing in Heaven's voice of thunder; now wailing and lamenting like a funeral dirge; and ever and anon uttering intimations of a happy time to come, when Israel should be redeemed and comforted, and a Prince and Saviour should rise up, and establish a sacred kingdom of righteousness, glory, and peace.

The fortunes of the Jewish nation go on unfolding themselves in mingled colors of restless subjection and partial restoration, till they are overshadowed by the Roman sway in the time of the early Roman empire. And now it is, that her star of eternal dominion rises, not red and baleful, but serene and full of light; not seen or acknowledged by herself, but enlightening and healing the world. Now it is, that Bethlehem acquires a lustre greater than even the birth of David could confer upon it, for now it becomes the birth-place of a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Now it is, that the secluded town of Nazareth, at the other extremity of the kingdom, out of which it was said that no good thing could come, shelters in one of its cottages, and educates amidst its surrounding solitudes, the Son of man and of God, and, at the expiration of thirty years, sends him forth, the Teacher and Redeemer of the human race. Now it is, that a King rides meekly into Jerusalem,

who is greater than David or Solomon, and a High Priest is seen in the temple, entering into the holy of holies by his own blood, and obtaining not an annual, but eternal redemption.

The essential features of that land are unchanged, through which Jesus travelled on his divine mission, marking his way with miracles of power, of wisdom, and of love. How has he invested with more than double sanctity, every path and spot where patriarch and prophet had already travelled and rested! How full of thrilling interest is the country which everywhere presents us with names, in its towns, its streams, and its mountains, with which his name is connected! Are not the words of the Prophet now most perfectly accomplished, and is not the land of Canaan "the glory of all lands?" If we cannot journey over it in the body, we can make a pilgrimage to it in spirit; and indeed we must become acquainted with its localities, if we would gain an accurate knowledge of the journeys and works of our Lord.

The Holy Land lies spread before us. Jordan flows on as it did, and the tall reeds on its banks are shaken by the wind as they were, when John stood there, and baptized with water Him who was to baptize with the Holy Spirit and with fire. It flows out from the beautiful lake or sea, on

the shores of which he passed so large a portion of his ministry, and performed so many of his wonderful works. Behold it, as it stretches far up into Galilee, and glitters in the sun. Just here, on its border, he selected his apostles. On its waves he has often been borne by night and by day. There, out in its midst, the angry storm heard his voice of power, and was hushed; and there he stretched forth his ready hand to uphold his sinking disciple. There are the silent hills where he was wont to pray alone. Among these villages did he pursue his way, clad in the folded robes of the East, accompanied by his disciples, often thronged by the people; now stopping to convey instruction in a parable, the outward materials of which he gathered easily from the objects before him; now yielding to the entreaty of a father, whom grief had made humble, and speaking the word which was to heal his child; at the gates of this town, restoring to a widow her only son from his bier; by the side of this ancient well, offering to a Samaritan woman the water of life. And now rise the towers and snowy temple of that city, within which he was so often heard, but in vain. O Jerusalem, fallen Jerusalem! — the hills and the lake, and the river, are unchanged; but how changed art thou, since the days of thy pride, and of his humiliation! Thy temple, where is it, ex-

cept in the mind's vision? According to his sure word, it is utterly ruined! We see the dome and minarets of a mosque on mount Moriah! And yet thou canst not lose thy holiness, desolate city, for in spirit we behold within thy walls the anointed of God and rejected of men. Here, by his fearless rebukes, he sent dismay into the hearts of a perverse generation. Here is the site of that desecrated judgment-hall, in which he was condemned to a cruel death. Just without the walls to the east, and on the ascent of the Mount of Olives, is the garden where he passed the midwatches of the preceding night in agony; and on the opposite side, to the west, is the rising ground, where, suspended between thieves, and surrounded by the thoughtless crowd, he suffered and died.

Land of Canaan; land of the Saviour; land of the old dispensation, and of the new! it is for no light cause that men call thee Holy. However we may question the wisdom, we may not wonder at the zeal, of that strong movement, through which the chieftains and multitudes of Europe rushed to the shores of Palestine, and expended their treasure and their blood in the wars of the Crusades. They could not bear, that the tomb in which their Redeemer was laid with sorrow, and from which he arose in triumph, should be in the hands of infidels; and therefore without regard to

consequences, and without regard to the peaceful laws of that Redeemer himself, they established through violence and crime a nominal and temporary Christian dominion on Mount Sion. Terribly were they rebuked, as by the voice of the living Saviour. They took the sword, and they perished by the sword.

More pleasant for a Christian to contemplate, is the use which Christian poetry has made of the associations which spring up from the Land of Promise, and the dominion which Christian affections have asserted in it. We have only to remember that the land of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is also the land of Christ; that the descendant of David reigns spiritually on his father's throne in Mount Sion; that the places, which were consecrated to the Jews by the remembrance of the saints and prophets of their dispensation, are reconsecrated to us by the steps of the Mediator of a new and better covenant; and we shall understand and feel the beauty of that imagery which Christian poetry and devotion have borrowed from that land, and which is one of the links between the Old and the New. We shall regard it, not as affectation or cant, but as easy appropriateness, for a Christian poet to sing of the heavenly Canaan and the new Jerusalem, when he lifts up his heart from the present world to the country of the saints

and the city of God. We are the adopted people of God, brought into his family by his Son, and we are journeying through a wilderness compared with that land of promise and repose. The same God who preceded the Israelites by cloud and by pillared fire, conducts us through its perils, provides us food, shows us his wonders, and gives us his law. For us, there is at last a river to pass,—the Jordan of death. Safely shall they be conducted through it, who trust in Him, and with joy and singing shall they be brought into the inheritance of his children, the land of heavenly abundance and everlasting rest.

SPRING.

The name of the season in which the sun returns to us from his cold recess, rising higher and higher above our heads, and bringing warmth and verdure with him for his welcome, is most expressively denominated by the pure English word *Spring*. For it is now that everything in nature, to which life or motion belongs, the herbs and plants and trees, the fountains, the beasts and birds, the reptile and the insect tribes, are springing up from the bonds of frost, and stillness, and sleep, and death. It is now that a fresh impulse seems to be communicated to the whole creation, and a spirit of youth to be infused throughout all the works of God. Spring is come; the springing of the earth; the spring-time of the year. And so great and manifest is the joy which we feel at this general renovation, and so vivid the delight which appears to possess even senseless and material creatures in this the springing and bounding season of their existence, that the blessing of the Cre-

ator may be said to rest upon it peculiarly; and we are reminded of the time when that blessing first came down upon the springing things of our young world, and pronounced them good.

It is only in the temperate zones that the word *Spring*, as denoting a season of the year, can have any significancy. Within the tropics, and near them, Summer holds a constant and oftentimes an oppressive sceptre. Growth and vegetation are indeed perpetual, but they have no spring, because they have no rest; they have no awakening, because they have no sleep; they do not burst forth in the gladness of an annual jubilee, because they have never been bound or restrained.

In our own climate the signs of Spring do not appear so early as they do in some others. Even the month of May is not generally to be recognized, in this part of our country, as the same which poetry has loved to draw with its brightest colors. And yet the three months which are called the spring months, deserve their name here as truly as in any other part of the world; for it is within their term that the real springing of the year takes place. Our breezes are not so soft and balmy, nor do our flowers bloom so soon or so profusely, as in some other climes; but the winds are sensibly changed from the blasts of winter, and the rudiments of flowers and fruits are sprouting and

budding everywhere around us. Our Spring is really the opening and leading season; that season of preparation and renewed growth and activity, which tells of the commencement of nature's year, and speaks the newly-uttered blessing of nature's God.

Let us contemplate for a few moments, the animated scene which is presented by our Spring.

The earth, loosened by the victorious sun, springs from the hard dominion of winter's frost, and, no longer offering a bound-up, repulsive surface to the husbandman, invites his cultivating labors. The streams are released from their icy fetters, and spring forward on their unobstructed way, full of sparkling waters, which sing and rejoice as they run on. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap," which now springs up into their before shrunk and empty vessels, causing the buds to swell, and the yet unclothed branches and twigs to lose their rigid appearance, and assume a fresher hue, and a more rounded form. Beneath them, and in every warm and sheltered spot, the wild plants are springing. Some of these are just pushing up their tender, crisp, and yet vigorous sprouts, thrusting aside the dead leaves with their folded heads, and finding their sure way out into the light; while others have sent forth their delicate foliage, and hung out their buds on slender stems;

and others still have unfolded their flowers, which look up into the air unsuspectingly and gayly, like innocence upon an untried world. The grass is springing for the scythe, and the grain for the sickle; for they grow, by commandment, for the service of man, and death is everywhere the fate and issue of life.

But it is not only senseless things, which are thus visibly springing at this their appointed season. The various tribes of animated nature show that it is Spring also with them. The birds rise up on elastic wing, and make a joyous music for the growing plants to spring to. Animals, that have lain torpid through the benumbing winter, spring up from their secret beds and dormitories, and resume their habits of activity once more. Innumerable insects spring up from the cells which they had formed beyond the reach of frost, and in new attire commence their winged existence. The hum of happy life is heard from myriads of little creatures, who, born in the morning, will die ere night. In that short term, however, they will have accomplished the purposes of their living; and, if brought to this test, there are many human lives which are shorter and vainer than theirs; and what is any life, when past, but a day?

Let us go abroad amidst this general springing of the earth and nature, and we shall see and feel

that God's blessing is there. The joy of recovery, the gladness of escape, the buoyancy of youth, the exultation of commencing or renewed existence, these are the happiness and blessing which are given from above, and the praise and the hymn which ascend from beneath. Another and a milder order of things seems to be beginning. The gales, though not the warm breathings of Summer, flow to us as if they came from some distant summer clime, and were cooled and moderated on their way; while, at no distant intervals, the skies, in their genial ministry, baptize the offspring of earth with their softest and holiest showers. "*Thou* visitest the earth and waterest it; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof."

Surely we cannot stand still in such a scene, and, when everything else is springing, let it be winter in our souls. Let us rather open our hearts to the renovating influences of Heaven, and sympathize with universal nature. If our love to God has been chilled by any of the wintry aspects of the world, it is time, it is time, that it should be resuscitated, and that it should spring up in ardent adoration to the Source of light and life. It is time, that our gratitude should be waked from its sleep, and our devotion aroused, and that all our pious affections, shaking off their torpor, should

come out into the beams of God's presence, and receive new powers from their invigorating warmth. It is time, too, that our social charities, if any "killing frost" has visited them, should be cured of their numbness and apathy, and go forth among the children and brethren of the great family, and feel, as they rise and move, that the blessing of the Almighty Father is upon their springing.

We should be reminded, also, at this vivifying season, of that Spring which succeeded the spiritual winter of the world, when Jesus Christ, the Sun of righteousness, burst from the cold, dark tomb. The resurrection of our Saviour took place, as we know, during the term of the Jewish feast of the Passover, which was celebrated at this time. It was then, at the advancing of that immortal Spring, that the seeds of hope and of life, which had slept deep in the earth, or been checked by the freezing air, if they dared to rise above the surface, sprang up greenly and put forth blossoms, and promised much fruit. It was then, that the divine part of man gathered to itself increased force, and sprang with a new consciousness of its origin, toward its native skies. It was then that the cold mists of doubt were dissipated, and the frosts of infidelity were dissolved, and the ice of death was melted, which had encased and stiffened the poor human heart.

Let us then enjoy the season spiritually. Let it be Spring in our bosoms; the spring of generous faith which looks up confidingly to God, even as the flowers do to the sun; of hope which is warmed and animated by gales from the heavenly plains; of desires and aspirations which rise up like odors into the holy air. This, the spiritual, is the only eternal Spring. The buds, which are filling the atmosphere with their delicate fragrance, will presently burst forth into leaves and flowers; and presently those flowers and leaves will fall and wither. The seasons move round obediently in their circle, and the Summer will soon be here with its maturing heat, and the Autumn with its sweet and foreboding melancholy, — and then Winter will come and shut the scene again. But the Spring, which is produced within us by the influences of Christian faith and piety, knows no such changes as these. The Sun which gives to it its light and warmth never recedes or sets. It will continue to send forth its fragrant hopes and verdant promises, the harbinger of that Spring which is the perpetual climate of the Eden of God.

THE END.

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